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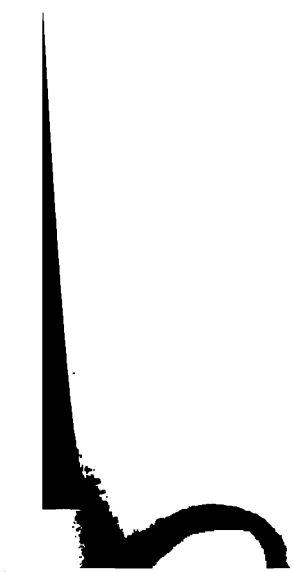
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THE TUDOR TRANSLATIONS

EDITED BY

W. E. HENLEY

XVI

Cervantes Saavedra, Miguel de, 1547-1616.

THE HISTORY OF
DON QUIXOTE
OF THE MANCHA

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH
OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES BY

THOMAS SHELTON

ANNIS 1612, 1620

With Introductions by

JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY

VOLUME IV



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THE Duke had a Steward of a very pleasant and conceited witte, who played Merlins part, and contrived the whole furniture for the passed Adventure, he it was that made the verses, and that a Page should act Dulcinea. Finally, by his Lords leave, he plotted another piece of worke, the pleasantest and strangest that may be imagined.

The Duchesse asked Sancho the next day, if he had yet begun his taske of the penance, for the dis-enchanting of Dulcinea; he told her, yes: and that that night, he had given himselfe five lashes. The Duchesse asked him, With what? hee answered, with his hand. Those (quoth the Duchesse) are rather claps then lashes: I am of opinion that the sage Merlin will not accept of this softnesse, 'twere fitter that Sancho tooke the discipline of rowels or bullets with prickles, that may smart, for the businesse will be effected with bloud, and the liberty of so great a Lady will not be wrought so slightly, or with so small a price; and know, Sancho, that works of charity are not to be done so slow and lazily, for they will merit nothing.

To which Sancho replied, Give me, Madam, a convenient lash of some bough, and I will lash my selfe, that it may not

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smart too much; for let me tell your Worship this, that though I am a Clowne, yet my flesh is rather Cotton then Mattresse, and there's no reason I should kill my selfe for anothers good. You say well (quoth the Duchesse), to morrow Ile give you a whip that shall fit you, and agree with the tendernesse of your flesh, as if it were a kinne to them. To which (quoth Sancho) Lady of my soule, I beseech you know, that I have written a letter to my wife Teresa Pansa, letting her know all that hath hapned to me since I parted from her; heere I have it in my bosome, and it wants nothing but the superscription: I would your discretion would read it, for mee thinkes it goes fitte for a Governour, I meane, in the same stile that Governours should write. And who penned it? said the Duchesse. Who should, said he, Sinner that I am, but I my selfe? And did you write it (quoth shee)? Nothing lesse (said he) for I can neither write nor read, though I can set to my firme. Let's see your letter, quoth the Duchesse, for I warrant, thou shewest the ability and sufficiency of thy wit in it. Sancho drew the Letter open out of his bosome, and the Duchesse taking it of him, read the Contents, as followeth.

Sancho Pansa's Letter to his wife Teresa Pansa.

If I were well lashed, I got well by it; If I got a Government, it cost me many a good lash. This, my Teresa, at present thou understandest not, heereafter thou shalt know it. Know now, Teresa, that I am determined thou goe in thy Coach, for all other kinde of going, is to goe upon all foure. Thou art now a Governours wife, let's see if any body will gnaw thy stumps. I have sent thee a greene hunters sute, that my Lady the Duchesse gave me, fit it so, that it may serve our daughter for a Coate and Bodies. My Master Don Quixote, as I have heard say in this Country, is a mad wise man, and a conceited Coxcombe, and I am ne're a whit behinde him. Wee have beene in Montesinos Cave, and the sage Merlin hath laid hands on me for the disenchanting my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, whom you there call Aldonsa

Lorenzo, with three thousand and three hundred lashes lacking five, that I give my selfe, she shall be dis-enchanted as the Mother that brought her forth: but let no body know this; for put it thou to descant on, some will cry white, others blacke. Within this little while I will goe to my Government, whither I goe with a great desire to make money, for I have beene told, that all your Governours at first goe with the same desire. I will looke into it, and send thee word whether it bee fit for thee to come to me or no. Dapple is well, and commends him heartily to thee, and I will not leave him, although I were to goe to bee Great Turke. My Lady the Duchesse kisses thy hands a thousand times: returne her two thousand, for there's nothing costs lesse, nor is better cheape, as my Master tells mee, then complement. God Almighty hath not yet beene pleased to blesse mee with a Cloke-bag, and another hundred Pistolets as those you wot of: but be not grieved, my Teresa, theres no hurt done, all shall be recompenced when we lay the Government a bucking; onely one thing troubles me, for they tell me that after my time is expired, I may die for hunger, which if it should be true, I have payd deere for it, though your lame and maimed men get their living by begging and almes; so that one way or other thou shalt be rich and happy: God make thee so, and keepe me to serve thee. From this Castle, the twentieth of Iuly, 1614.

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The Governour thy Husband,

Sancho Pansa.

When the Duchesse had made an end of reading the Letter, she said to Sancho; in two things the good Governour is out of the way: the one, In saying or publishing, that this Government hath beene given him for the lashes hee must give himselfe, hee knowing, for hee cannot deny it that when my Lord the Duke promised it him, there was no dreaming in the world of lashes: The other is, that he shewes himselfe in it very covetous, and I would not have it so prejudiciall to him; for Covetousnesse is the root of all evill,

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and the covetous Governour does ungoverned Iustice. I had no such meaning, Madam (quoth Sancho) and if your Worship think the Letter be not written as it should be, let it be torne, and weele have a new, and perhaps it may be worse, if it be left to my noddle. No, no, (quoth the Duchesse) 'tis well enough, and Ile have the Duke see it. So they went to a garden where they were to dine that day: the Duchesse shewd Sancho's Letter to the Duke, which gave him great content. They dined, and when the cloth was taken away, and that they had entertained themselves a pretty while with Sancho's savoury conversation, upon a sodaine they heard a dolefull sound of a Flute, and of a hoarce and untuned Drum; all of them were in some amazement, at this confused, martiall, and sad harmony, especially Don Quixote, who was so troubled, he could not sit still in his seat; for Sancho there is no more to be said, but that feare carried him to his accustomed refuge, which was the Duchesses side or her lap; for in good earnest, the sound they heard was most sad and melancholy. And all of them being in this maze, they might see two men come in before them into the Garden, clad in mourning weeds, so long that they dragged to the ground, these came beating of two Drums, covered likewise with blacke: with them came the Fife, blacke and besmeared as well as the rest. After these there followed a personage of a Gyantly body, bemantled, and not clad in a cole-blacke Cassocke, whose skirt was extraordinarily long, his Cassocke likewise was girt with a broad blacke belt, at which there hung an unmeasurable Scimitar with hilts and scabberd; upon his face hee wore a transparent blacke vaile, thorow which they might see a huge long beard as white as snow. His pace was very grave and stayed, according to the sound of the Drum and Fife. To conclude, his hugenesse, his motion, his blackenesse, and his consorts, might have held all that knew him not, and looked on him, in suspence.

Thus he came with the state and Prosopopeia aforesaid, and kneeled before the Duke, who with the rest that stood up there, awaited his comming: but the Duke would not by any meanes heare him speake till he rose, which the prodi-

gious Scar-crow did; and standing up, he pluckt his maske from off his face, and shewed the most horrid, long, white, and thicke beard, that ere till then humane eyes beheld; and straight he let loose and rooted out from his broad and spreading brest, a majesticall loud voyce, and casting his eyes toward the Duke, thus said:

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High and mighty Sir, I am called Trifaldin with the white beard, Squire to the Countesse Trifaldi, otherwise called The Afflicted Matron, from whom I bring an Ambassage to your Greatnesse, which is, that your Magnificence be pleased to give her leave and licence to enter and relate her griefes, which are the most strange and admirable that ever troubled thoughts in the world could thinke: but first of all, she would know whether the valorous and invincible Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha be in your Castle, in whose search she comes afoot, and hungry from the kingdome of Candaya, even to this your Dukedome: a thing miraculous, or by way of Enchantment: she is at your Fortresse gate, and onely expects your permission to come in; thus he spoke, and forthwith coughed and wiped his beard from the top to the bottome, with both his hands, and with a long pawse attended the Dukes answer, which was;

Honest Squire Trifaldin with the white beard, long since the misfortune of the Countesse Trifaldi hath come to our notice, whom Enchanters have caused to be stiled, The afflicted Matron: tell her, stupendious Squire, shee may come in, and that heere is the valiant Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, from whose generous condition shee may safely promise her selfe all aide and assistance: and you may also tell her from me, that if she need my favour, she shall not want it, since I am obliged to it by being a Knight, to whom the favouring of all sorts of her sexe is pertaining and annexed, especially Matron widdows ruin'd, and afflicted, as her Ladiship is. Which when Trifaldin heard, he bent his knee to the ground, and making signes to the Drum and Fife, that they should play to the same pace and sound as when they entred, he returned backe out of the garden, and left all in admiration of his presence and posture.

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*A forced word put in, in mockage purposely.

And the Duke turning to Don Quixote, said; In fine, Sir Knight, neyther the clouds of malice or ignorance can darken or obscure the light of valour and vertue. This I say, because it is scarce sixe daies since that your * bounty hath beene in this my Castle, when the sad and afflicted come from remote parts, on foot, and not in Carroches and on Dromedaries to seeke you, confident that in this most strenuous arme they shall find the remedy for their griefes and labours, thankes to your brave exploits, that runne over and compasse the whole world.

Now would I, my Lord, quoth Don Quixote, that that same blessed Clergy-man were present, who the other day, at table, seemed to be so distasted, and to beare such a grudge against Knights Errant, that he might see with his eyes, whether those Knights are necessary to the world; he might feele too with his hands that your extraordinary afflicted and comfortlesse, and great affaires and enormious mis-haps goe not to seeke redresse to Booke-mens houses, or to some poore Country Sextons, nor to your Gentleman that never stirred from home, nor to the lazie Courtier that rather harkens after newes which hee may report againe, then procures to performe deeds and exploits, that others may relate and write; the redresse of griefes, the succouring of necessities, the protection of Damozels, the comfort of widdows, is had from no sort of persons so wel as from Knights Errant; and that I am one, I give heaven infinite thankes, and I thinke my disgrace well earned that I may receive in this noble calling. Let this Matron come, and demand what shee will, for I will give her redresse with this my strong arme, and undanted resolution of my couragious spirit.

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THE Duke and Duchesse were extremely glad, to see how well Don Quixote satisfied their intentions, and then Sancho sayd; I should be loth this Mistris Matron should lay any stumbling blocke in the promise of my Government: for I have heard a Toledo Apothecary say (and hee spoke like a Bull-finch) that where these kinde of *women were intermedling, there could no good follow. Lord, what an enemy that Apothecary was to them! for since all your Matrons, of what condition or quality soever they bee, are irksome and foolish, what kinde of ones shall your Afflicted bee? as this Countesse, *Three skirts, or Three tailes; for tailes and skirts, all is one.

*Duennas, Heere Sancho takes *Duenna* in the former sence, for an old Wayting-woman.

Peace, friend Sancho, quoth Don Quixote; for since this Matron-Lady comes from so remote parts to seeke mee, she is none of those that the Apothecary hath in his bed-roll: besides, this is a Countesse, and when your Countesses are Wayting-women, tis either to Queenes or Empresses, who in their houses are most absolute, and are served by other Wayting-women. To this (quoth Donna Rodriguez, that was present) My Lady the Duchesse hath women in her service, that might have beene Countesses, if Fortune had beene pleased: but the weakest goe to the wals, and let no man speake ill of Wayting-women, and especially of ancient Mayds; for although I am none, yet I well and cleerely perceive the advantage, that your Mayden Wayting-women have over Widdow-women, and one paire of sheeres went betweene us both.

*Alluding to the name *Trifaldi*, as if sheehad beene called *tres faldas*, which signifies three skirts, and this was his mistake.

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For all that (quoth Sancho) there is so much to bee sheered in your Wayting-women (according to mine Apothecary) that, The more you stirre this businesse, the more it will stinke. Alwayes these Squires (quoth Donna Rodriguez) are malicious against us; for, as they are Fairies that haunt the out-roomes, and every foot spy us, the times that they are not at their devotions (which are many) they spend in back-biting us, undigging our bones, and burying our reputation. Well, let me tell these mooving Blockes, that in spite of them, wee will live in the world, and in houses of good fashion, though wee starve for it, or cover our delicate or not delicate flesh with a blacke Monkes weede, as if we were old wals covered with tapistry, at the passing of a Procession. I'faith, if I had time and leisure enough, I would make all that are present, know, that there is no vertue, but is contained in a Wayting-woman. I beleeve (sayd the Duchesse) my honest Donna Rodriguez is in the right: but she must stay for a fit time to answer for her selfe, and the rest of Wayting-women, to confound the Apothecaries ill opinion, and to root it out altogether from Sancho's brest. To which (quoth Sancho) since the Governourship smokes in my head, all Squirely fumes are gone out, and I care not a wilde figge for all your Wayting-women.

Forward they had gone with this Wayting-woman discourse, had they not heard the Drum and Fife play, wherby they knew that the Afflicted Matron was entring: the Duchesse askt the Duke, if they should meet her, since shee was a Countesse, and noble personage. For her Counteship (quoth Sancho) before the Duke could answer, I like it that your Greatnesse meet her: but for her Matronship, that yee stirre not a foot. Who bids thee meddle with that, Sancho? quoth Don Quixote. Who, Sir (sayd he)? I my selfe, that may meddle, that, as a Squire, have learnt the termes of courtesie in your Worships Schoole, that is the most courteous and best bred Knight in all Courtship, and as I have heard you say in these things, Better play a card too much, then too little; and, Good wits will soone meet. Tis true as Sancho sayes (quoth the Duke)

we will see what kinde of Countesse she is, and by that, ghesse what courtesie is due to her. By this the Drum and Fife came in, as formerly: and heere the Author ended this briefe Chapter, beginning another, which continues the same Adventure, one of the notablest of all the History.

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AFTER the Musicke, there entred in at the Garden, about some twelve Matron-wayters, divided into two rankes, all clad in large Monks weedes, to see to, of fulled Serge, with white Stoles of thin Callico, so long, that they onely shewed the edge of their blacke weeds. After them came the Countesse Trifaldi, whom Trifaldin with the white beard led by the hand, clad all in finest unnapped Bayes; for had it been napped, every graine of it would have been as big as your biggest pease: her taile or her traine (cal it whether you will) had three corners, which was born by three Pages, clad likewise in mourning: thus making a sightly and Mathematicall shew with those three sharp corners, which the poynted skirt made, for which belike she was called the Countesse *Trifaldi, as if we should say the Countesse of the three traines, and Benengeli sayes, it was true, and that her right name was the Countesse Lobuna, because there were many Wolves bred in her Countrey; and if they had beene Foxes, as they were Wolves, they would have called her the Countesse *Zorruna, by reason that in those parts it was the custome, that great ones took their appellations, from the thing or things that did most abound in their States: but this Countesse, taken with the strangenes of

*The word in Spanish importing so.

**Zorra*, in Spanish, a Fox.

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her three-fold traine, left her name of Lobuna, and tooke that of Trifaldi.

The Afflicted Matron recounts her ill Errantry.

The twelve Wayters and their Lady came a Procession-pace, their faces covered with blacke vayles, and not transparent, was as Trifaldins, but so close, that nothing was seen thorow. Iust as the Matronly Squadron came in, the Duke, the Duchesse, and Don Quixote stood up, and all that beheld the large Procession. The twelve made a stand, and a Lane, thorow the middest of which, The Afflicted came forward, Trifaldin still leading her by the hand, which the Duke, the Duchesse, and Don Quixote seeing, they advanced some doozen paces to meet her. Shee kneeling on the ground, with a voyce rather course and hoarce, then fine and cleere, sayd; May it please your Greatnesses to spare this courtesie to your servant, I say, to mee your servant; for as I am The Afflicted, I shall not answer you as I ought, by reason that my strange and unheard of misfortune, hath transported my understanding, I know not whither, and sure tis farre off; since the more I seeke it, the lesse I finde it. He should want it, Lady (quoth the Duke) that by your person could not judge of your worth, the which without any more looking into, deserves the Creame of courtesie, and the Flower of al mannerly ceremonies: so taking her up by the hand, he led her to sit downe in a chaire by the Duchesse, who welcommed her also with much courtesie.

Don Quixote was silent, and Sancho longed to see the Trifaldi's face, and some of her Wayting-women: but there was no possibility, till they of their owne accords would shew them: so all being quiet and still, they expected who should first breake silence, which was done by the Afflicted Matron with these words. *Confident I am (most powerfull Sir, most beautifull Lady, and most discreet Auditors) that my most Miserablenesse shall finde in your most valorous brests shelter, no lesse pleasing, then generous and compassionate; for it is such, as is able to make marble relent, to soften the Diamonds, and to mollifie the steele of the hardest hearts in the world: but before it come into the market-place of your hearing (I will not say your eares) I should be glad to know,

*A Fustian speech on purpose, and so continued.

if the most Purifiediferous Don Quixote of the Manchissima, and his Squiriferous Pansa, bee in this Lap, this Quire, this Company.

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*Sancho strives to answer in the same key.

Pansa is heere (quoth *Sancho) before any body else could answer, and Don Quixotissimo too, therfore most Afflicted-issimous Matronissima, speake what you will-issimus, for we are all ready and most forward to be your Servitorissimus. Then Don Quixote rose up, and directed his speech to the Afflicted Matron, and sayd; If your troubles, straightned Lady, may promise you any hope of remedy, by the valour and force of any Knight Errant; Behold, heere are my poore and weake armes, that shall bee imployed in your service. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose Function is to succour the needy, which being so (as it is) you neede not, Lady, to use any Rhetoricke, or to seeke any Preambles; but plainely, and without circumstances, tell your griefes; for they shall be heard by those, that if they cannot redresse them, yet they will commiserate them.

Which when the Afflicted Matron heard, she seem'd to fall at Don Quixotes feet, and cast her selfe downe, striving to embrace them, and sayd; Before these feet and legs I cast my selfe, oh invincible Knight: since they are the Basis and Columnes of Knight Errantry, these feet will I kisse, on whose steps the whole remedy of my misfortunes doth hang and depend. Oh valorous Errant! whose valorous exployts do obscure and darken the fabulous ones of the Amadises, Esplandiasus, and Belianises: And leaving Don Quixote, she layd hold on Sancho Pansa, and griping his hands, sayd; Oh thou the loyallest Squire that ever served Knight Errant, in past or present times! longer in goodnesse then my Vsher Trifaldins beard, well mayest thou vaunt, that in serving Don Quixote, thou servest, in Cipher, the whole Troope of Knights, that have worne armes in the world: I conjure thee, by thy most loyall goodnesse, that thou be a good Intercessour with thy Master, that hee may eft-soones favour this most humble, most unfortunate Countesse.

To which (sayd Sancho) that my goodnes, Lady, be as long

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as your Squires beard, I doe not much stand upon, the businesse is, bearded or with mustacho's, let mee have my soule goe to Heaven when I die: for, for beards heere I care little or nothing: but without these clawings or entreaties, I will desire my Master (for I know he loves me well, and the rather, because now in a certaine businesse he hath neede of mee) that he favour and helpe your Worship as much as he may: but pray uncage your griefes, and tell them us, and let us alone to understand them.

The Dukes were ready to burst with laughter, as they that had taken the pulse of this Adventure, and commended within themselves the wit and dissimulation of the Trifaldi, who sitting her downe, sayd; Of the famous Kingdome of Taprobana, which is betweene the great Taprobana and the South sea, some two leagues beyond Cape Comorin, was Queene the Lady Donna Maguncia, widdow to King Archipielo, her Lord and Husband, in which matrimony they had the Princesse Antonomasia, heire to the Kingdome: the sayd Princesse was brought up, and increased under my tutorage and instruction, because I was the ancientest and chiefest Matron that waited on her mother. It fell out then, that times comming and going, the childe Antonomasia being about foureteene yeeres of age, shee was so faire, that Nature could give no further addition. Discretion it selfe was a Snotty-nose to her, that was as discreet as faire, and she was the fairest in the world, and is, if envious Fates and inflexible Destinies have not cut the thred of her life: but sure they have not; for Heaven will not permit, that Earth suffer such a losse, as would be the lopping of a branch of the fairest Vine in the world.

On this beauty (never-sufficiently extolled by my rude tongue) a number of Princes were enamoured, aswell Neighbours as Strangers, amongst whom, a private Gentle-man durst raise his thoughts to the Heaven of that beauty, one that lived in Court, confident in his youth and gallantry, and other abilities, and happy facilities of wit; for let mee give your Greatnesses to understand (if it be not tedious) hee played on a Gitterne, as if he made it speake, he was a

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Poet, and a great Dancer, and could very well make Bird-cages, and onely with this Art, might have gotten his living, when he had beene in great necessity: so that all these parts and adornments were able to throw downe a mountaine, much more a delicate Damozell: but all his gentry, all his graces, all his behaviour and abilities, could have little prevailed, to render my childes fortresse, if the cursed theefe had not conquered mee first. First, the cursed Rascall Vagamund sought to get my good will, aud to bribe me, that I, ill keeper, should deliver him the keyes of my fortresse.

To conclude, he inveigled my understanding, and obtained my consent, with some toyes and trifles (I know not what) that he gave mee: but that which most did prostrate mee, and made me fall, was certaine verses, that I heard him sing one night from a grated window, toward a Lane where he lay, which were as I remember these.

An ill upon my soule doth steale,
From my sweetest enemy:
And it more tormenteth me
That I feele, yet must conceale.

The Ditty was most precious to me, and his voyce as sweet as sugar, and many a time since have I thought, seeing the mis-hap I fell into, by these and such other like verses, and have considered, that Poets should be banisht from all good and well-governed Common-wealths, as Plato counselled, at least lascivious Poets; for they write lascivious verses, not such as those of *the Marquesse of Mantua, that delight and make women and children weepe, but piercing ones, that like sharp thornes, but soft, traverse the soule, and wound it like lightning, leaving the garment sound, and againe he sung,

*Old ballad-verses, the Author speaks heere Satyrically.

Come death, hidden, without paine,
(Let me not thy comming know)
That the pleasure to die so,
Make me not to live againe.

Other kindes of songs he had, which being sung, enchanted,

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and written, suspended: for when they daigned to make a kinde of verse in Candaya, then in use, called Roundelaies, there was your dancing of soules, and tickling with laughter and unquietnesse of the body: and finally, the quick-silver of all the sences. So, my Masters, let me say, that such Rithmers ought justly to bee banished to the Iland of Lizards: but the fault is none of theirs, but of simple creatures that commend them, and foolish wenches that beleeve in them: and if I had been as good a Wayting-woman, as I ought to have beene, his over-nights conceits would not have mooved mee, neither should I have given credit to these kinde of speeches: I live dying, I burne in the frost, I shake in the fire, I hope hopelesse, I goe, and yet I stay: with other impossibilities of this scumme, of which his writings are full: and then, your promising the Phœnix of Arabia, Ariadne's Crowne, the Lockes of the Sunne, the Pearles of the South, the Gold of Tyber, and Balsamum of Pancaia: and heere they are most liberall in promising that, which they never think to performe.

But whither, aye mee unhappy, doe I divert my selfe? What folly or what madnesse makes mee recount other folkes faults, having so much to say of mine owne? Aye mee againe, unfortunate, for not the verses, but my folly, vanquished mee; not his musike, but my lightnesse, my ignorance softned mee; that, and my ill fore-sight opened the way, and made plaine the path to Don Clanixo, for this is the aforesayd Gentle-mans name; so that I being the Bawde, hee was many times in the chamber of the (not by him, but mee) betrayed Antonomasia, under colour of being her lawfull Spouse; for though a sinner I am, I would not have consented, that without being her Husband, hee should have come to the bottome of her shoo-sole.

No, no, Matrimony must ever bee the colour in all these businesses, that shall bee treated of by mee: onely there was one mischiefe in it, that Don Clanixo was not her Equall, hee being but a private Gentle-man, and shee such an Inheritrix. A while this juggling was hid and concealed, with the sagacity of my warinesse, till a kinde of swelling in

Antonomosia's belly, at last discovered it, the feare of which made us all three enter into counsell, and it was agreed, that before the mis-hap should come to light, Don Clanixo should demand Antonomasia for his wife before the Vicar, by vertue of a bill of her hand, which shee had given him to bee so: this was framed by my invention so forcibly, that Samson himselfe was not able to breake it.

The matter was put in practice, the Vicar saw the bill, and tooke the Ladies confession: who confessed plainely, hee committed her prisoner to a Sargeants house. Then (quoth Sancho) have you Sargeants too in Candaya, Poets, and Roundelayes? I sweare I thinke, the world is the same every-where: but make an end, Madam Trifaldi: for it is late, and I long to know the end of this large story. I will, answered the Countesse.

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Where the Trifaldi prosecutes her stupendious and memorable History.

AT every word that Sancho spoke, the Duchesse was as well pleased as Don Quixote out of his wits, and commanding him to bee silent; the Afflicted went on, saying: The short and the long was this, after many givings and takings, by reason the Princesse stood ever stiffely to her tackling, the Vicar sentenced in Don Clanixo's favour, whereat the Queene Donna Maguncia Antonomasia's Mother was so full of wrath, that some three daies after wee buried her. Well, Sir Squire, quoth Sancho, it hath beene seene ere now, that one that hath beene but in a swound, hath beene buried, thinking he was dead; and me thinkes that Queene Maguncia might but rather have beene in a

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swound, for with life many things are remedied, and the Princesses error was not so great, that she should so resent it. If shee had married with a Page or any other servant of her house (as I have heard many have done) the mischance had beene irreparable: but to marry with so worthy a Gentleman, and so understanding as hath beene painted out to us, truly, truly, though 'twere an over-sight, yet twas not so great as wee thinke for; for according to my Masters rules here present, who will not let mee lye, as Schollers become Bishops, so private Knights (especially if they be Errant) may become Kings and Emperours.

Thou hast reason, Sancho, (quoth Don Quixote) for a Knight Errant, give him but two inches of good fortune, he is in *potentia proxima* to be the greatest Soveraigne of the world. But let the Afflicted proceed, for to mee it appeares, the bitterest part of her sweet History is behinde. The bitterest, quoth you? said shee. Indeed so bitter, that in comparison of this, Treacle and Elicampane is sweet.

The Queene being starke dead, and not in a trance, wee buried her, and scarce had wee covered her with earth, and tooke our *ultimum vale*, when *Quis talia fando temperet a lachrimis?* the Gyant Malambruno, Maguncia's Cousin Germane, appeared before her grave upon a woodden horse, who besides his cruelty, was also an Enchanter, who with his Art to revenge his Cousins death, and for Don Clanixos boldnesse, and for despight of Antonomasia's over-sight, enchanted them upon the same Tombe, turning her into a brazen Ape, and him into a fearefull Crocodile of unknowne metall, and betwixt them both is likewise set a Register of metall, written in the Siriacke tongue, which being translated into the Candayan, and now into the Castilian, conteines this sentence:

'These two bold Lovers shall not recover their naturall
'forme, till the valiant Manchegan come to single combat
'with me, for the Destinies reserve this un-heard of Adven-
'ture only for his great valour.'

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This done, he unsheathed a broad and unwieldy Scimitar, and taking me by the haire of the head, he made as if he would have cut my throat, or sheared off my necke at a blow. I was amazed, my voice cleaved to the roofe of my mouth, I was troubled extremely: but I enforced my selfe as well as I could, and with a dolorous and trembling voyce, I told him such and so many things, as made him suspend the execution of his rigorous punishment.

Finally, hee made all the waiting-Women of the Court be brought before him, which are heere present now also; and after he had exaggerated our faults, and reviled the conditions of Waiting-women, their wicked wiles, and worse slights, and laying my fault upon them all, hee said hee would not capitally punish us, but with other dilated paines, that might give us a civill and continuate death: and in the very same instant and moment that he had said this, we all felt that the Pores of our faces opened, and that all about them wee had prickles, like the pricking of needles: by and by we clapped our hands to our faces, and found them just as you see them now; with this the Afflicted, and the rest of the Waiting-women lifted up their masks which they had on, and shewed their faces all with beards, some red, some blacke, some white, and lime-smeared: at sight of which, the Duke and Duchesse admired; Don Quixote and Sancho were astonisht, and all the by-standers wonder-strooken, and the Trifaldi proceeded: Thus that fellon, and hard-hearted Malambruno punished us, covering the softnesse and smoothnesse of our faces with these rough bristles: would God he had beheaded us with his unweldy Scimitar, and not so dimmed the light of our faces with these blots that hide us; for, my Masters, if wee fall into reckoning, (and that which now I say, I would speake it with mine eyes running a fountaine of teares, but the consideration of our misfortunes, and the Seas that hitherto have rained, have drawne them as dry as eares of Corne, and therefore let mee speake without teares.) Whither shall a Waiting-woman with a beard goe? What Father or Mother will take compassion

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Where the Trifaldi prosecutes, etc.

on her? For when her flesh is at the smoothest, and her face martyrized with a thousand sorts of slibber-slabbers and waters, she can scarce finde any body that will care for her, what shall she doe then when she weares a wood upon her face? O Matrons, Companions mine, in an ill time were we borne, in a lucklesse howre our Fathers begat us; and saying this, she made shew of dismaying.

CHAPTER XL

Of matters that touch and pertaine to this Adventure, and most memorable History.

CERTAINELY, all they that delight in such Histories as this, must be thankfull to Cid Hamete the Author of the Original, for his curiosity in setting downe every little tittle, without leaving out the smallest matter, that hath not beene distinctly brought to light: hee paints out conceits, discovers imaginations, answers secrets, cleeres doubts, resolves arguments: To conclude, manifests the least moat of each curious desire. Oh famous Author! Oh happy Don Quixote! Oh renowned Dulcinea! Oh pleasant Sancho! all together, and each in particular, long may you live, to the delight and generall recreation of mortalls. The Story then goes on, that just as Sancho saw the Afflicted dismaid, he said, As I am honest man, and by the memory of the Pansa's, I never heard nor saw, nor my master never told me, nor could he ever conceit in his fancy such an Adventure as this. A thousand Satans take thee (not to curse thee) for an Enchanter as thou art, Gyant Malambruno, and hadst thou no kinde of punishment for these sinners but this bearding them? What? had it not beene better and fitter for them,

to have bereaved them of halfe their noses, though they had snuffled for it, and not to have clapt these beards on them? I hold a wager they have no money to pay for their shaving. You say true Sir, quoth one of the twelve, we have nothing to cleanse us with, therefore some of us have used a remedy of sticking Plaisters, which, applied to our faces, and clapped on upon a sodain, make them as plaine and smooth as the bottome of a stone morter; for though in Candaya there be women that goe up and downe from house to house to take away the haire of the body, and to trimme the eye-browes, and other slibber-sawces touching women, yet wee my Ladies women would never admit them, because they smell something of the Bawde: and if Signior Don Quixote doe not helpe us, wee are like to goe with beards to our graves.

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I would rather lose mine amongst Infidels, quoth Don Quixote, then not ease you of yours. By this the Trifaldi came to her selfe againe, and said, The very jyngling of this promise came into my eares in the midst of my Trance, and was enough to recover my sences: therefore once againe, Renowned Errant, and untamed Sir, let me beseech you that your gracious promise be put in execution. For my part it shall, quoth Don Quixote, tell me Lady, what I am to doe, for my minde is very prompt to serve you.

Thus it is (quoth the Afflicted) from hence to the Kingdom of Candaya, if you goe by land, you have five thousand leagues, wanting two or three; but if you goe in the ayre, some three thousand two hundreth and seven and twenty by a direct line. You must likewise know that Malambruno told me, that when Fortune should bring me to the Knight that must free us, that he would send a horse much better, and with fewer trickes then your hirelings, which is the selfe-same horse of wood, on which the valiant Pierres stole and carried away the faire Magalona, which horse is governed by a pinne that he hath in his forehead, that serves for a bridle, and flies in the ayre so swiftly, as if the Devils themselves carried him. This horse, according to Tradition, was made by the Sage Merlin, and he lent him to his friend Pierres, who made long voyages upon him, and stole away

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(as is said) the faire Magalona, carrying her in the ayre at his Crupper, leaving all that beheld them on earth in a staring gaze, and he lent him to none but those whom he loved, or that payed him best, and since the Grand Pierres, hitherto wee have not heard that any else hath come upon his backe: Malambruno got him from thence by his Art, and keepes him, making use of him in his voyages, which he hath every foot thorow all parts of the world, and he is heere to day, and to morrow in France, and the next day at Ierusalem: and the best is, that this horse neither eates nor sleepes, nor needs shooing, and hee ambles in the ayre, without wings, that he that rides upon him, may carry a cup full of water in his hand, without spilling a jot: he goes so soft and so easie, which made the faire Magalona glad to ride upon him.

Then (quoth Sancho) for your soft and easie going, my Dapple beares the bell, though hee goe not in the Aire; but upon earth. Ile play with him with all the Amblers in the world.

All of them laughed, and the Afflicted went on: and this horse (if Malambruno will grant an end of our misfortune) within halfe an houre at night will be with us; for he told mee, that the signe that I had found the Knight that should procure our liberty, should be the sending of that horse whither hee should come speedily. And how many (quoth Sancho) may ride upon that horse? The Afflicted answered, Two; one in the Saddle, and the other at the Crupper, and most commonly such two are, Knight and Squire, when some stolne Damozell is wanting. I would faine know, Afflicted Madam, quoth Sancho, what this horses name is. His name (quoth she) is not like Bellerophons horse, called Pegasus, or Alexanders the great, Bucephalus, or Orlando Furioso's Briliadoro, or Bayarte Reynaldos de Montalvans, or Rogeros Frontino, or Bootes or Perithons, the horses of the Sunne, nor Orelia Rodrigo the last unhappy King of the Gothes his Horse, in that battell where hee lost his life and kingdome together.

I hold a wager (said Sancho) that since he hath none of

all these famous knowne names, that his name neither is not Rozinante my Masters horses name, which goes beyond al those that have been named already.

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Tis true (quoth the bearded Countesse) notwithstanding he hath a name that fits him very well, which is *Clavileño the swift: first, because he is of wood, and then, because of the pinne in his fore-head, so that for his name he may compare with Rozinante. I dislike not his name (said Sancho) but what bridle, or what halter is he governed with? I have told you (said the Trifaldi) that with the pinne, turned as pleaseth the party that rides on him, he will goe either in the ayre, or raking and sweeping along the earth, or in a meane which ought to bee sought in all well-ordered actions. I would faine see him (quoth Sancho) but to thinke that Ile get up on him, eyther in the saddle, or at the Crupper, were to aske Peares of the Elme. Twere good indeed, that I, that can scarce sit upon Dapple, and a packe-saddle as soft as silke, should get up upon a woodden crupper without a Cushion or Pillow-beare: by Gad Ile not bruise my selfe to take away any bodies beard: let every one shave himselfe as well as he can; for Ile not goe so long a voyage with my Master: besides, theres no use of me for the shaving of these beards, as there is for the dis-enchanting my Lady Dulcinea. Yes marry is there, said the Trifaldi, and so much, that I beleeve, without you we shall doe nothing. *God and the King (quoth Sancho) what have the Squires to doe with their Masters Adventures, they must reape the credit of ending them, and wee must beare the burden? Body of mee, if your Historians would say, Such a Knight ended such an Adventure, but with the helpe of such and such a Squire, without whom it had been impossible to end it, twere something: but that they write dryly, Don Parlalipomenon, Knight of the three starres, ended the Adventure of the sixe Hob-goblins, without naming his Squires person that was present at all, as if he were not alive: I like it not, my Masters, I tell you againe, my Master may goe alone, much good may it doe him, and Ile stay heere with my Lady the Duchesse, and it may be when he comes backe, he

*Clavo a naile or woodden pinne, *Leño* wood in Spanish.

**Aqui del Rey*, the usuall speech of Officers in Spaine when any arested person resists.

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shall finde the Lady Dulcinea's businesse three-fold, nay five-fold bettered, for I purpose at idle times, and when I am at leysure to give my selfe a Bout of whipping, bare breech'd. For all that (quoth the Duchesse) if need be, you must accompany him, honest Sancho, for all good people will entreat, that for your unnecessary feare these Gentlewomens faces be not so thick-bearded; for it were great pitty.

God and the King againe (quoth Sancho) when this charity were performed for some retired Damozels, as some working girles, a man might undertake any hazard; but for to unbeard waiting-women, a pox: I would I might see um bearded from the highest to the lowest, from the nicest to the neatest. You are still bitter against waiting-women, friend, quoth the Duchesse, you are much addicted to the Toledanian Apothecaries opinion: but on my faith you have no reason, for I have women in my house, that may be a patterne for Waiting-women, and heere's Donna Rodriguez, that will not contradict me. Your Excellency (quoth Rodriguez) may say what you will, God knowes all, whether we be good or bad: bearded or smooth, as we are, our Mothers brought us forth as well as other women, and since God cast us into the world, he knowes to what end, and I relye upon his mercy, and no bodies beard.

Well, Mistresse Rodriguez, and Lady Trifaldi, (quoth Don Quixote) I hope to God hee will behold your sorrowes with pittying eyes, and Sancho shall doe as I will have him, if Clavileño were come once, and that I might encounter Malambruno: for I know, no Rasor would shave you with more facility, then my sword should shave Malambruno's head from his shoulders, for God permits the wicked, but not for ever.

Ah (quoth the Afflicted) now all the starres of the heavenly Regions looke upon your Greatnesse, valorous Knight, with a gentle aspect, and infuse all prosperity into your minde, and all valour, and make you the shield and succour of all dejected and reviled Waiting-woman-ship, abhominable to Apothecaries, back-bited by Squires, and

scoffed at by Pages, and the Devill take the Queane that in the flower of her youth put not her selfe in a Nunnery, rather then be a Waiting-woman, unfortunate as we are, for though we descend in a direct line, by man to man from Hector the Trojan, yet our Mistresses will never leave bethou-ing of us, though they might be Queenes for it: O Gyant Malambruno, (for though thou beest an Enchanter, thou art most sure in thy promises) send the matchlesse Clavileño unto us, that our misfortune may have an end: for if the heates come in, and these beards of ours last, woe be to our ill fortune.

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This the Trifaldi said with so much feeling, that shee drew teares from all the spectators eyes, and stroaked them even from Sancho's, so that now he resolved to accompany his Master to the very end of the world, so he might obtaine the taking the wooll from those venerable faces.

CHAPTER XLI

Of Clavileño's arrivall, with the end of this dilated Adventure.

IT grew now to bee night, and with it the expected time when Clavileño the famous horse should come, whose delay troubled Don Quixote, thinking that Malambruno deferring to send him, argued, that eyther hee was not the Knight for whom the Adventure was reserved, or that Malambruno durst not come to single combat with him: But looke ye now, when all unexpected, foure Savages entred the Garden, cladde all in greene Yvie, bearing upon their shoulders a great woodden horse: they set him upon his legges on the ground, and one of

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them said, Let him that hath the courage, get up upon this Engine.

Then (quoth Sancho) not I, I have no courage, I am no Knight, and the Salvage replied, saying, And let his Squire ride behinde, and let him be assured, that no sword but Malambruno's shall offend him, and there is no more to be done, but to turne that pinne, which is upon the horses necke, and hee will carry them in a moment where Malambruno attends: but lest the height and distance from earth make them light-headed, let them cover their eyes till the horse neigh; a signe that they have then finisht their voyage. This said, with a slow pace, they marched out the same way they came.

The Afflicted, as soone as she saw the horse, with very teares in her eyes, she said to Don Quixote; Valorous Knight, Malambruno hath kept his word, the horse is heere, our beards increase, and each of us with every haire of them beseech thee to shave and sheere us, since there is no more to be done, but that thou and thy Squire both mount, and begin this your happy new voyage. That will I willingly, said Don Quixote, my Lady Trifaldi, without a cushion or spurres, that I may not delay time, so much, Lady, I desire to see you and all these Gentlewomen smooth and cleere. Not I (quoth Sancho) neyther willingly nor unwillingly, and if this shaving cannot be performed without my riding at the Crupper, let my Master seeke some other Squire to follow him, and these Gentlewomen some other meanes of smoothing themselves; for I am no Hagge that love to hurry in the Ayre: and what will my Islanders say, when they heare their Governour is hovering in the winde? Besides, there being three thousand leagues from hence to Candaya, if the horse should be weary, or the Gyant offended, wee might bee these halfe doozen of yeeres ere we returne, and then perhaps there would be neyther Iland nor dry-land in the world to acknowledge me: and since 'tis ordinarily said, that delay breeds danger, and he that will not when he may, etc. these Gentlewomens beards shall pardon mee, for 'tis good sleeping in a whole skinne, I meane, I am

very well at home in this house, where I receive so much kindnesse, and from whose Owner I hope for so great a good, as to see my selfe a Governour.

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To which (quoth the Duke) Friend Sancho, the Iland that I promised you, is not moveable, nor fugitive, it is so deepe rooted in the earth, that a great many pulls will not root it up: and since you know, that I know that there is none of these prime kinde of Officers, that payes not some kinde of bribe, some more, some lesse, yours for this Government shall be, that you accompany your Master Don Quixote to end and finish this memorable Adventure, that, whether you returne on Clavileño with the brevity that his speed promiseth, or that your contrary fortune bring and returne you home on foot like a Pilgrime from Inne to Inne, and from Alehouse to Alehouse; at your comming backe, you shall finde the Iland where you left it, and the Ilanders with the same desire to receive you for their Governour, that they have alwaies had, and my good will shall alwaies bee the same; and doubt not, Signior Sancho, of this, for you should do much wrong (in so doing) to the desire I have to serve you.

No more, Sir, quoth Sancho, I am a poore Squire, and cannot carry so much courtesie upon my backe: let my Master get up, and blindefolde me, and commend me to God Almighty, and tell mee, if, when I mount into this high-flying, I may recommend my selfe to God, or invoke the Angels that they may favour me.

To which the Trifaldi answered, You may recommend your selfe to God, or to whom you will; for Malambruno, though he bee an Enchanter, yet hee is a Christian, and performes his Enchantments with much sagacity, and very warily, without meddling with any body. Goe to then (quoth Sancho) God and the holy Trinity of Gaeta helpe me. Since the memorable Adventure of the Full-mills (quoth Don Quixote) I never saw Sancho so fearefull as now, and if I were as superstitious as some, his pusillanimity would tickle my conscience: but harke thee, Sancho, by these Gentles leaves, I will speake a word or two with thee: and

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carrying Sancho amongst some trees in the garden, taking him by both the hands, he sayd, Thou seest, Brother Sancho, the large voyage that we are like to have, and God knowes when wee shall returne from it, nor the leisure that our affaires heereafter will give us. I prethee therefore, retire thy selfe to thy chamber, as if thou wentst to look for some necessary for the way, and give thy selfe in a trice, of the three thousand and three hundred lashes, in which thou standest engaged, but five hundred onely: so that the beginning of a businesse is halfe the ending of it.

Verily (quoth Sancho) I thinke you have lost your wits, this is Iust: I am going, and thou art crying out in haste for thy mayden-head, I am now going to sit upon a bare piece of wood, and you would have my bumme smart. Beleeve mee, you have no reason, let's now goe for the shaving these Matrons, and when we returne, Ile promise you to come out of debt: let this content you, and I say no more. Don Quixote made answer, Well, with this promise, Sancho, I am in some comfort, and I beleeve thou wilt accomplish it; for though thou beest a foole, *yet I thinke thou art honest.

*Heere I left out a line or two of a dull conceit; so it was no great matter; for in English it could not be expressed.

So now they went to mount Clavileño, and as they were getting up, Don Quixote sayd, Hud-winke thy selfe, Sancho, and get up: for hee that sends from so farre off for us, will not deceive us; for hee will get but small glory by it, and though all should succeede contrary to my imagination, yet no malice can obscure the glory of having undergone this Adventure. Lets goe, Master (quoth Sancho) for the beards and teares of these Gentle-women are nailed in my heart, and I shal not eat a bit, to doe me good, till I see them in their former smoothnesse. Get you up, Sir, and hudwinke your selfe first; for if I must ride behinde you, you must needes get up first in the saddle.

Tis true indeede, sayd Don Quixote, and taking a handkerchiefe out of his pocket, he desired the Afflicted to hide his eyes close: and when it was done, he uncovered himselfe again, and said; As I remember, I have read in Virgil of the Palladium, that horse of Troy, that was of wood, that

the Grecians presented to the Goddesse Pallas, with childe with armed Knights, which after were the totall ruine of all Troy, and so it were fit first to try what Clavileño hath in his stomacke.

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You neede not (sayd she) for I dare warrant you, and know that Malambruno is neither traytor nor malicious, you may get up without any feare, and upon me be it, if you receive any hurt. But Don Quixote thought, that every thing thus spoken to his safety, was a detriment of his valour: so, without more exchanging of words, up hee got, and tried the pin that easily turned up and downe: so with his legs at length, without stirrups, hee looked like an Image painted in a piece of Flanders Arras, or woven in some Roman triumph. Sancho got up faire and softly, and with a very ill will, and settling himselfe the best hee could upon the crupper, found it somewhat hard, and nothing soft, and desired the Duke, that if it were possible, hee might have a cushionet, or for failing, one of the Duchesses cushions of State, or a pillow from one of the Pages beds; for that horses crupper, he sayd, was rather marble then wood.

To this (quoth Trifaldi) Clavileño will suffer no kinde of furniture nor trapping upon him: you may doe well for your ease, to sit on him woman-wayes, so you will not feele his hardnesse so much. Sancho did so, and saying farewell, hee suffered himselfe to be bound about the eyes, and after uncovered himselfe againe, and looking pittifully round about the garden with teares in his eyes, he desired that they would in that dolefull trance joyne with him each in a Pater-noster, and an Ave Maria, as God might provide them some to doe them that charitable office when they should be in the like trance.

To which (quoth Don Quixote) Rascall, are you upon the Gallowes, trow? or at the last gaspe, that you use these kinde of supplications? Art thou not, thou soule-lesse cowardly creature, in the same place, where the faire Magalona sate, from whence she descended not to her grave; but to bee Queene of France, if Histories lie not? and am not I

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by thee? cannot I compare with the valorous Pierrs, that pressed this seat, that I now presse? Hudwinke, hudwinke thy selfe, thou dis-heartned Beast, and let not thy feare come forth of thy mouth, at least in my presence. Hudwinke mee (quoth Sancho) and since you will not have me pray to God, nor recommend me, how can I chuse but be afrayd, lest some legion of Devils bee heere, that may carry us headlong to destruction.

Now they were hudwinked, and Don Quixote perceiving that all was as it should be, layd hold on the pin, and scarce put his fingers to it, when all the Wayting-women, and as many as were present, lifted up their voyces, saying; God be thy speed, Valorous Knight; God be with thee, Vndaunted Squire: now, now you fly in the aire, cutting it with more speede then an arrow: now you begin to suspend, and astonish as many as behold you from earth. Hold, hold, valorous Sancho; for now thou goest waving in the aire, take heede thou fall not; for thy fall will be worse then the bold Youths, that desired to governe his father, the Suns, charriot.

Sancho heard all this, and getting close to his Master, hee girt his armes about him, and sayd; Sir, why doe they say we are so high, if wee can heare their voyces? and mee thinkes they talke heere hard by us. Ne're stand upon that (quoth Don Quixote) for as these kindes of flying are out of the ordinary course of thousands of leagues, thou mayst heare and see any thing, and doe not presse me so hard; for thou wilt throw me downe: and verily, I know not why thou shouldest thus tremble and bee afrayd; for I dare sweare, in all my life, I never rode upon an easier-paced horse, he goes as if hee never mooved from the place. Friend, banish feare; for the businesse goes on successefully, and we have winde at will. Indeede tis true, quoth Sancho: for I have a winde comes so forcibly on this side of mee, as if I were blowed upon by a thousand paire of bellowes: and it was true indeede, they were giving him aire, with a very good paire of bellowes.

This Adventure was so well contrived by the Duke, the

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Duchesse, and the Steward, that there was no requisite awanting, to make it perfect. Don Quixote too feeling the breath, sayd: Vndoubtedly, Sancho, wee are now come to the middle Region, where haile, snow, thunder, and lightning, and the thunder-bolt are ingendred in the third Region, and if we mount long in this manner, we shall quickly be in the Region of fire, and I know not how to use this Pin, that wee mount not where wee shall be scorcht.

Now they heated their faces with flax set on fire, and easie to be quencht, in a cave a far off: and Sancho, that felt the heat, said; Hang me, if we be not now in that place where the fire is; for a great part of my beard is sindged: Ile unblind-fold my selfe, Master, and see where-abouts we are. Doe not (quoth Don Quixote) and remember that true tale of the Scholler Toralva, whom the Devill hoysted *up into the aire a horse-backe on a reede, with his eyes shut, and in twelve houres hee arrived at Rome, and lighted at the Towre of Nona, which is one of the streets of the City, and saw all the mis-chance, the assault and death of Borbon, and the morrow after returned backe to Madrid, where he related all that he had seene: who also sayd, that as hee went in the aire, the Devill bid him open his eyes, which he did, and saw himselfe, as he thought, so neere the body of the Moon, that he might have touched her with his hands, and that he durst not looke toward the earth, for feare to be made giddy. So that, Sancho, there is no uncovering us; for hee that hath the charge of carrying us will looke to us, and peradventure wee goe doubling of poynts, and mounting on high to fall even with the Kingdome of Candaya, as doth the Sacar or Hawke upon the Heron to catch her, mount shee never so high; and, though it seeme to us not halfe an houre, since we parted from the garden, beleeve me, we have travelled a great way.

*A Story beleeved in Spaine as Gospell.

I know not what belongs to it (quoth Sancho) but this I know, that if your Lady Magallanes, or Magalona were pleased with my seat, she was not very tender-breecht. All these discourses of the two most valiant were heard by the Duke and Duchesse, and them in the garden, which gave

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them extraordinary content: who willing to make an end of this strange and well-composed Adventure, clapt fire with some flax at Clavileño's taile: and straight the horse, being stuffed with Crackers, flew into the aire, making a strange noyse, and threw Don Quixote and Sancho both on the ground, and sindged. And now all the bearded Squadron of the Matrons vanished out of the garden, and Trifaldi too and all, and they that remained, counterfeited a dead swound, and lay all along upon the ground.

Don Quixote and Sancho, ill-intreated, rose up, and looking round about, they wondred to see themselves in the same garden, from whence they had parted, and to see such a company of people layd upon the ground: and their admiration was the more increased, when on one side of the garden, they saw a great lance fastned in the ground, and a smooth white piece of parchment hanging at it, with two twisted strings of greene silke, in which the following words were written with letters of gold.

'The famous and valorous Knight, Don Quixote de la 'Mancha, finisht and ended the Adventure of the Countesse 'Trifaldi, otherwise called, The Afflicted Matron and her 'Company, onely with undertaking it.

'Malambruno is satisfied and contented with all his heart, 'and now the Wayting-womens chins are smooth and cleane, 'and the Princes Don Clanixo and Antonomasia are in their 'pristine being, and when the Squires whipping shall bee 'accomplished, the white Pigeon shall be free from the 'pestiferous Ier-Falcons that persecute her, and in her loved 'Lullers armes; for so it is ordained by the sage Merlin, 'Proto-Enchanter of Enchanters.'

When Don-Quixote had read these letters of the parchment, he understood plainely, that they spoke of the disenchanting of Dulcinea, and giving many thankes to Heaven, that with so little danger he had ended so great an exployt, as reducing the faces of the venerable Wayting-women, to their former smoothnesse, that were now gone: he went

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towards the Duke and the Duchesse, who were not as yet come to themselves, and taking the Duke by the hand, hee sayd; Courage, courage, noble Sir, all's nothing, the Adventure is now ended, without breaking of barres, as you may plainely see by the writing there in that Register.

The Duke (like one that riseth out of a profound sleepe) by little and little came to himselfe, and in the same Tenor the Duchesse, and all they that were downe in the garden, with such shewes of marvell and wonderment, that they did even seeme to perswade, that those things had happened to them in earnest, which they counterfeited in jest. The Duke read the scrowle with his eyes halfe shut; and straight, with open arme, hee went to imbrace Don Quixote, telling him he was the bravest Knight that ever was. Sancho looked up and downe for the Afflicted, to see what manner of face shee had, now shee was dis-bearded, and if shee were so faire, as her gallant presence made shew for: but they told him, that as Clavileño came downe burning in the aire, and lighted on the ground, all the Squadron of Wayting-women with Trifaldi vanished, and now they were shaved and unfeathered.

The Duchesse asked Sancho, how he did in that long voyage? To which he answered, I, Madam, thought (as my Master told me) we passed by the Region of fire, and I would have uncovered my selfe a little; but my Master (of whom I asked leave) would not let me: but I that have certaine curious itches, and a desire to know what is forbidden me, softly, without being perceived, drew up the handkerchiffe that blinded me, a little above my nose, and there I saw the earth, and me thoughts it was no bigger then a graine of Mustard-seed, and the men that walked upon it, somewhat bigger then Hazel-nuts, that you may see how high we were then. To this (sayd the Duchesse) Take heede, friend Sancho, what you say; for it seemes you saw not the earth, but the men that walked on it: for it is plaine, that if the earth shewed no bigger then a graine of Mustard-seed, and every man like a Hazel-nut, one man alone would cover the whole earth.

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Tis true indeede (quoth Sancho) but I looked on one side of it, and saw it all. Looke you, Sancho (quoth the Duchesse) one cannot see all of a thing by one side. I cannot tell what belongs to your seeing. Madam (quoth Sancho) but you must thinke, that since wee flew by Enchantment; by Enchantment, I might see the whole earth and all the men, which way soever I looked: and if you beleeve not this, neither will you beleeve, that uncovering my selfe about my eye-browes, I saw my selfe so neere heaven, that betwixt it and me there was not a handfull and a halfe; and I dare sweare, Madam, that 'tis a huge thing: and it hapned that we went that way where the seven Shee-goat-starres were, and in my soule and conscience, I having been a Goat-heard in my youth, as soone as I saw them, I had a great desire to passe some time with them; which had I not done, I thought I should have burst. Well, I come then, and I take; What doe I do? without giving notice to any body? no, not to my Master himselfe: faire and softly I lighted from Clavileño, and playd with the Goates that were like white Violets, and such pretty flowers, some three quarters of an houre, and Clavileño moved not a whit all this while.

And while Sancho was playing with the Goats all this while, quoth the Duke, what did Signior Don Quixote? To which (quoth Don Quixote) As all these things are quite out of their naturall course, tis not much that Sancho hath sayd: onely for me, I say, I neither perceived my selfe higher or lower, neither saw I Heaven, or Earth, or Seas, or Sands. True it is, that I perceived I passed thorow the middle Region, and came to the fire: but to thinke we passed from thence, I cannot beleeve it; for the Region of fire being betweene the Moone, and Heaven, and the latter Region of the aire, wee could not come to Heaven, where the seven Goats are, that Sancho talkes of, without burning our selves: which since wee did not, either Sancho lies or dreames.

I neither lie nor dreame, quoth Sancho; for aske mee the signes of those Goats, and by them you shall see whether

I tell true or no. Tell them, Sancho, quoth the Duchesse. Two of them (quoth Sancho) are greene, two bloud-red, two blew, and one mixt-coloured. Heere's a new kinde of Goats (quoth the Duke) in our Region of the earth wee have no such coloured ones. Oh, you may be sure (quoth Sancho) there's difference betweene those and these. Tell mee, Sancho (quoth the Duke) did you see amongst those Shee's *any He-goat? No, Sir (quoth Sancho) for I heard say that none passed the hornes of the Moone.

They would aske him no more touching his voyage; for it seemed to them, that Sancho had a clew to carry him all Heaven over, and to tell all that passed there, without stirring out of the garden. In conclusion, this was the end of the Adventure of the Afflicted Matron, that gave occasion of mirth to the Dukes, not onely for the present; but for their whole life-time, and to Sancho to recount for many ages, if he might live so long. But Don Quixote whispering Sancho in the eare, told him; Sancho, since you will have us beleeve all that you have seene in Heaven, I pray beleeve all that I saw in Montesino's Cave, and I say no more.

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*An equivocall question; for in Spaine they use to call Cuckolds, *Cabrones*, He-goats.

THE SECOND PART OF THE

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THE Dukes were so pleased with the happy and pleasant successe of the Adventure of The Afflicted, that they determined to goe on with their jests, seeing the fit subject they had, to make them passe for earnest; so having contrived and given order to their servants and vassals, that they should obey Sancho in his Government of the promised Iland, the next day after the jest of Clavileño's flight, the Duke bade Sancho prepare, and put himselfe in order, to goe to be Governor; for that now his Ilanders did as much desire him, as showres in May.

Sancho made an obeysance to him, and sayd; Since I came downe from Heaven, and since from on high I beheld the earth, and saw it so small, I was partly cooled in my desire to be a Governor; for what greatnes can there be, to command in a graine of Mustard-seede? or what dignity or power to governe halfe a doozen of men about the bignesse of Hazel-nuts? for to my thinking, there were no more in all the earth. If it would please your Lordship to give mee never so little in Heaven, though twere but halfe a league, I would take it more willingly then the biggest Iland in the world. Looke yee, friend Sancho (quoth the Duke) I can give no part of Heaven to no body, though it be no bigger then my nayle: for these favours and graces are onely in Gods disposing. What is in my power, I give you, that is, an Iland, right and straight, round and well-proportioned, and extraordinarily fertill and abundant, where, if you have

the Art, you may with the riches of earth, hoord up the treasure of Heaven.

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Well then (quoth Sancho) give us this Iland, and in spight of Rascals Ile go to Heaven; and yet for no covetousnesse to leave my poore Cottage, or to get me into any Palaces, but for the desire I have to know what kinde of thing it is to bee a Governour.

If once you prove it, Sancho, quoth the Duke, you will be in love with governing; so sweet a thing it is to command, and to be obeyed. I warrant, when your Master comes to be an Emperour, for without doubt he will be one (according as his affaires goe on) that he will not bee drawne from it, and it will grieve him to the soule, to have beene so long otherwise.

Sir, (quoth Sancho) I suppose 'tis good to command, though it be but a head of Cattell.

Let me live and die with thee, Sancho, (quoth the Duke) for thou knowest all, and I hope thou wilt be such a Governour as thy discretion promiseth, and let this suffice; and note, that to morrow about this time thou shalt goe to the Government of thy Iland, and this afternoone thou shalt be fitted with convenient apparell to carry with thee, and all things necessary for thy departure.

Clad mee (quoth Sancho) how you will, for howsoever ye clad me, Ile be still Sancho Pansa.

You are in the right (quoth the Duke) but the Robes must be sutable to the Office or dignity which is professed; for it were not fit that a Lawyer should be clad like a Souldier, or a Souldier like a Priest. You, Sancho, shall bee clad, partly like a Lawyer, and partly like a Captaine: for in the Iland that I give you, Armes are as requisite as Learning.

I have little learning (quoth Sancho) for as yet I scarce know my A B C, but 'tis enough that I have my Christs Crosse ready in my memory to bee a good Governour. Ile manage my weapon till I fall againe, and God helpe mee. With so good a memory (quoth the Duke) Sancho cannot doe amisse.

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By this time Don Quixote came, and knowing what passed, and that Sancho was so speedily to go to his Government, with the Dukes leave, hee tooke him by the hand, and carried him aside, with a purpose to advise him how hee should behave himselfe in his Office. When they came into Don Quixote's chamber, the doore beeing shut, hee forced Sancho, as it were to sit downe by him, and with a stayed voyce said:

I give infinite thankes, friend Sancho, that before I have received any good fortune, thou hast mette with thine: I that thought to have rewarded thy service with some good lucke of mine to have saved that labour, and thou sodainely past all expectation hast thy desires accomplished, others bribe, importune, sollicit, rise earely, intreat, grow obstinate, and obtaine not what they sue for; and another comes habnab, and goes away with the place or Office, that many others sought for, and heere the Proverbe comes in and joynes well; that, Give a man luck, and cast him in the Sea. Thou, that in my opinion art a very Goose, without early rising, or late sitting up, without any labour, onely the breath of Knight-Errantry breathing on thee, without any more adoe art Governour of an Iland, a matter of nothing. All this I say, Sancho, that thou attribute not this happinesse to thy deserts, but that thou give God thankes, that sweetly disposeth things; next, thou shalt impute them to the greatnesse of the profession of Knight Errantry. (Thy heart then disposed to beleeve what I have said) be attentive, oh my sonne, to this thy Cato, that will advise thee, be thy North-starre and guide to direct and bring thee to a safe port, out of this troublesome Sea where thou goest to ingulfe thy selfe in; for your Offices and great charges are nothing else but a profound gulfe of confusions.

First of all, O sonne, thou must feare God: for to feare him, is wisedome, and being wise, thou canst erre in nothing.

Secondly, thou must consider who thou art, and know thy selfe, which is the hardest kinde of knowledge that may be imagined: from this knowledge thou shalt learne not to be swolne like the frogge, that would equall himselfe with the

Oxe, for if thou doe this, thou shalt (falling downe the wheele of thy madnesse) come to know thou wert but a hogge-keeper.

That's true (quoth Sancho) but 'twas when I was a boy: but after, when I grew to be somewhat mannish, I kept Geese, and not Hogges; but this me thinkes is nothing to the purpose, for all they that governe, come not from the loynes of Kings.

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Tis true (said Don Quixote) therefore these that have no noble beginnings, must mixe the gravity of their charge they exercise, with milde sweetnesse, which, guided with wisedome, may free them from malicious murmuring, from which no state or calling is free.

Rejoyce, oh Sancho, in the humility of thy linage, and scorne not to say, thou commest of labouring men, for when thou art not ashamed thy selfe, no body will seeke to make thee so, and alwaies strive to be held meane and vertuous, rather then proud and vicious: an infinite number from low beginnings have come to great risings, as Pontificiall and Imperiall dignities: and to confirme this, I could bring thee so many examples as should weary thee.

Note, Sancho, that if you follow Vertue for your meane, and strive to doe vertuous deeds, you need not envy those that are borne of Princes and great men, for bloud is inherited, but vertue is atchieved, vertue is of worth by it selfe alone, so is not birth.

Which being so, if perchance any of thy kindred come to see thee when thou art in thy Iland, refuse him not, nor affront him, but entertaine, welcome and make much of him, for with this, God will be pleased, that would have no body despise his making, and thou shalt also in this correspond to good nature.

If thou bring thy wife with thee (for it were not fit that those who are to govern long, should be without them) teach her, instruct her, refine her naturall rudenesse: for many times all that a discreet Governour gets, a clownish foolish woman spills and loses.

If thou chance to be a widdower (a thing that may happen)

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and desire to marry againe, take not such a one as may serve thee for a baite and fishing rodde to take bribes: for let me tell thee, the husband must give an account of all that (being a Iudge) his wife receives, and at the generall resurrection, shall pay foure-fold what he hath beene accused for in his life-time.

Never pronounce judgement rash or wilfully, which is very frequent with ignorant Iudges, that presume to be skilfull.

Let the teares of the poore finde more compassion (but not more justice) then the informations of the rich.

Seeke as well to discover the truth, from out the promises and corruptions of the rich, as the sobs and importunities of the poore.

When equity is to take place, lay not all the rigour of the law, upon the delinquent; for the fame of the rigorous Iudge, is not better then of the compassionate.

If thou slacken Iustice, let it not be with the waight of a bribe; but with the waight of pitty.

When thou happenest to judge thine enemies case, forget thy injury, and respect equity.

Let not proper passion blinde thee in another mans cause, for the errors thou shalt commit in that, most commonly are incureable, or if they be helped, it must be with thy wealth and credit.

If any faire woman come to demand justice of thee, turne thy eyes from her teares, and thy eares from her lamentations, and consider at leisure the summe of her requests, except thou mean that thy reason be drowned in her weeping, and thy goodnesse in her sighes.

*A good Item to our Iudges of the Common Law.

*Him that thou must punish with deeds, revile not with words, since to a wretch the punishment is sufficient, without adding ill language.

For the delinquent that is under thy jurisdiction, consider that the miserable man is subject to the temptations of our depraved nature, and as much as thou canst, without grievance to the contrary party, shew thy selfe milde and gentle, for although Gods attributes are equall, yet to our

sight his mercy is more precious and more eminent then his justice.

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If Sancho, thou follow these rules and precepts, thy daies shall be long, thy fame eternall, thy rewards full, thy happinesse indelible, thou shalt marry thy children how thou wilt, they shall have titles, and thy grand-children, thou shalt live in peace and love of all men, and when thy life is ending, death shall take thee in a mature old age, and thy Nephewes shall close thy eyes with their tender and delicate hands.

Those I have told thee hitherto, are documents, concerning thy soule, to adorne it; hearken now to those that must serve for the adorning thy body.

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WHO could have heard this discourse, and not held Don Quixote for a most wise Personage, and most honest? But as it hath beene often told in the progresse of this large History, he was onely besotted, when he touched upon his Cavallery, and in the rest of his talke hee shewed a cleere and currant apprehension: so that every foot his works bewrayed his judgement, and his judgement his workes. But in these second documents he gave now to Sancho, he shew'd a great deale of lenity, and ballanced his judgement and his madnesse in an equall Scale. Sancho hearkened most attentively unto him, and strove to beare in minde his instructions, as thinking to observe them, and by them to be very well delivered of his big-swolne Government. Don Quixote proceeded, saying;

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Touching the governing thine owne person and houshold, Sancho, the first thing I enjoyne thee to, is to be cleanly, and to paire thy nailes, not letting them grow, as some doe, whose ignorance hath made them thinke 'tis a fine thing to have long nailes, as if that excrement and superfluity that they let grow, were onely their nailes, rather the clawes of a lizard-bearing Castrell, and a foule abuse it is.

Goe not un-girt or loose, for a slovenly garment is a signe of a carelesse minde, if so be this kinde of slovenly loosenesse be not to some cunning end, as it was judged to be in Iulius Cæsar.

Consider with discretion what thy Government may bee worth, and if it will afford thee to bestow liveries on thy servants, give them decent and profitable ones, rather then gawdie or sightly, and so give thy cloth amongst thy servants and the poore, I meane, that if thou have sixe Pages, give three of them liveries, and three to the poore, so shalt thou have Pages in earth, and in heaven: and your vaineglorious have not attained to this kinde of giving liveries.

Eat not Garlicke or Onions, that thy Pesantry may not bee knowne by thy breath: walke softly, and speak stayedly, but not so as if it appeared thou hearkenedst to thy selfe, for all kinde of affectation is naught.

Eat little at dinner, but lesse at supper, for the health of the whole body is forged in the forge of the stomake.

Be temperate in drinking, considering that too much wine neyther keepes secret, nor fulfils promise.

Take heede, Sancho, of chewing on both sides, or to ruct before any body.

I understand not your ructing, quoth Sancho: to ruct (quoth he) is as much as to belch, and this is one of the fowlest words our language hath, though it be very significant; for your more neat people have gotten the Latin word, and call belching, ructing, and belchers, ructers: and though some perhaps understand not this, tis no great matter, for use and custome will introduce them that they may easily be understood, and the power that the vulgar and custome hath, is the enriching of a language.

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Truly (said Sancho) one of your advices that I meane to remember, shall be not to belch, for I am used to do it often. Ruct, Sancho, not belch, quoth Don Quixote. Ruct I will say, quoth he, hence-forward, and not forget it.

Likewise, Sancho, you must not intermixe your discourse with that multiplicity of Proverbs you use; for though Proverbs be witty short sentences, yet thou bringest them in so by head and shoulders, that they are rather absurdities then sentences. This (quoth Sancho) God Almighty can onely helpe, for I have more Proverbs then a booke will hold, and when I speake, they come so thick to my mouth, that they fall out, and strive one with another, who shall come out first: but my tongue casts out the first it meetes withall, though they bee nothing to the purpose, but I will have a care heereafter, to speake none but shall be fitting to the gravity of my place; for where there is plenty, the ghests are not empty, and he that works, doth not care for play, and he is in safety that stands under the bels, and his judgement's rare, that can spend and spare.

Now, now, quoth Don Quixote, glue, thred, fasten thy proverbs together, no body comes: the more thou are told a thing, the more thou dost it; I bid thee leave thy proverbs, and in an instant thou hast cast out a Letany of um, that are as much to the purpose, as, To morrow I found a horse-shoo. Looke thee Sancho, I finde not fault with a proverbe brought in to some purpose, but to load and heap on Proverbs huddling together, makes a discourse wearisome and base.

When thou getst on horse-backe, doe not goe casting thy body all upon the crupper, nor carry thy legges stiffe downe, and straddling from the horses belly, nor yet so loosely, as if thou wert still riding on thy Dapple, for your horse-riding makes some appeare Gentlemen, others Groomes.

Let thy sleepe be moderate, for hee that riseth not with the Sunne, loseth the day: and observe, Sancho, that diligence is the mother of good Fortune, and sloth the contrary, that never could satisfie a good desire.

This last advice that I meane to give thee, though it be

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not to the adorning of the body, yet I would have thee beare it in thy memory; for I beleeve it will bee of no lesse use to thee, then those that I have hitherto given thee, and it is,

That thou never dispute of Linages, comparing them together, since of necessity amongst those that are compared, one must be the better, and of him thou debasest thou shalt bee abhorred, and of him ennoblest, not a whit rewarded.

Let thy apparell be a pained hose, and long stockings, a long-skirted jacket, and a cloake of the longest: but long hose by no meanes, for they become neyther Gentlemen nor Governours.

This is all, Sancho, I will advise thee to for the present; as the time and occasions serve hereafter, so shall my instructions bee, so that thou be carefull to let me know how thou dost.

Sir, (quoth Sancho) I see well that you have told me nothing but what is good, holy, and profitable: but to what purpose, if I remember nothing? True it is that, that of not letting my nailes grow, and to marry againe if need be, I shall not forget; but your other slabber-sawces, your tricks and quillets, I cannot remember them, nor shall not, no more then last yeeres clouds: therefore I pray let me have them in writing, for though I can neyther write nor read, Ile give them to my Confessor, that he may frame them into me, and make me capable of them at time of need.

Wretch that I am, quoth Don Quixote, how ill it appeares in a Governour, not to write or reade! for know, Sancho, that for a man not to read, or to be left-handed, argues that eyther he was a sonne of meane Parents, or so unhappy and untowardly, that no good would prevaile on him.

I can set to my name, quoth Sancho, for when I was Constable of our Towne, I learnt to make certaine letters, such as are set to marke trusses of stuffe, which they said spelt my name: Besides now, Ile faine that my right hand is maimed, and so another shall firme for me; for theres a

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*A troope of absurd speeches still to Sancho's part.

remedy for every thing but death; and since I beare sway, Ile doe what I list: for according to the Proverb, *He that hath the Iudge to his Father, etc. and I am Governour, which is more then Iudge. I, I, let um come and play at boe-peepe, let um backe-bite me, let um come for wooll, and Ile send them backe shorne; whom God loves, his house is savoury to him, and every man beares with the rich mans follies, so I being rich, and a Governour, and liberall too, as I meane to be, I will be without all faults. No, no, pray be dainty, and see what will become on 't, have much, and thou shalt be esteemed much, quoth a Grandame of mine, and might overcomes right.

Oh, a plague on thee, Sancho, (quoth Don Quixote) threescore thousand Satans take thee and thy Proverbs, this howre thou hast beene stringing them one upon another, and giving me tormenting potions with each of them: I assure thee, that one of these dayes these Proverbs will carry thee to the gallows, for them thy vassalls will bereave thee of thy Government, or there will be a community amongst them. Tell mee, ignorant, Where dost thou finde them all? or how dost thou apply them, Ninny-hammer? for, for me to speake one and apply it well, it makes me sweat and labour, as if I had digged.

Assuredly, Master mine, quoth Sancho, a small matter makes you angry: why the Devill doe you pine that I make use of my owne goods? for I have no other, nor any other stocke but Proverbs upon Proverbs: and now I have foure that fall out jump to the purpose, like Peares for a working basket: but I wil say nothing, for now Sancho shall be called Silence: Rather babling, quoth Don Quixote, or Obstinacy it selfe; yet I would faine know what foure Proverbs they be that came into thy minde, so to the purpose; for I can think upon none, yet I have a good memory.

What better (said Sancho) then Meddle not with a hollow tooth: And, Go from my house, What will you have with my wife? Theres no answering: and, If the pot fall upon the stone, or the stone on the pot, ill for the pot, ill for the

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stone; all which are much to the purpose. That no body meddle with their Governour, nor with their Superiour, lest they have the worst, as he that puts his hand to his teeth (so they be not hollow, tis no matter if they be teeth) Whatsoever the Governour saies, there is no replying, as in saying, Get you from my house, and, What will you have with my wife? and that of the pot and the stone, a blinde man may perceive it: so that he that sees the moate in another mans eye, let him see the beame in his owne, that it may not be said by him, The dead was afraid of her that was flayd. And you know, Sir, that the foole knowes more in his owne house, then the wise man doth in anothers.

Not so, Sancho, (quoth Don Quixote) for the foole, neyther in his owne house nor anothers, knowes ought, by reason that no wise edifice is seated upon the increase of his folly: and let us leave this, Sancho, for if thou governe ill, thou must beare the fault, and mine must be the shame; but it comforts mee that I have done my duty in advising thee truly, and as discreetly as I could, and with this I have accomplisht with my obligation, and God speed thee Sancho, and governe thee in thy Government, and bring mee out of the scruple I am in, that thou wilt turne thy Government with the heeles upwards, which I might prevent, by letting the Duke know thee better, and telling him, that all that fatnesse, and little corps of thine, is nothing but a sack of Proverbs and knaverie.

Sir (quoth Sancho) if you thinke I am not fit for this Government, from henceforward I lose it: I had rather have a poore little scrap of the naile of my soule, then my whole body: and I can as well keepe my selfe with, plaine Sancho, a Loafe and an Onyon, as a Governour with Capons and Partridges: and whilst we are asleepe, all are alike: great and small, poore and rich: and if you consider on't, you shall finde, that you onely put me into this veine of governing: for I know no more what belongs to governing of Ilands then a Vulture; and rather, then in being a Governour, the Divell shall fetch my soule, I had rather be Sancho, and goe to heaven, then a Governour and go to

hell. Truely, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote: for these last words thou hast spoken, I deeme thee worthy to govern a thousand Ilands; thou hast a good naturall capacitie, without which no science is worth ought; serve God, and erre not in thy maine intentions, I meane that thou alwayes have a firme purpose and intent, to be sure in all businesses that shall occurre, because Heaven alwayes favours good desires, and let 's goe dine: for I beleeve now the Lords expect us.

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THIS sayd, that in the originall of this History, it is read, that when Cid Hamete came to write this Chapter, the Interpreter translated it not as he had written it, which was a kinde of complaint of himselfe, that he undertooke so dry and barren a story, as this of Don Quixote, because it seemed that Don Quixote and Sancho were the sole speakers, and that he durst not enlarge himselfe with other digressions, or graver accidents and more delightfull: and he sayd, That to have his invention, his hand and his quill, tyed to one sole subject, and to speake by the mouthes of few, was a most insupportable labor, and of no benefit to the Author: so that to avoyd this inconvenience, in the first part he used the Art of Novels, as one, of *The Curious Impertinent*, another of *The captiv'd Captaine*, which are (as it were) separated from the History, though the rest that are there recounted, are matters that happened to Don Quixote,

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which could not but be set downe: he was of opinion likewise, as he sayd, that many being carried away with attention to Don Quixotes exployts, would not heede his Novels, and skip them, either for haste or irkesomnesse, without noting the cunning worke-manship, and framing of them, which would be plainely shewne, if they might come to light by themselves alone, without Don Quixotes madnesse, or Sancho's simplicities; therefore in this second part, hee would not engraffe loose Novels, or adjoyning to the Story, but certaine accidents that might bee like unto them, sprung from the passages that the truth it selfe offers, and these too sparingly, and with words only proper to declare them: and since he is shut up and contained in the limits of this narration, having understanding, sufficiency and ability to treat of all, his request is, that his labour bee not contemned, but rather that hee bee commended, not for what hee writes, but for what he hath omitted to write: so he goes on with his History, saying;

That when Don Quixote had dined, the same day that hee gave Sancho his instructions, in the after-noone he let him have them in writing, that he might seeke some body to read them to him: but as soone as ever he had given him them, he lost them, and they came to the Dukes hands, who shewed them to the Duchesse; and both of them afresh admired at Don Quixotes madnesse, and his understanding together: and so going forward with their jests, that after-noone they sent Sancho well accompanied to the place, that to him seemed an Iland.

It fell out then that the charge of this businesse was laid upon a Steward of the Dukes, a good wise fellow, and very conceited; for there can be no wit that is not governed with discretion; hee it was that playd the Countesse Trifaldis part, with the cunning that hath beene related, with this and with his Masters instructions how he should behave himselfe towards Sancho, hee performed his taske marvellously. I say then, that it hapned, that as Sancho saw the Steward, the very face of Trifaldi came into his minde, and turning to his Master, hee said: Sir, the Divell beare

me from hence just as I beleeve, if you doe not confesse, that this Steward of the Dukes heere present, hath the very countenance of the Afflicted.

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Don Quixote earnestly beheld the Steward, and having thorowly seene him, said to Sancho: There is no need of the Divels taking thee just as thou beleevest (for I know not what thou meanest) for the Afflicteds face is just the same that the Stewards is: but for all that, the Steward is not the Afflicted; for to bee so, were a manifest contradiction, and now tis no time to sift out these things, which were to enter into an intricate Labyrinth: beleeve me, friend; 'twere fit to pray to God very earnestly, to deliver us from these damned Witches and Enchanters. Tis no jesting matter, quoth Sancho, for I heard him speak before, and me thought the very voice of Trifaldi sounded in my eares.

Well, I will bee silent: but yet I will see henceforward, if I can discover any signe to confirme or forgoe my jealousie. You may doe so, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote; and you shall give me notice of all that in this businesse you can discover, and of all that shall befall you in your Government.

Sancho in conclusion departed with a great troope, clad like a Lawyer, and upon his backe he had a goodly tawny riding Coat of watred Chamlet, and a Hunters Cap of the same, he rode upon a Hee Moyle *after the Ginet fashion, and behinde him, by the Dukes order, his Dapple was ledde, with trappings and Asse-like ornaments all of silke: Sancho turned his head now and then to looke upon his Asse, with whose company he was so well pleased, that he would not have changed to have beene Emperour of Germany. At parting he kissed the Dukes hands, and received his Masters benediction, who gave it him with teares, and Sancho received it with blubberings.

*The Stirrops short, and his legges trussed up.

Now, Reader, let honest Sancho part in peace and in good time, and expect two bushels of laughter, which his demeanour in his Government will minister to thee: and in the meane time, marke what befell his Master, that very night: for if it make thee not laugh outright, yet it will cause thee shew thy teeth, and grin like an Ape: for Don

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Quixotes affaires must either bee solemnized with admiration or laughter.

Tis said then, that Sancho was scarce departed, when Don Quixote resented his solitarinesse, and if it had been possible for him to have revoked his Commission, or taken away his Government, he would have done it.

The Duchesse knew his Melancholy, and asked him why he was so sad: for if it were for Sancho's absence, shee had Squires, and Waiting-women, and Damozels in her house, that would doe him all service.

True it is, Madam, quoth Don Quixote, that I resent Sancho's absence: but that is not the principall cause, that makes me appeare sad: and of those many kindnesses, that your Excellency offers me, I onely accept and make choyse of the good will with which they are offered, and for the rest, I humbly beseech your Excellencie, that you give me leave in my Chamber to serve my selfe.

Truely, Signior Don Quixote, quoth the Duchesse, it must not be so: for foure of my Damozels shall waite upon you, as faire as flowers. They shall be no flowers to mee (quoth he) but very thornes, that pricke my soule. They shall fly as soone as enter into my Chamber, or come neere me. If your Greatnesse will continue in your favours towards me, let this be one, that I may serve my selfe within mine owne doores, that I may put a wal in midst of my desires and honesty; and I will not forgoe this custome, for all the liberalitie that your Highnesse will shew unto [me]. To conclude, I will rather sleepe in my cloathes, then yeeld that any body shall help to undresse me.

Enough, enough, Signior Don Quixote (quoth the Duchesse) for my part, Ile give order that not so much as a Fly, shall come within your distance, much lesse a Damozell: I am none of those that would make Signior Don Quixote transcend his decency: for as I have a kind of glimmering, one of Signior Don Quixotes most eminent vertues, is his honestie. Vndresse your selfe, and goe to bed alone after your owne fashion how you will, and no body shal hinder you, and in your chamber you shal have

al things necessary, and locke your doore to you: your vessels shall be ready, that no naturall cause make you rise to open your doore.

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Long live the Grand Dulcinea del Toboso, and her name farre extended upon the Globe of the earth, since she deserved to bee beloved of so honest and valiant a Knight: and the gracious heavens infuse into Sancho Pansa our Governour his heart, a desire to finish the disciplining of himselfe quickly, that the world may re-enjoy the beauty of so great a Lady.

To which (quoth Don Quixote) your Highnesse hath spoken like your selfe: for no ill thing can proceed from the mouth of so good a Lady, and Dulcinea shall be the more happie, and more esteemed in the world, in that your Greatnesse hath praised her, then if she had had the praises of the best Rhetoricians in the world.

Well: Goe too, Signior Don Quixote (quoth the Duchesse) tis now supper time, and the Duke expects us; come, Sir, let's sup, and to bed betimes: for your voyage yesterday from Candaya, was not so short, but it hath left some wearinesse in you.

None at all, Lady (quoth he:) for I may sweare to your Excellencie, that in my life time I never rode upon a gentler nor better-paced Beast then Clavileño; and I know no reason why Malambruno should lose so swift and so gentle a horse, and so burne him without more adoe.

You may imagine (quoth she) that hee (repenting him of the hurt he had done Trifaldi and her company, and many others; and of the wickednes, that as a Witch and Enchanter he had committed) would destroy the instruments of his office, and so burnt Clavileño as the chiefest of them; and that which did most disquiet him, roving up and downe; and so with his burnt ashes, and the trophy of the scrowle, Don Quixotes valour is eternalized.

Don Quixote afresh gave fresh thankes to the Duchesse: and when hee had supt, he retyred to his Chamber alone, without permitting any body to serve him, he was so afraid to meet with occasions that might induce him to forget

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the honest Decorum due to his Lady Dulcinea, Amadis his goodnes being alwayes in his imagination, the flower and Looking-glasse of Knights Errant.

The doore he shut after him, and undressed himselfe by the light of two Waxe Candles, as he pulled off his stockings (Oh ill lucke unworthy such a personage) there broke from him, not sighs or any such thing that might discredit his cleanely neatnesse, but some foure and twenty stitches and a halfe, that made his stocking looke like a Lettice-window: the good Knight was extremely afflicted, and would have given for a dram of greene silke, an ounce of silver: greene silke, I say, for his stockins were greene: and here Benengeli exclaimed, saying: Oh Povertie, povertie, I know not what moov'd that famous Cordovan Poet, to call thee holy thankelesse gift. For I that am a Moore, know very well, by the communication I have had with Christians, that holinesse consists in Charitie, Humilitie, Faith, Obedience and povertie: but yet a man had need have a speciall grace from God, that can be contented, being poore, except it be with such a kinde of povertie, as one of the greatest Saints speakes of: Esteeme of all things as if you had them not, and this is called poorenesse of Spirit. But thou, second povertie, (of that kinde that I meane) why do'st thou mixe thy selfe with Gentlemen, and those that be well borne? Why dost thou make them cobble their shooes; and that the Buttons of their Ierkins, be some Silke, others Hayre, others Glasse? Why must their Ruffes for the most part be unset Lettice-wayes, and not set with the Sticke? (and by this you may perceive how ancient the use of Starch is, and of setting Ruffes.) He proceeds: Vnhappy he, that being well borne, puts his credit to shifts, as by ill faring, with his doore locked to him, *making his Tooth-picker an Hypocrite, with which he comes to the street doore picking his teeth, though he have eate nothing that should require such cleanelinesse. Vnhappy he, I say, whose credit is skarred, and thinkes that a patch upon his shoo is spied a League off, or the thorow sweating of his Hat, or the thred-barenesse of his Cloke, or the hunger of his Maw. All this

*He describes the right custome of his hungry countrey men in generall.

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was renued in Don Quixote by the breach of his Stocking: but his comfort was, that Sancho had left him a payre of Bootes, which he thought to put on the next day. Finally, to bed hee went heavy and pensative, as well for want of Sancho's company, as for the irreparable misfortune of his Stocking, whose stitches he would have taken up, though it had beene with silke of another colour, which is one of the greatest signes of misery, that may befall a Gentleman in the Progresse of his Prolixe necessitie. He put out the lights, twas hot, and he could not sleepe; so he rose from his bed, and opened a little the lidde of an Iron window that looked toward a faire garden; and opening it, hee perceived and heard people stirring and talking in the Garden; they below raised their voices: insomuch, that these speeches might be heard:

Be not so earnest with me, O Emerencia, to have mee sing: for thou knowest that ever since this stranger hath beene in the Castle, and that mine eyes beheld him, I cannot sing, but weep: besides, my Ladies sleepe is rather short, then sound; and I would not that she should know we were heere, for al the goods in the world: and though she should sleepe, and not wake, my singing yet were in vaine, if this new Æneas sleepe, and wake not to give ear to it, this, that is come into my Kingdome to leave me scorned and forsaken.

Thinke not of that, friend Altisidora (said they) for doubtlesse the Duchesse and every body else in the house is asleepe, except the Master of thy heart, and thy soules alarum; for now I heard him open his window, and he is certainly awake: sing poore grieved wretch, in a low and sweet tune, to the sound of thy Harpe, and if the Duchesse should perceive it: our excuse shall be, that we are heere by reason tis so hote within doores.

Tis not for our being here, O Emerencia, quoth Altisidora, but that I am not willing my Song should discover my heart; and that I should bee held by those that have no notice of the powerfull force of love, for a longing and light huswife: but come what will on it, better shame in the

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face, then a spot in the heart: and with this shee heard a Harpe most sweetly playd on. Which when Don Quixote heard, it amazed him: and in the instance an infinite company of Adventures came into his minde, of Windowes, Grates, Gardens, Musick, Courting, and fopperies, that he had read in his sottish bookes of Knighthood; and straight he imagined that some Damozell of the Duchesses was enamored on him, and that her honesty enforced her to conceale her affection, he was afraid lest he should yeeld, but firmely purposed not to be vanquished; so recommending himselfe, heart and soule, to his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he determined to hearken to the Musick: and that they might know hee was there, he fained a sneeze which not a little pleased the Damozels, that desired nothing else: so Atisidora running on, and tuning her Harpe, began this Song:

Thou that in thy bed do'st lye,
In midst of Holland sheetes;
Sleeping with thy legges Out-stretcht,
All night long untill the morne,

Oh thou Knight the valiantest,
That all Mancha hath produc't,
More honest, and more blest withall,
Then the fin'st Arabia gold,

Heare a Dam'zell sorrowfull,
Tall of growth; but ill sh' hath thriv'd:
That, with light of thy two sunnes,
Feeles her soule enflam'd and scorcht.

Thou thy Adventures followest,
Others mis-adventures find'st,
Thou giv'st wounds; and yet deeny'st,
To give healing remedy.

Tell me, O thou valiant youth:
(God increase thy maladies)
Wert thou bred in Africa,
Or in Iaca Mountainous?

Serpents nourish thee with milke,
Or perhaps thy Nurses were
Th' uncouth thicknesse of the woods,
Or the Mountaines horrible?

Well may Dulcinea, she
That same dam'zell plump and sound,
Bragge that she hath conquer'd a
Tyger and a salvage Beast.

For which she shall famous be,
From Henares to Xarama,
Tagus, Mansanares, and
Pisuerga, and Arlanza too.

Oh that I might change with her,
I would give my Coat to boote;
And the gaudy'st that I have,
All bedawb'd with golden frindge.

Oh that I were in thy armes,
If not so, but neere thy bed,
That I might but scratch thy head
And the Dand-roffe rid from thee.

Much I aske, but not deserve
Favours so remarkeable:
Let me then but touch thy foote
Fit for my humilitie.

Oh what night-caps I would give,
And what silver socks to thee,
What Damaska breeches eke,
And what cloakes of Holland too?

Likewise of the finest Pearles
Each as bigge as any Gall,
Which, if that there were but one,
Might be call'd, The one alone.

Do not from thy Tarpey view
This same fire that doth me scorch
Manchegan Nero of the world,
Nor kindle 't with thy cruelty.

Young I am, a tender chicke,
Not yet my age is past fifteene,
Fourteene am I, three moneths more
I sweare to thee in Conscience.

I doe not limpe, I am not lame,
Nothing about me maim'd;
And my Lookes like Lillies are
That doe dragge upon the ground.

CHAPTER XLIV

How Sancho Pansa was carried to his Government, and of the strange Adventure that befell Don Quixote in the Castle.

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How Sancho Pansa was carried to his Government, and of the strange Adventure that befell Don Quixote in the Castle.

And although my mouth be wide,
Yet my nose is something flat,
And my teeth are Topaces:
Beauty lifts me to the clowds.

My voice you see, if that you harke,
To the sweetest equall is,
And my disposition too,
Lesse then reasonable is.

These and other graces more,
Of thy Quiver are the spoiles,
Of this house I Dam'zell am,
And Altisidora call'd.

Here the sore wounded Altisidora ended her song, and the fright of the required Don Quixote began, who fetching a deepe sigh, said within himselfe, That I must be so unhappy an Errant, that no Damozell that sees me, but is enamoured on mee! that, Dulcinea del Toboso should be so unfortunate, that they will not let her alone enjoy my incomparable firmenesse! Queens, What meane you toward her? Empresses, why do you persecute her? Damozels of fourteene or fifteene yeeres, why doe you baite her? Leave, leave the poore creature, let her triumph, joy, and rejoyce, with the lot that Love gave her, in yeelding her my heart, and delivering her my soule. Look, ye enamoured troop, for Dulcinea onely am I of paste and sugar-pellets, and for all else of Flint; for her I am hony, for you bitter Aloes: Dulcinea only is to me, faire, discreet, honest, gallant, well-born; and others, foule, foolish, light, and worse-borne. Nature threw mee into the world to bee onely hers, and no-bodies else: let Altisidora weepe or sing, *let the Lady despaire for whom I was banged in the Castle of the Enchanted Moore; for sod or roasted, I am Dulcinea's, cleane, well-nurtured and honest, in spight of all the powerfull witch-crafts of the earth: and with this he clapt to the window sodainely, and all angry and despiteous, as if some disgrace had befalne him, hee got him to bed: where for the present we will leave him, for the Grand Sancho Pansa calls upon us, who meanes to begin his famous Government.

*His adventure in the first part with the Carrier and Maritornes in the Vente.

HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

CHAPTER XLV

How the Grand Sancho Pansa tooke possession of his Iland, and the manner of his beginning to governe.



PERPETUALL discoverer of the Antipodes, Torch to the world, Eye of Heaven, sweet stirrer of wine-cooling vessels, one while Titan, another Phœbus, sometimes an Archer, other-whiles a Physician, Father of Poesie, Inventer of Musicke, thou that alwaies risest, and (though it seemes so) yet never settest. To thee I speake, O Sunne, by which man begets man: to thee I speake, helpe me, and lighten my obscure wit, that I may punctually runne thorow the narration of the Grand Sancho Pansa's Government; for without thee I am dull, unmolded, and confused. I proceed then thus:

Sancho with all his troope came to a Towne, which had in it about a thousand Inhabitants, which was one of the best the Duke had, they told him the Iland was called Barataria, eyther because the town was called Baratario, or else because he had obtained his Government so cheap. When he came to the Town-gates (for it was walled) the Officers came out to welcome him, the bells rung, and all the Inhabitants made shew of a generall gladnesse, and they carried him in great pompe to the high Church, to give God thankes: and straight after some ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered him the keyes, and admitted him for perpetuall Governour of the Iland Barataria. His apparell, his beard, his fatnesse, and the shortnesse of this new Governour, made all the people admire, that knew not the Iigge of the matter, and those also that knew it, which were many.

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Finally, when he came out of the Church, they carried him to the Iudgement seat, and seated him in it, and the Dukes Steward told him, It is an olde custome, Sir Governour, in this Iland, that he that comes to take possession of this famous Iland, must answer to a question that shall be asked him, that must be somewhat hard and intricate, by whose answere the Towne ghesseth and taketh the pulse of their new Governours capacity, and accordingly, is either glad, or sorry at his comming.

Whilst the Steward said this to Sancho, he was looking upon certaine great Letters that were written upon the wall over-against his seat, and because he himselfe could not reade, hee asked what painting that was in the wall? It was answered him: Sir, the day is set downe there in which your Honor tooke possession of this Iland, and the Epitaph saies thus, 'This day, such a day of the Moneth and Yeere, Signior Don Sancho Pansa tooke possession of this Iland, long may hee enjoy it.' And whom call they Don Sancho Pansa? said Sancho. Your Honor (quoth the Steward:) for no other Pansa hath come into this Iland, but he that is seated in that seat. Well, marke you, Brother, quoth Sancho, there belongs no Don to mee, neyther ever was there any in all my Linage, I am plaine Sancho, my Father was called Sancho, my Grandfather and all were Pansa's, without any additions of Dons or Donnas, and I beleeve this Iland is as full of Dons, as stones: but 'tis enough, God knowes my meaning, and perhaps, if my Government last but foure daies to an end, Ile weed out these Dons, that with their multiplicity doe weary and trouble like Mosquitos. On with your question, Master Steward, Ile answer you as well as I can, let the towne be sorry or not sorry.

At this instant two men came into the judgement place; the one clad like a husbandman, and the other like a Taylor, having sheeres in his hand: the Taylor said, Sir Governor, I and this Husbandman are come before you for this cause: This honest man came yesterday to my shop, and I, saving your reverence, am a Taylor, and a

free man, God be thanked, and shewing mee a piece of cloth, asked mee; Sir, will there bee enough heere to make me a Capouche? I measuring the cloth, answered him, Yes: hee thought as I did, and I thought true, that I would steale some of his cloth, being maliciously bent, and out of the ill opinion he had of Taylors: and hee replied againe, that I should tell if there were enough to make two: I smelt his drift, and told him, I; and my Gallant in his first knavish intention, went adding more Capouches, and I answered with more yes-ses, till we came to five, and even now hee came for them, I give them him, but he will not pay me for the making, rather he demands that I pay him, or returne him his cloth. Is it true this (quoth Sancho)? Yes, said the fellow; but pray, Sir, let him shew his five Capouches that hee hath made me. With a very good will, (quoth the Taylor:) and incontinently taking his hand from under his cloake, hee shewed five Capouches in it, upon each finger one, and said; Behold heere the five Capouches that this man would have me make, and in my soule and conscience I have not a jot of cloth left, as any workeman shall judge.

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All the by-standers laughed at the number of the Capouches, and the strange contention. Sancho, after a little consideration, said; Me thinkes, in this suit there need no delayes, but a quicke and plaine judgement; My sentence therefore is, that the Taylor lose his labour, and the Husbandman his cloth, and that the Capouches be carried to the poore in the prison, without any more adoe.

If the sentence that passed of the Grazier bredde admiration in the by-standers, this moov'd them to laughter; but what the Governour commanded, was fulfilled: before whom, two ancient men were now presented; the one had a hollow Cane, in stead of a staffe, the other had none: hee without the staffe, said, Sir, I lent this honest man long since, tenne Crownes in good Gold, to doe him a kindnesse: I let him alone a good while, without asking for them, because I would not put him to more trouble to repay me, then hee had to borrow them of mee; but because I saw him care-

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lesse of the payment, I have asked him more then once or twice for my money, which hee not onely doth not returne me, but denies, and sayes, hee never received the tenne Crownes I lent him, or that if I did lend them him, he hath payd me: I have no witnesses, neyther of the lending, or of the payment: I pray, Sir, will you take his Oath? and if he will sweare that hee hath payd mee, I give him an acquittance from henceforth, and before God. What say you to this, honest olde man with the staffe (quoth Sancho)? Sir, I confesse that hee lent them mee, and *hold downe your rodde, and since he will have mee sweare, I will, that I have payd him really and truely. The Governour held out his rod, and in the meane time, he with the staffe, gave it to the other old man to hold, whilest hee was to sweare, as if it had hindred him: so with his hand he made a crosse over the rod of Iustice, saying, Twas true that he had lent him the ten crownes that he demanded; but that hee had truely restored them to him againe, and that his forgetting of it, made him continually demand them. Which when the Grand Governour saw, hee asked the Creditor what hee could say against his Adversary? He said, that surely his debter said true, for hee held him to be an honest man, and a good Christian, and that it might be he had forgotten, how or when he payd him, and that from henceforward hee would never demand him ought. The debtor tooke his staffe againe, and making an obeysance, was going out of the judgement place: Which when Sancho saw, and that he was going without any more adoe, and seeing likewise the others patience, hee nodded with his head on his brest, and clapt the Index of his right hand, upon his nose and eye-browes, and a pretty while was as it were considering, and by and by lifted up his head, and commanded that the olde man with the staffe should be brought to him: and Sancho seeing him, said, Honest man, give me that staffe; for I have use for it. With a very good will, quoth the olde man; heere tis, Sir, and gave it him. Sancho tooke it, and giving it to the other olde man, sayd, Goe

*The custome of Spaine being, that hee who is to sweare, makes a crosse over the rod of Iustice.

on Gods name, now you are payd. I Sir? said the old man, why, can this Cane be worth ten crownes? Yes, said the Governour, or else I am the veriest block-head in the world: and now you shall see whether I have a braine or no to governe a whole kingdome: so hee commanded that before them all the Cane should be broken, which was done, and in the midst of it, they found the ten crownes.

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All of them admired at this, and held their Governour for a second Salomon. They asked him, how hee gathered that the ten crownes was in the Cane? He answered, That because hee saw the old man that was to sweare, give his Adversary the staffe whilest he tooke his oath, and that hee swore he had given him the money truely and really; and that when he had ended his oath, he demanded his staffe of him againe, it came into his imagination, that within it the money was hidden: whereby it may be collected, that although many Governours are starke Asses, yet sometimes it pleaseth God to direct them in their Iudgements; for besides, hee had heard the Vicar of his parish tell of such an accident as this, and that he had a speciall memory, for if it were not for forgetting all he desired to remember, there were not such a memory in the whole Iland.

At last one of the old men ashamed, and the other payd his money, they departed, and those that were present, were astonisht; and he that wrote downe Sancho's words, deeds, and behaviour, could not resolve, whether he should set him downe, A foole or a wise-man.

As soone as this sute was ended, there came a woman into the place of judgement, laying hold strongly on a man clad to see to, like a rich Grazier, who came crying aloud, and saying, Iustice, Lord Governour, Iustice, and if I have it not on earth, I will seeke it in heaven. Sweet Governour, this wicked man met me on the high way, and hath abused my body, as if it had beene an unwashed ragge; and, unhappy that I am, he hath gotten that, that I have kept these three and twenty yeeres, defending it from Moores

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and Christians, from home-bred ones and strangers; I have beene as hard as a Corke-tree, and kept my selfe as entire as the Salamander in the fire, or as the wooll amongst the Briars, and this man must come now with a washt hand and handle mee. This is to be tried yet (quoth Sancho) whether this gallants hands be washt or no; and turning to the fellow, he said, What answer you to yonder womans complaint? who all in a fright answered: Sir (quoth he) I am a poor Grazier, and deale in swine, and this morning I went (with pardon be it spoken) from this towne to sell foure hogges, and the tallage and other fees cost me little lesse then they were worth: as I went homeward, by the way I met with this good Matron, and the Devill the Author of all mischiefe, yoak'd us together: I gave her sufficient pay, but she not satisfied, layd hold on me, and would not let me goe till shee had brought mee hither: she sayes that I forced her, and I sweare she lies, and this is true every jot of it. Then the Governour asked him, if he had any mony about him? who answered him, Yes; that he had in a lethern purse in his bosome, some twenty Crownes in silver. He commanded him to take it out, and to deliver it just as it was to the plaintife; which he did trembling: the woman receiv'd it, and making a thousand Moorish ducks to the company, and praying to God for the Governors life and health, that was so charitable to poore Orphans and Maidens, she went out from the place of Iudgement, laying fast hold with both her hands on the purse, though first she looked whether twere silver within or no. She was scarce gone, when Sancho said to the Grazier, that had teares standing in his eyes, and his heart going after his purse; Honest fellow, run after yonder woman, and take her purse from her whether she will or no, and bring it me hither. He spoke not to a foole or a deafe man, for straight he parted like lightning, and went to perform what was commanded him. All that were present were in suspence, and expectation of the end of that suite, and a little after, both man and woman returned together, more fastned and clung together then formerly, she with her coat up, and her

purse in her lappe, and he striving to get it from her, which was not possible, she did so resist, crying out and saying, Iustice of God and the world: looke you, Sir Governour, marke the little shame or feare of this desperate man, that in the middest of a congregation, and in the midst of a street, would take away my purse that you commanded him to give me.

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And hath he got it? said the Governour. Got it? (said she) I had rather lose my life then the purse? I were a pretty childe yfaith then; you must set other manner of Coltes upon mee then this poore nasty sneake-up: Pincers, hammers, beetles, scraping tooles, shall not get it out of my clawes, out of my Lyons pawes; they shall rather get one halfe of my soule out of my flesh. Shee sayes right (quoth the fellow) I yeeld to her, I have no more power, I confesse my force is not sufficient to take it away.

Then said the Governour to the woman; You, honesty, Virago, give me that purse hither: which shee did: and the Governor restored it againe to the man, and said to the forcible woman, but not forced, Do you heare, sister? if you had shewed but halfe your valor and breath to defend your body, that you did for your purse, Hercules his force could not have forced you: get you gon with a Pox; come not into this Iland, nor in sixe Leagues round about it, on paine of two hundreth lashes: get you gone straight (I say) make-bate, shamelesse coozener: the woman was affrighted, and away she went like a sheepe-biter, and melancholy, and the Governour said to the man, Honest fellow, get you home on Gods name with your money, and henceforward if you meane not to lose it, pray have no minde to yoake with any body. The man as clownishly as he could, thanked him, and went his way: the by-standers admired afresh at the judgement, and sentences of their new Governour. All which noted by his Chroniclist, was straight written to the Duke, that with much desire expected it. And leave we honest Sancho here: for his Master hastens us now, that was all in a hurly-burly with Altisidora's Musick.

THE SECOND PART OF THE

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Of the fearefull Low-Bell-Cally horrour, that Don Quixote received in Processe of his Love, by the enamoured Altisidora.



EE left the Grand Don Quixote enveloped in the imaginations, which the Musicke of the enamoured Damozell Altisidora had caused in him: to bed hee went with them, and as if they had beene Fleas; they gave him no rest or quiet, and to these were added those of his torne Stockings: but as time is swift, and no stumbling blocke will stay him, he went on horse-backe on the houres, and the morning came on speedily. Which when Don Quixote saw, hee left his soft bed, and nothing lazie, put on his Chamoized apparell and his Bootes, to hide the hole of his Stockings; he cast his Scarlet Mantle upon him, and put on his head his hunters Cap of green Velvet, laced with silver Lace, his Belt he hung at his shoulder, with his trusty cutting Blade, hee layd hold on a Rosary which he used still to carry with him; and with goodly representation and gate, he went towards an out-roome, where the Duke and Duchesse were ready drest, and as it were expecting him: and as he was to passe thorow a Gallery, Altisidora and the other Damozell her friend, were greedily expecting him: And as soone as Altisidora saw him, shee fained a swounding; and her friend got her into her lappe, and in all haste went to unlace her.

Don Quixote that saw it, comming neere them, said, Now I know from whence these fits proceed.

I know not from whence (said her friend) for Altisidora is the healthiest Damozell in all this house, and I never perceived so much as a sigh from her, since I have knowne her:

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a mischiefe on all Knights Errant in the world, if all be so ungratefull: pray Signior Don Quixote, get you gone; for as long as you are here, this poore Wench will not come to her selfe.

To which said Don Quixote, Get me, Mistris, a Lute into my Chamber soone at night, and Ile comfort this afflicted Damozell as well as I can: for in amarous beginnings plaine dealing is the most approoved remedy; so he went away, because they that passed by, should not note or observe him: he was no sooner gone, when the dismayed Altisidora comming to her selfe, said to her companion, By all meanes let him have the Lute: for undoubtedly Don Quixote will give us Musicke, and being his, it cannot bee bad.

Straight they went to let the Duchesse know what passed, and of the Lute that Don Quixote required: and she jocund above measure, plotted with the Duke and her Damozels, to play a trick with him that should be more pleasant then hurtful; and so with much longing they expected till it should be night, which came on speedily as the day had done, which the Dukes passed in savoury discourse with Don Quixote: and that day the Duchesse indeed dispatcht a Page of hers, that in the wood acted the enchanted Dulcinea's part, to Teresa Pansa, with her Husband Sancho's Letter, and with the bundle of stuffe that he had left to be sent her, charging him to bring her a true Relation of all that he passed with her.

This done, and it growing towards eleven of the clocke at night, Don Quixote found a Vyoll in his Chamber: hee tuned it, opened the window, and heard people walke in the Garden, and having runne over the frets of the Violl, and ordering it as well as he could, he spit and cleared his brest, and straight with a voyce somewhat hoarceish, though tuneable, he sung the ensuing Romant, which the same day he had composed.

*These verses and the former of Altisidora, are made to bee scurvy on purpose by the Author, fitting the occasions and the subjects, so he observes neyther verse nor rime.

* The powerfull force of Love
Oft doth unhindge the soule,
Taking for his Instrument
Ever carelesse Idlenesse.

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To use to sow and worke,
And to be ever occupied,
Is the onely Antidote
Gainst the poyson of Loves griefes.

Damzels that live retir'd,
With desire of marriage,
Honesty their portion is,
And the Trumpet of their praise.

They that Knights Errant be,
They that in Court doe live
Court the looser sort of maides,
And the honest make their wives:

Some Loves are of the East,
Loves that are held with Oastesses,
That straight set in the Wests
End when the parting is.

The Love that new come is,
Comes to day, to morrow parts,
Never leaves the Images,
In the soules imprinted well.

Picture upon picture drawne,
Shewes not well, nay leaves no draught;
Where a former beauty is,
Second needs must lose the tricke.

Painted, Dulcinea, I,
Del Toboso, so well have
In smooth Tablet of my soule,
That ther's nought can blot her out.

Constancie in Lovers is
The part most to be esteem'd;
For which love doth miracles,
And doth raise us up aloft.

Here Don Quixote ended his Song, which was hearkened to by the Duke, Duchesse, Altisidora, and almost all the folke of the Castle; when suddenly from the toppe of an open Turret, there fell heavily downe upon Don Quixotes window, by the letting downe of a Cord, a great sacke of Cats with little Low-bels tyed at their tayles, the noise of which was

so great, and the mewing of the Cats, that although the Dukes were the inventers of the Iest, yet they themselves were even affrighted, and Don Quixote was timorous and amazed: and such was his ill lucke, that two or three of the Cats got in at the window of his Cabbin, and leaping up and downe on every side, it seem'd to him that there were a Legion of Divels in his Chamber: they put out the Candles that were burning there, and now they sought how to get out: the rising and falling of the cord, at which the Low-bels were hanged, ceased not; and the most of the people in the Castle, that knew not the certaintie of the businesse, were astonisht.

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Don Quixote got him on his legges, and laying hold on his sword, began to thrust and slash at the window, crying out aloud: Avant, ye wicked Enchanters, avant, yee haggish scum; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, against whom your wicked plots cannot prevaile, or have any power: and turning to the Cats that were in his Chamber, hee strucke many blowes at them; they got to the Iron window, and there got out: but one of them that saw himselfe so baited with Don Quixotes slashes, leapt upon his face, and with his nayles and teeth, layd hold on his nose with the pawe. Don Quixote roared out as lowd as hee could. Which when the Duke and Duchesse heard, and considering what it might bee, they ranne up in all haste to his Chamber, and opening it with a Master Key, they found the poore Knight striving with all his might, to unroote the Cat from his face: they called for lights, and saw the unequal Combate: The Duke came to part the fray, and Don Quixote cryed alowd, Let him alone, leave mee hand to hand with this Divell, this Witch, this Enchanter: for Ile make him know the difference betwixt me and him; and who Don Quixote de la Mancha is: but the Cat carelesse of these threats, purred and held fast.

But at length the Duke unloosed him, and flung him out of the window. Don Quixotes face was sifted over, and his nose was not very sound; yet hee was very angry, that they would not let him finish the battell, that was so long drawne

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out betwixt him, and that cursed Enchanter. They made some oyle of Aparice to be brought, and Altisidora her selfe with her faire hands bound up the wounds; and laying to the cloathes, she told him in his eare, All these mis-haps befall thee, flinty Knight, for the sinne of thy hard-hearted obstinacy: and God grant that Sancho thy Squire may forget to whip himselfe, that thy beloved Dulcinea may still be enchanted, neither maist thou enjoy her, or come to her bed, at least whilst I live, that adore thee.

To all this Don Quixote answered not a word; but fetcht a deepe sigh, and straight layd him downe on his bed, thanking the Dukes for their courtesie; not for that he was afraid of that Cattish-Low-Belly Enchanting crue: but that hee was perswaded of their goodwils to come to retire him.

The Dukes left him to his rest, and went away sorrowfull for the ill successe of the jest; for they thought that Adventure would not have lighted so heavily on Don Quixote, which cost him five dayes retirement and keeping his bed, where another Adventure befell him more pleasing then the former, which the Historian will not recount yet, because of repayring to Sancho Pansa, that was very carefull and conceited in his Government.

HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

CHAPTER XLVII

How Sancho demeaned himselfe in his Government.

THE Story tels us, that Sancho from the Iudgement Seat was carried to a sumptuous Palace, where, in a great and spacious Hall was spred a Royall and plentifull Table: the winde-Musick played, and foure Pages came in to minister water to him, which he used with much state: the winde-Instruments ceased, and Sancho sate him downe at the upper end of the Table, because there was no other seate, nor no other Napkin layd but that.

At his elbow there stood a certaine Personage, that after shewed to be a Physician, with a Whale-bone rod in his hand: then they tooke off a rich white Towell, which covered many sorts of fruits, and a great varietie of severall dishes of meates: One that served to be a kinde of Student, said grace; and a Page put a laced Bib under Sancho's chinne: and another that playd the Carvers part, set a dish of fruit before him: but he had no sooner eaten a bit, when he with the rod touching the dish, it was very suddenly taken from before him: but the Carver set another dish of meate before him. Sancho would have tasted of it; but before he could touch it, he with the rodde was at it, and a Page set it away with as much celeritie as the fruit: which, when Sancho saw, he began to be in suspence, and beholding all that were by, asked if that meat were to be eaten like *your childrens Corall.

*Onely to be toucht, but not swallowed.

To which, he with the Rod made answere, It must bee eaten, Sir Governor (quoth he) according to the use and custome of Governours in other Ilands. I, Sir, am a Physician, and am stipended in this Iland to bee so to the Governours

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of it: and I am much more carefull of their health, then of mine own; studying night and day, and weighing the complexion of the Governour, that I may hit the better upon the curing him, whensoever hee falls sicke: and the principall thing I doe, is, to be present with him at meates, and to let him eate what I thinke fit for him, and to take away, what I imagine may doe him hurt, or bee naught for his stomake: and therefore I now commanded the dish of Fruit to be taken away, because it is too moyst; and the other dish, because it was too hote, and had much spice, that provoked thirst; and he that drinkes much, killes and consumes his *humidum radicale*, wherein life consists. So that (quoth Sancho) yon dish of Partridges there rosted, and in my opinion well seasoned, will doe me no hurt at all.

To which (said the Physician) You shall not eate of them, Sir, as long as I live.

Why so (quoth Sancho)? the Physician answered, Because Hypocrates our Master, North-starre and light of Physick, sayes in an Aphorisme of his: *Omnis saturatio mala, Perdicis autem pessima*: the meaning is: All surfet is ill, but that of a Partridge is worst of all.

If it be so (quoth Sancho) pray see, Master Doctor, which of all these dishes will be most holesome for me, and doe mee least hurt, and let me eate of that, without banging of it with your Rod: for in good sadnesse, I tell you plaine, I am ready to dye with hunger; and to deny me my victuals, in spight of Master Doctor, let him say what he will, is rather to take away my life, then to increase it.

You say true, Sir Governour (quoth the Physician) and therfore my opinion is, that you touch not those boyld Conies, nor that Veale, for it is watrish meate: if it were roasted or powdred? but twere much about one. Then (quoth Sancho) that great dish that stands fuming there before me, me thinkes 'tis an **Olla Podrida*, and by reason of the diversities of things it hath in it, I cannot but meet with something that will doe mee good. *Absit*, quoth the Physician, farre be such an ill thought from us, quoth the Physician: there is nothing in the world that worse

*A pot of all kinde of flesh sod together.

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nourisheth then an *Olla Podrida*, fit only for your Prebends and Rectors of Colledges, or for your Country marriages: Let your Governours Tables be without them, and let them be furnished with all prime dainties and quaintnesse: And the reason is, because alwaies, and wheresoever, and by whomsoever, your simple medicines are in more request then your compounds; because in simples there can be no error, in compounds there are many, altring the quantity of things of which they are composed, but that that I know is fit for the Governour to eat at present, to preserve his health, and corroborate it, is, some hundred of little hollow Wafers, and some pretty slice or two of Quince Mermelad, that may settle his stomacke, and help his digestion.

When Sancho heard this, hee leaned himselfe to the backe of his chaire, and by fits now and then looked at the Physician, and with a grave voyce, asked him his name, and where he had studied.

To which he answered, My name, Sir Governor, is Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero, I was borne in a Towne called Tirteafuera, which is betweene Caraguel and Almodovar del Campo, upon the right hand, and I tooke my degree of Doctor in the Vniversity of Osuna. To which (quoth Sancho) all enflamed with choller; Well, Master Doctor Pedro Rezio of Aguero, borne at Tirteafuera, a towne on the right hand as we goe from Caraguel to Almodovar del Campo, Graduated in Osuna, get you strait out of my sight, or I vow by the Sunne, Ile get me a cudgell, and with bangs begin with you, and so forward, till I leave not a Physician in all the Iland, at least such as I know to bee ignorant; for your wise, prudent, and discreet Physicians, I will hug them, and honor them as Divine persons. I say againe, Pedro Rezio, get you gone, or else Ile take the chaire I sit upon, and dash it upon your head, and let me be called in question for it, when I give up my Office; for I can discharge my selfe, by saying that I did God service to kill such a Physician, the commonwealths hang-man: and let me eat, or else take your Government againe; for an Office that will not afford a man his victuals, is not worth two Beanes.

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The Doctor was in an uprore to see the Governor so cholerike, and would have gone out of the Hall, but that at that instant a posting-horne sounded in the street, and the Carver peeping out of the window, turned backe, saying; A Post is come from my Lord the Duke, that brings some important dispatch. The Post came straight in, sweating and amazed, and drawing a Packet out of his bosome, he delivered it to the Governor. Sancho gave it to the Steward, and bade him read the superscription, which was this, To Don Sancho Pansa, Governor of the Iland of Barataria, to his owne hands, or to his Secretary. Which when Sancho heard, he said, Who is here my Secretary? and one that was by, answered, I, Sir: for I can write and reade, for I am a Biscayner. With that addition, quoth Sancho, you may well be Secretary to the Emperour himselfe; open your Packet, and let's heere the Contents.

The new-borne Secretary did so, and having viewed the Contents, said, that it was a businesse to be imparted in private. Sancho commanded those in the Presence to avoid, and onely the Steward and the Carver to remaine, and the rest, with the Physician went out, and presently the Secretary read the Letter following,

I am given to understand, Signior Don Sancho Pansa, that certaine enemies of mine, and of that Iland, meane one of these nights to give it a furious assault: twere fit you caused watch and ward to be kept, that they take you not unprovided: I know also by faithfull spies, that foure persons have entred there the Iland disguised to kill you; for they stand much in awe of your abilities: have a care to see who comes to speake to you, and eat of nothing that shall be presented unto you; I will be carefull to send you ayd, if you be in necessity, and in the rest I hope you will proceed, as is expected from your understanding. From hence, the 4 of August, at foure of the clocke in the morning.

Your friend, the Duke.

Sancho was astonisht, and the standers by seemed to be

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no otherwise; and turning to the Steward, he said, Ile tell you what is fit to be done, and that presently; Clappe mee Doctor Rezio into dungeon; for if any body kill me, it is hee, and with so vile and triviall a death as hunger: Me thinks too, said the Carver, you should doe well to eat nothing of all this meat upon the Table; for this dinner was presented by Nunnes, and it is an olde saying, The neerer the Church, the farther from God. I grant ye so (quoth Sancho) and therefore for the present give me only a piece of bread, and some foure pound of grapes; for in them there can be no poyson, and indeed I cannot live without eating: for if we must provide our selves for these wars that threaten us, twere fit to be well victualled; for the guts uphold the heart, and not the heart the guts. And you, Secretary, answere my Lord the Duke, tell him that his commands shall be fulfilled most punctually: and commend mee to the Duchesse, and say that I request her, that she forget not to send my letter by a speciall messenger, and likewise the fardell to my wife Teresa Pansa, and in it shee shall doe mee a particular favour, and I will bee carefull to serve her to the uttermost of my power: And by the way you may clappe in a commendation to my Master, Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may see I am thankefull for his bread; and you like a good Secretary, and an honest Biscayner, may in the rest adde what you will, or shall thinke fitting. And take away here, and yet leave me something to eat, and let these Spies, these Murderers and Enchanters come upon me and my Island, Ile deale with them well enough.

And now a Page came in, saying, Heere 's a Husbandman, a suiter that would speake with your Honor in a businesse of importance (as hee sayes.) Tis a strange thing of these suiters (quoth Sancho) Is it possible they should be so foolish as not to perceive that these be not times for them to negotiate in? belike, we that governe, wee that are Iudges, are not men of flesh and bloud: and is it not fit that we should ease our selves, when necessity requires, except they thinke wee should be made of marble? Verily, and in my Conscience if my Government last, (as I have a

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glimmering it will not) Ile lay one of these fellowes up for it. Well, bid this honest fellow come in for this once; but see first that hee be none of the Spies, or any of my murderers: No, Sir (quoth the Page) for he is a very dull soule to see to, eyther I know little, or he hath no more harme then a piece of good bread. There 's no fearing him (said the Steward) for wee all are heere.

Carver (quoth Sancho) were it not possible, now that Doctor Rezio is not here, that I might eat a bit of some substantiall meat, though 'twere but a crust and an Onion? To night at Supper (quoth the Carver) your dinner shall bee amended, and your Honor shall be satisfied. God grant it (quoth Sancho) and now the Husbandman came in, one of a very goodly presence, and that you might see a thousand miles off, was a good hurtlesse soule. The first thing that he said, was, Which is my Lord the Governour? Who should it be (quoth the Secretary) but he that sits there in the Chayre? I humble my selfe to his Presence then (quoth the Husbandman) and kneeling on his knees, desired his hand to kisse. Sancho denied it, and commanded him to rise, and to say what he would have. The Husbandman did so, and said;

I, Sir, am a Husbandman, borne in Miguel Turra, a towne some two leagues from Ciudadreal. Here 's another Tirteafuera, quoth Sancho: Say on brother, for let mee tell you, I know the place very well, and it is not farre from my towne. The business, Sir, is this, quoth the Husbandman; I by Gods blessing, and the full consent of the Catholike Romane Church, am married, have two sonnes that be Students; the yongest studies to be Bachelor, and the eldest to be Master. I am a Widdower, for my wife died, or to say trulier, a wicked Physician killed her, that purged her when she was great with childe: and if it had pleased God that she had beene delivered, and it had beene a sonne, I would have set him to study to have beene Doctor, that hee might not have envied his brothers, the Bachelor and Master. So that (quoth Sancho:) if your wife had not beene dead, or if they had not killed her, you had not now beene a Widdower? No, Sir,

by no meanes (quoth the Husbandman.) We are much the neerer (quoth Sancho:) forward, brother, tis time to sleepe, have you any more to say? I say (quoth the Husbandman) that my sonne that was to be the Bachelor, fell in love in the same town with a Maiden, called Clara Perlerina, daughter to Andrew Perlerina a rich Farmer: and this name of Perlerina's comes not to them by any off-spring or discent, but that all of this race and name are Palsigiste, and to better the name, they were called Perlerina's; and indeed, the maide is as faire as an Orientall Pearle: and looking upon her right side, she is like a flower in the field, but on her left, otherwise; for there shee wants an eye, that flew out of her head with the small pockes: and though shee have many holes left still in her face, many say that love her well, that those are not holes, but graves where her Lovers soules are buried.

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Shee is so cleanely, that because she will not bewray her face, shee weares her nose (as you would say) tucked up, as if it fledde from her mouth, and for all that, it becomes her passing well; for shee hath a wide mouth: and were it not that she wanted tenne or twelve teeth and her grinders, shee might passe, and set a marke for the well-favouredst to come to. For her lippes I say nothing, for they are so thinne and delicate, that if they did use to reele lippes, they might make a skeine of hers: but because they are of a more different colour then we see ordinarily in lippes, they are miraculous; for they are Iaspered with blue and greene, and Berengena-coloured, and under correction, Sir Governour, since I paint out the parts of her that I meane to make my daughter so exactly, it is a signe I love her, and that I doe not dislike her.

Paint what you will (quoth Sancho) for I recreate my selfe with the painting: and if I had dined, there were no better dish of fruit to me then your picture.

I humbly thanke you, sir, for that (quoth the Husbandman:) but time will come that I may be thankefull, if I be not now, and if I should paint out to you her gentlenesse, and the height of her body, 'twould admire you: but that

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cannot be, for she is crooked, her knees and her mouth meet, and for all that 'tis well seene, that if shee could stand upright, shee would touch the roofe with her head, and long ere this, shee would have given her hand to my sonne to be his spouse, but that shee cannot stretch it out, tis so knotted and crumpled up; for all that her goodnesse and good shape appears in her long and guttured nailes.

Tis very well (quoth Sancho) and make account, Brother, that now you have painted her from head to foot. What would you now? come to the matter without fetches, or lanes, or digressions, or additions. I would desire you (quoth the Husbandman) to give me a Letter of favour to my brother by marriage, her father; to desire him to consent that this mariage may goe forward, since our fortunes be equall and our births; for to say true, Sir Governour, my sonne is possessed with the Devill, and there's not a day passeth, but the wicked spirits torment him, and once falling in the fire, hath made his face as wrinkled as a piece of parchment, and his eyes are somewhat bleered and running, and hee is as soft conditioned as an Angell; for if it were not for buffeting of himselfe now and then, he were a very Saint.

Will you any thing else, honest friend? quoth Sancho. One thing more (quoth he) but that I doe not tell it; but let it out, it shall not rotte in my brest, speed how it will. I desire, Sir, that you would give me three hundred, or sixe hundred Dukats to helpe my Bachelors portion, I meane to helpe him to furnish his house, for they will live by themselves, without being subject to the impertinencies of fathers in Lawes.

Will you have any thing else (quoth Sancho)? and be not abashed or ashamed to tell it. No truly (quoth the Husbandman:) and he had scarce sayd this, when the Governor rising up, layd hold on the chayre that he sate on, saying; I vow to you, good-man splay-foot, unmannerly clown, if you go not strait and hide your selfe out of my presence, Ile breake your head with this chayre here, ye whoor-son Rascall, the Devils painter: commest thou at

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this time of day to aske mee sixe hundred Ducats? and where have I them, stinkard? and if I had them, why should I give them thee, sottish knave? What a poxe care I for Miguel Turra, or all the linage of the Perlerinas? Get thee out of my sight, or I sweare by my Lord the Dukes life, that Ile doe as I have said. Thou art not of Miguel Turra, but some crafty knave, sent from hell to tempt me: Tell me, desperate man! 'tis not yet a day and a halfe since I came to the Government: how wouldst thou have mee have sixe hundreth Ducats? The Carver made signes to the Husbandman, to get him out of the Hall; who did so like a sheepe-byter, and to see to very fearefull, lest the Governour should execute his choller on him: for the cunning knave very wel knew what belonged to his part: but leave we Sancho to his choller, and peace be in the Quire, and returne we to Don Quixote; for we left his face bound up, and dressed for his Cattish wounds, of which hee was not sound in eight daies: in one of which this befel him, that Cid Hamete promiseth to recount with all the punctositie, and truth that he usually doth in the most triviall matters of this History.

THE SECOND PART OF THE

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THE ill-wounded Don Quixote was exceeding musty and melancholy, with his face bound up, and scarred not by the hand of God, but by the nayles of a Cat (misfortunes annexed to Knight Errantry) sixe dayes past ere hee came abroad: in one of which, in a night, when he was awake and watching, thinking upon his mishaps, and his being persecuted by Altisidora, he perceived that somebody opened his Chamber doore with a Key; and straight he imagined that the inamored Damozell came to set upon his honestie, and to put him to the hazzard of forgoing his loyaltie due to his Mistris Dulcinea del Toboso. No said he, (beleeving in his imagination, and this so lowd that he might easily bee heard) no beauty in the world shall make mee leave her that is graved and stamped in the midst of my heart, and in my innermost entrailes: be thou, Mistris mine, either transformed into an Onion-like husbandwoman, or into a Nimph of the Golden Tagus, weaving webs made of silke and gold twist: be thou in Merlins power, or in Montesino's his, where ere they will have thee: for wheresoever thou art, thou art mine; and wheresoever I am, I will be thine. His speech ended, and the doore opened both together.

Vp he stood upon the bed, wrapped from head to foot in a quilt of yellow Sattin, a woollen cap upon his head, his face and Mustachos bound up: his face for his scratches; his

Mustachos, because they should not dismay or fall downe: in which posture, hee lookt like the strangest apparition, that can bee imagined.

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He nayled his very eyes upon the doore: and whereas hee thought to have seene the vanquished and pittifull Altisidora enter, he saw that it was a most reverend Matron, with a long white gathered Stole, so long that it did cover and bemantle her from head to foot: betwixt her left hand fingers she had halfe a Candle lighted, and with her right hand shee shaddowed her selfe, to keepe the light from her eyes, which were hid with a great payre of spectacles: she came treading softly, and moving her feet gently.

Don Quixote from his Watch-towre beheld her: and when he saw her furniture, and noted her silence, hee thought it had beene some Hagge or Magician, which came in that shape to doe him some shrewd turne; and hee beganne apace to blesse himselfe.

The Vision came somewhat neerer: but being in the midst of the Chamber, she lifted up her eyes, and saw with what haste Don Quixote was crossing himselfe: and if he were afraid to see such a shape, she was no lesse affrighted with his: for seeing him so lanke, and yellow in the quilt, and with the bends that dis-figured him, she cryed out, saying, Iesus, What 's this? and with the sodaine fright, the Candle dropt out of her hand, and being in the darke, she turned her back to be gone; but for feare stumbled upon her Coats, and had a sound fall.

Don Quixote timorous, began to say, I conjure thee, Apparition! Or whatso'ere thou art, to tell me who thou art, and what thou wilt have with me: If thou bee'st a soule in Purgatory, tell me, and I will doe what I am able for thee: for I am a Catholike Christian, and love to doe good to all the world: for, for this cause I tooke upon me the order of Knight Errant, which I professe (whose practice extends even to doe good to the soules in Purgatorie.) The broken Matron that heard her selfe thus conjured, by her feare ghessed at Don Quixote, and with a low and pitifull voice she answered him, Signior Don Quixote, (if you be he

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I meane) I am no Apparition nor Vision, nor soule of Purgatory, as you have thought: but Donna Rodriguez, my Lady the Duchesses honour'd Matron, that come to you with a case of necessitie of those that you usually give redresse to.

Tell me, Donna Rodriguez, quoth Don Quixote, come you happely about some piece of brokage? For let me tell you, if you doe, ther's no good to bee done with mee for any body; thankes to the peerelesse beauty of my Mistris Dulcinea del Toboso. So that let me tell you, Donna Rodriguez, setting aside all amorous messages, you may goe light your Candle againe, and returne, and impart what you will command mee, and any thing you please, excepting I say, all kinde of inciting nicities. I Sir, messages from any body? You know not me, yfaith: I am not so stale yet, that I should fall to those trifles: for God bee praised, I have life and flesh, and all my teeth and my grinders in my mouth, except some few, that the Catarres which are so common in this countrey of Aragon, have usurped on: but stay a little, Sir, Ile goe out and light my Candle, and Ile come in an instant, and relate my griefes to you, as to the redresser of all such like in the world: and so without staying for an answere, she left the roomes where Don Quixote remained stil and pensative expecting her: but straight, a thousand imaginations came into his minde touching this new Adventure, and he thought it would be very ill done, or worse imagined, to endanger the breach of his vowed loyaltie to his Mistris, and said to himselfe, Who knowes whether the Divell, that is so subtill and craftie, may deceive me now with this Matron? which hee hath not beene able to doe with Empresses, Queenes, Duchesses, Marquesses: and I have heard say often by many well experienced men, that he will rather make a man sinne with a soule, then a faire one: and who knowes whether this privacie, this opportunitie and silence, may not awake my desires now sleeping? and that now in my old age I may fall, where I never stumbled in such like chances? 'tis better fly, then try the combate: but sure I am out of my wits, since I talke thus idlely; and sure it is not possible, that a white-stoled lanke-

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spectacled Matron should moove or stirre up a lascivious thought in the ungodliest brest in the world: Is there any Matron in the world that hath soft flesh? Is there any that is not foolish, nice and coy? Avant then, you Matronly troopes, unprofitable for mans delight.

How well did that Lady, of whom it was observed that she had two Matrons Statue-wayes of wood, with their spectacles and Pin-pillowes at the end of her Seate of State, as if they had been at worke? and those Statues served as well to authorize her roome, as if they had beene reall Matrons. And this said, he flung from the bed to have shut the doore, and not have let Mistris Rodriguez come in: but as he was going to doe it, she was come back with her Candle lighted of white Waxe: and when she saw Don Quixote neere her, wrapped in his Quilt, his Beads, his woollen Cap, and a thicke cloth about his neck, she began to feare againe: and stepping two or three steppes backward, she asked, Am I safe, Sir Knight? For I hold it not a very honest signe that you are up from your bed. Twere fit I asked that question of you, quoth Don Quixote; and therefore let mee know, whether I shal be free from ravishing? By whom? quoth she. By you (said Don Quixote) for neither am I of Marble, or you of Brasse; neither is it now ten a clocke at day time, but mid-night and something more, as I thinke: and wee are in a more secret and close couch, then the Cave, in which the bold Traiterous Æneas enjoyed the faire and pitying Dido: but give me your hand, Mistris, and Ile have no other assurance, then mine owne continencie and warinesse: and in saying this, hee kissed her right hand, and she layd hold of his, which shee gave him with the same solemnitie.

Here Cid Hamete makes a Parenthesis, and earnestly protesteth, he would have given the best Coat he had, to have seene them both goe so joyned and linked from the Chamber doore to the bed.

In fine, Don Quixote went to his bed, and Donna Rodriguez sate downe in a Chaire a pretty way from it, without taking off her spectacles, or setting downe the Candle.

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Don Quixote crowded up together, and cover'd himselfe all over, leaving nothing but his face uncovered: so both of them being quiet: the first that broke off their silence, was Don Quixote, saying, Now, Mistris Rodriguez, you may unrip your selfe, and dis-maw all that you have in your troubled heart, and grieved entrailes, which shall be heard by my chaste eares, and relieved with my pious workes.

I beleeve no lesse, said the Matron: for from your gentle and pleasing presence, there could not bee but a Christian answere expected.

Thus then it is; Signior Don Quixote, that though you see me set in this Chaire, and in the midst of the Kingdome of Aragon, in the habit of a poore and way-beaten Matron; I was borne in the *Asturias and Kingdome of Oviedo, and of a linage allied to the best of that Province: but my hard fortune, and my fathers lavishing, that grew to be a Begger before his time (God knowes how) brought me to the Court at Madrid, where very quietly, and to avoid other inconveniencies, my friends plac't mee to serve as a Chamber-maid to a worthy Lady: and though I say it, that for white-worke, hemming and stitching, I was never yet put downe in all my life. My friends left me at service, and returned homeward, and not long after went (in likelihood) to heaven, for they were wonderfull good Catholike Christians: thus was I an Orphan, and stinted to the miserable wages, and hard allowance, that at Court is given to such kinde of servants: and at that time (I not giving any occasion thereto) a Squire of the house fell in love with me, somewhat an elderly man, bigge-bearded, and personable, and above all, as good a Gentleman as the King: for hee was of the mountaines; we kept not our loves so close, but that they came to my Ladies eares: who without any more adoe, with full consent of our holy Mother the Catholike Romane Church, caused us to be married, by which Matrimony to end my good fortune, if I had any; I had a Daughter, if I had any, I say it was ended, not that I dyed of childbed, for I miscarried not: but that my Husband not long after dyed of a fright

*A barren Mountainous countrey in Spaine, like our Wales.

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he had, and had I time now to tell you of it, 'twould admire you: and with this, she began to weepe most tenderly, and said, Pardon me, Signior Don Quixote, for I cannot do withall; as often as I remember my unfortunate husband, the teares trickle downe my eyes. Lord God! and how stately he would carry my Lady behinde him, upon a lusty blacke Mule, as black as Ieat: for then they used no Coaches nor hand-Chaires, as now (they say they doe) and then Gentlewomen rode behind their Squires: and I cannot but tell you this Tale, that you may see the punctualnesse and good maners of my Husband.

As he was going in at Saint Iaques his street in Madrid, which was somewhat narrow, a Iudge of the Court, with two Sergeants before him, was comming out: and as soone as my honest Squire saw him, he turned his Mules reines, making shew as if he would waite upon him: My Lady that rode behinde, asked him softly, What do'st thou, knave? Do'st not see that I am heere? The Iudge very mannerly layd hold on his reine, and said, Keepe your way, Sir: for it were fitter for me to wait upon my Lady Casilda: for that was my Ladies name. Yet still my Husband was earnest with his Cap in his hand, and would have waited on the Iudge: which when my Lady saw, full of wrath and anger, she pulled out a great Pin; or rather, as I beleeve, a little Bodkin out of her Estoises, and thrust him into the rump; insomuch, that my Husband cryed out, and wriggling his body, my Lady and he came to the ground together.

Two of her Lackayes came to raise her; and the Iudge and the Sergeants likewise: the gate of Guadalaxara was in an uprore, I meane the idle people up and downe there.

My Lady was faine to walke on foot, and my Husband got him to a Barbers house, saying, that he was runne quite thorow and thorow. This mannerlinesse of my Husbands, was bruted up and downe; insomuch, that the very Boyes in the streets mocked him: so that for this, and because too he was somewhat pore-blind, my Lady the Duchesse turned him away: for griefe of which, I verily beleeve, he dyed, and I remained Widow, and succourlesse, with a childe

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to boote, that went on increasing in beauty like the foame of the sea.

Finally, for as much as I had the report of an excellent Seamstresse, my Ladie the Duchesse that was newly married to my Lord the Duke, would needs bring mee with her here to this Kingdome of Aragon together with my Daughter; where in Processe of time shee grew up, and with her all the prettinesse that could be: she sings like a Larke: she danceth in company as quick as thought, and alone, like a castaway, she writes and reads like a Schoolemaster, and casts account like a Vsurer: for her cleanlines, I say nothing, the water that runnes is not cleaner: and she is now (if I forget not) about sixteene yeeres old, five moneths, and three dayes, one or two more or lesse. In fine, a rich Farmers sonne fell in love with my daughter, one that liveth in one of my Lord the Dukes Villages, not farre from hence: in effect I know not how: but they met, and under colour of marriage, he mocked my Daughter, and will not keepe his promise, and though the Duke know it: for I have complained to him often of it, and beseeched him, to command the yong Farmer to marry my Daughter: but he hath a trades-mans eares, and will not heare mee: the reason is, because the coozening knaves father is rich, and lends him money, and lets him have credit every foote to goe on with his juggling, and will by no meanes discontent or trouble him.

I beseech you, Sir, therefore, to take upon you the redressing of this wrong, either by intreaties, or by force; since as all the world sayes, you were borne to right wrongs, and protect the needie; Consider that my Daughter is an Orphan; consider her gentlenesse, her youth, and al the good parts that I have told you of: For in my soule and conscience, amongst all the Damozels that my Lady hath, there is none worthy to untye her shoo: and one of them they call Altisidora, which is the lustiest and gallantest, in comparison of my daughter is no body. For let me tell you, Sir, All is not gold that glisters: for this Altisidora is more bold, then beauteous; more gamesome, then retired: besides, she is not very sound: for she hath a certain breath that annoyes, and

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you cannot endure her to stand by you a moment; and my Ladie the Duchesse too: but Mum: they say walls have eares.

What ayles my Ladie Duchesse: by your life, Mistris Rodriguez? quoth Don Quixote. By that, said shee, I cannot but answere you with all truth.

Doe you marke, Sir, quoth she, that beauty of my Ladies, that smoothnesse of her face, that is like a polisht sword, those two cheekes of Milke and Vermillion, in one of which she hath the Sunne, in the other the Moone, and that state with which shee goes, trampling and despising the ground, as if shee went dealing of health up and downe? Know, Sir, that first shee may thanke God for it: and next, two issues that she hath in both her legs, at which all the ill humour is let out, of which Physicians say she is full.

Saint Mary, quoth Don Quixote, and is it possible that my Ladie the Duchesse hath such out-lets? I should not have beleeved it if bare-foot Fryers had told me so: but since Donna Rodriguez tels me, it is so: but from such issues, and such places, no ill humour, but liquid Amber is distilled. I now verily beleeve, that this making of issues is a thing very necessarie for the health.

Scarce had Don Quixote ended this speech, when at one pluck the Chamber doore was opened; and with the sodaine fright Donna Rodriguez Candle fell out of her hand, and the roome was as darke as Pitch, straight the Matron felt that they laid hands upon her throat so hard, that they gave her no time to yawle: and one of them very quickly lifting up her Coats, with a Slipper (in likelihood) began to give her so many jerks, that 'twas pitie: and though Don Quixote had some compassion on her, yet he stirred not from his bed, and knew not what might be the matter: quiet was he, and silent; fearing lest the whipping task and tawing might light upon him, and his feare was not needlesse: for when the silent executioners, had left the Matron well curried (who durst not cry out) they came to Don Quixote, and unwrapping him from the Sheet and the Quilt, they pinched him so hard and so often, that hee could but goe to buffets to defend himselfe: and all this passed in admirable silence;

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the combate lasted some halfe an houre; the apparitions vanished; Donna Rodriguez tucked up her Coats, and bewailing her mishap, got her out of the doore, not speaking a word to Don Quixote; who, heavy and all to bee pinched, sad and pensative, remained alone; where we will leave him desirous to know, who was the perverse Enchanter, that had so drest him: but that shall be told in due time. For Sancho Pansa calls us, and the Decorum of this Historie.

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WEE left the famous Governour moodie and angry with the knavish Husbandman-painter: who, instructed by the Steward, and the Steward by the Duke; all made sport with Sancho: but he held them all tacke, though a Foole, a Dullard, and a blocke; and said to those about him, and to Doctor Pedro Rezio: for as soone as hee had ended the secret of the Dukes Letter, he came into the Hall againe.

Certainely (said he) I thinke now, Iudges and Governours had need bee made of Brasse, that they may have no feeling of the importunities of suiters, that would that at all houres and all times they should give them audience, and dispatch them, intending onely their businesse; let them have never so much of their owne: and if the poore Iudge heare them not, or dispatch them not; either because he cannot, or because they come not in a fit time to have audience; straight they back-bite and curse him, gnaw his bones, and unbury his ancestors. Oh foolish Suter and idle, make not

such haste: stay for a fit season and conjuncture to negotiate in, come not at dinner time, or bed time: for Iudges are flesh and bloud, and must satisfie nature, except it be I, that give my selfe nothing to eate, thankes to Master Doctor Pedro Rezio Tirteafuera here present, that would have me die for hunger, and yet stands in it, that this death is life: such a life God grant him and all of his profession: I meane such ill Physicians; for the good deserve Lawrell and Palme.

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All that knew Sancho, admired him, when they heard him speake so elegantly, and knew not to what they should attribute it, except it were that Offices and great charges doe eyther season the understanding, or altogether dull it.

Finally, the Doctor Pedro Rezio Aguero de Tirteafuera, promised him he should sup that night, though he exceeded all Hypocrates his Aphorismes.

With this the Governour was well pleased, and very greedily expected the comming of the night and supper-time, and though time (as he thought) stood still, not moving a jot from his place, yet at length it came, so longed for by him; and hee had to supper a cold mince-meat of Beefe and Onions, with a Calves foot some-what stale, and fell to as contentedly, as if they had given him a God-wit of Milan, or a Pheasant of Rome, or Veale of Sorrentum, or Partridges of Moron, or Geese of Lavaxos: and in the midst of his Supper, he turned to the Doctor and said, Looke ye, Master Doctor, henceforward never care to give me dainties, or exquisite meates to eat; for you will plucke my stomacke quite off the hindges, which is used onely to Goat, Beefe and Bacon, Porke and Turneps, and Onions: and if you come to mee with your Court-dishes, they make my stomacke squeamish, and many times I loath um.

Carver, let it be your care to provide me a good *Olla podrida*, and the more *podrida* it is, the better, and more savourie; and in your *Olla's* you may boile and ballast in what you will, so it be victuals, and I will be mindfull of you, and make you amends one day: and let no man play the foole with me, for eyther wee are, or wee are not. Let 's bee merry and wise when the Sunne shines, he shines upon all: Ile

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Governe this Iland without looking my due, or taking Bribes; and therefore let all the world be watchfull, and looke to their bolt, for I give um to understand, there's rods in pisse for them; and if they put mee to it, they shall see wonders: I, I, cover your selves with hony, and you shall see the flies will eat you.

Truly, Sir Governour, quoth the Carver, you have reason in all you speake; and let mee promise you in the behalfe of all the Ilanders of this Iland, that they will serve you with all diligence, love, and good will: for the sweet and milde kinde of Governing that hitherto in the beginning you have used, makes them neyther doe nor speake ought that may redound to your contempt.

I beleeve it, quoth Sancho, and they were very Asses if they did or thought otherwise; and therefore let me say againe, Let there be a care had for the maintenance of my Person and Dapples, which is very important, and to the matter: And so when tis time to walke the Round, let us goe; for my purpose is, to clense this Iland from all kinde of filth, from vagamunds, lazy, and masterlesse persons: for know, friends, that slothfull, and idle people in a Commonwealth, are the same that [are] Drones in Hives, that eat the hony which the labouring Bees make. I purpose to cherish the husbandman, and to grant the Gentlemen their preeminencies, to reward the vertuous, and above all, to have Religion in reverence, and to honor religious persons.

What thinke ye of this, friends? Say I ought? or doe I talke idlely? So well Sir, said the Steward, that I wonder to see that a man so without learning as you, (for I thinke you cannot skill of a letter) should speake such sentences and instructions, so contrary to what was expected from your wit by all that sent you, and by all us that came with you. Every day we see novelties in the world, jests turn'd to earnest, and those that mocke, are mocked at.

Well, it was night, and the Governour supped, with Master Doctor Rezio's licence. They made ready to walke the Round, the Steward, the Secretary, and Carver went with him, and the Chroniclist, that was carefull to keepe

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a Register of his actions, together with Constables and Notaries; so many, that they might well make a reasonable squadron. Sancho went in the midst of them with his rod of Iustice, which was the only chiefe sight: and when they had walkt some few streets of the town, they heard a noyse of slashing, thither they made, and found that they were two men onely that were together by the eares; who seeing the Iustice comming, stood still, and the one of them said:

Here for God and the King, shall I be suffered to be robbed in the midst of a towne? and that the midst of the streets be made the high way?

Softly, honest friend, (quoth Sancho) and tell me what's the reason of this fray, for I am the Governour.

The other, his contrary, said, Sir Governour, Ile tell you briefly the matter. You shall understand Sir, that this Gentleman even now at a Gaming-house here over the way, got a thousand Ryalls, (God knowes by what trickes) and I being present, judged many a doubtfull cast on his side, contrary to what my conscience told me; he came away a winner, and when I thought he would have given mee a Pistolet at least for recompence, according to the use and custome *of giving to men of my fashion, which stand by upon all occasions, to order differences, and to take up quarrels; he pursed up his mony, and got him out of the house: I came hastily after him, yet with courteous language entreated him to give me only a matter of foure shillings, since he knew me to be a good fellow, and that I had no other kinde of trade or living; for my friends brought me up to nothing, nor left me nothing; and this cunning skabbe, no more Thiefe Cacus, nor lesse Cheater then *Andradilla, would give me then but two shillings: So you may see, Sir Governor, how shamelesse and voyd of Conscience he is. But yfaith if you had not come, I would have made him vomit out his winning, and he should have knowne how many pounds he had had in the scale.

*_Barato_ signifies originally cheape, but amongst gamesters, _dar Barato_, is when a gamester by way of courtesie gives something to a stander by: and this in Spaine is so frequent, that from the King to the beggar, all both give and take this _Barato_.

What say you to this (quoth Sancho)? And the other answered, That true it was which his contrary had said, that he would give him but two shillings, because hee had often

*Some famous Cheater in Spaine.

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before given him, and they that expect what shall be given them in courtesie, must be mannerly, and take any thing that is given them, in good part, without standing upon tearmes with the winner, except they knew him to be a Cheater, and that his money was unlawfully gotten, and that it might be seene that he for his part was honest, and not a theefe, as the other said, there was no greater signe, then his giving so little; for your Cheaters are alwaies large Tributaries to the lookers on that know them.

He saies true, quoth the Steward, and therefore what is your pleasure, Sir, to doe with these men?

Marry thus, quoth Sancho; you, Sir, that have wonne, honest or knave, or indifferent, give your hackster heere presently, a hundreth Ryalls: besides, you shall disburse thirty more for the poore of the prison. And you, sir, that have neyther trade nor living, and live odly in this Iland, take your hundreth Ryals, and by to morrow get you out of the Iland, and I banish you for ten yeeres, on paine, that if you breake this order, you accomplish it in another life, by being hanged upon a gybbet, by me, or at least, by the hangman, by my command.

The one disbursed, and the other received; this went out of the Iland, and that home to his house: and the Governour that remained said, Well, it shall cost me a fall, but I will put downe these Gaming-houses; for I have a kinde of glimpse that they are very prejudiciall.

This at least, quoth one of the Notaries, you cannot remove, because it belongs to a man of quality, and hee loseth a great deale more at the yeeres end then he gets by his Cards. Against other petty Gamesters you may shew your authority; for they doe more mischiefe, and conceale more abuses, then Gentlemen of qualities houses, where your famous Cheaters dare not use their slights; and since the vice of play hath turned to so common a practice, 'tis better to suffer it in houses of fashion, then in poore mens, where they catch a poore snake, and from midnight till morning slay him quicke.

Well, Notary, (quoth Sancho) there's much to be said in

this case. And now one of the Sergeants Yeomen, came with a Youth which he had laid fast hold on, and said,

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Sir, this Youth came towards us, and as hee had a glimpse of the Iustice, hee turned his backe, and began to scud away like a Deere, a signe he is some delinquent; I ranne after him, and had it not beene that hee stumbled and fell, I had never overtaken him.

Why ranst thou, fellow (quoth Sancho)? To which the young man answered, Sir, to avoid the many questions that your Constables use to aske. What trade are you of? A Weaver, said he. And what weave you? Iron pegs for Lances, with your Worships good leave. You are a pleasant companion, Sir, and you presume to play the Iester: 'tis very well. And whither went you now? To take the Ayre, Sir. And where in this Iland would you have taken the Ayre? Where it blowes. Good, you answer to the purpose, Youth; make account then that I am the Ayre, and that I blow a-sterne on you, and steere you to the prison. Goe to, lay hold on him, carry him, for to night Ile make him sleepe without Ayre in the prison. I protest (quoth the Youth) you shall as soone make me King, as make me sleepe this night in prison. Why (quoth Sancho) have not I power to apprehend thee, and free thee when I please? For all your power, said the Youth, you shall not make me sleepe this night in Prison. No? you shall see (quoth Sancho:) carry him presently where he shall see his error; and lest the Iayler should for a bribe befriend him, Ile lay a penalty of two thousand Crownes upon him, if he let thee stirre a foot out of the prison. All this is needlesse, said the Youth: the businesse is, All the world shall not make me sleepe this night in prison. Tell me, fiend, quoth Sancho, hast thou some Angell to free thee, or take thy shackles off that I meane to have clapped on thee? Well, Sir, (quoth the Youth very pleasantly) let 's come to reason, and to the matter. Suppose you command mee to be carried to prison, and that I have shackles and chaines put upon me, and that I be put into a dungeon, and that there be extraordinary penalties inflicted upon the Iaylor if he let me out:

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for all that, if I mean not to sleep, or to joyne my eye-lids together all night; Can you with all your Authority make me sleepe against my will?

No indeed (said the Secretarie) the fellow is in the right: so that (quoth Sancho) your forbearing to sleepe, is onely to have your owne will, but not to contradict mine. No otherwise, Sir, (quoth the Youth) not so much as in thought.

Well, God bee with you, (quoth Sancho) get you home to bed, and God send you good rest, I meane not to disturbe you; but let me advise you, that henceforward you be not so conceited with the Iustice; for you may meet with one that will clap your wit to your noddle.

The yong man went his way, and the Governour went on with his Rounding, and a while after there came two Yeomen with a man in hold, and said, Sir, heeres one that seemes to be a man, but is none, but a woman, and not ill-favoured, clad in a mans habit. Then they set two or three Lanthornes to his face, and perceived a womans face, to looke to, of about sixteen yeers of age; her haire plaited up with a cawle of gold and greene silke, as faire as a thousand Pearles: they beheld her all over, and saw that she had on her a paire of Carnation silke stockins, and white Taffata garters fringed with gold, and embroidered with pearle; her long breeches were of cloth of gold, and the ground-worke greene, with a loose Cassocke or Ierkin of the same, opened on both sides, under which she had also a Doublet of cloth of gold, the ground white: her shooes were white mens shooes, she had no sword, but a very faire hatched dagger, with many rings upon her fingers.

Finallie, shee pleased them all very well, but none of them knew her. The Inhabitants of the place said, they could not ghesse who she should be; and they that were the contrivers of the trickes against Sancho, were those that most seemed to admire, because that accident and chance was not purposed by them: so they were in suspence, to see what would be the issue of it.

Sancho was amazed at the maidens beautie, and hee askt

her who she was, whither she would, and what occasion had mooved her to clad her selfe in that habit?

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She, with her eyes fixt upon the earth, most shamefac'dly answered,

Sir, I cannot tell you in publike, what concernes me so much to be kept secret: onely this let me tell you; I am no thiefe nor malefactor, but an unhappie maid, forced by some jealousies to breake the decorum due to my honestie. Which when the Steward heard, he said to Sancho; Sir, command the company aside, that this Gentlewoman may tell her tale without being abashed. The Governour gave his command, and all of them went aside, but the Steward, the Carver, and Secretary. Being thus private, the maid proceeded, saying;

I, Sirs, am daughter to Pedro Perez Mazorca, Farmer of this townes woolls, that often useth to goe and come to my Fathers house. There 's no likelihood in this, Gentlewoman, quoth the Steward; for I know Pedro Perez verie well, and know that he hath never a childe, neither Male nor Female: besides, you say he is your Father, and by and by you adde, that he useth to goe often to your Fathers house. I thought upon that too (quoth Sancho.) Why alas (quoth she) I am so frighted, that I know not what I say: but true it is, that I am daughter to Diego de la Liana, whom I believe, you all know. This may be (said the Steward) for I know Diego de la Liana to be an honest and a wealthie Gentleman, and that he hath a sonne and a daughter, and since he hath beene a widdower, there 's none in this towne can say he hath seene his daughters face; for hee keepes her so close, that hee scarce gives the Sunne leave to looke on her: and for all that, Fame sayes she is wondrous faire.

Tis true (quoth the Maid) and I am that daughter, whether Fame lie or no, concerning my beauty; now you are satisfied, since you have beheld me; and with this she began to weep tenderly. Which when the Secretary saw, he whispered the Carver in the eare, and told him; Doubtlesse some matter of consequence hath befalne this poore Virgin, since in this habit, and at this time of night, being so well

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borne, she is from her home. There's no doubt of that (quoth the Carver) for her teares too confirme the suspition.

Sancho comforted her the best he could, and bad her without feare, tell what had befalne her; for that all of them would strive to give her remedie with all possible diligence.

The businesse, Sirs, quoth she, is this: My Father hath kept me close these tenne yeeres; for so long it is since my Mother died: in the house wee have a Chappell, where Masse is sayd, and I in all this time have seene nothing but the Sunne by day, and the Moone and starres by night: neither know I what streets, or Market-places, or Churches are, nor men, except my Father, a Brother of mine, and Pedro Perez the Farmer, who because hee useth to come ordinarily to our house, it came into my minde to say hee was my father, because I would conceale the right. This keeping mee close, and denying mee to stirre not so much as to the Church, hath this good while discomforted me, and I had a desire to see the world, at least, the towne where I was borne, as thinking this longing of mine was not against the Decorum that Maidens of my birth ought to observe: when I heard talke of Bull-baitings, running with Reedes, and representing Comedies: I asked my Brother that is a yeere yonger then I, what kinde of things those were, and many others, which I have not seene; and he told mee as well as hee could: but all was to enflame my desire the more to see.

Finally, to shorten my mis-fortune, I entreated my Brother, (I would I had never done it:) and then shee renued her teares.

Then said the Steward, On, Gentlewoman, and make an end of telling us what hath befalne you: for you hold us all in suspence, with your words, and your teares.

Few words have I to say (quoth shee) but many teares to weepe: for they be the fruits of ill-placed desires.

The Maids beauty was now planted in the Carvers heart, and he held up his Lanthorne againe, to behold her afresh;

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and it seemed to him, that she wept not teares, but seed-pearle, or morning dew; and he thought higher, that they were liker orientall Pearles; and his wish was, that her mis-fortune might not bee such, as the shewes of her mone and sighing might promise.

The Governour was mad at the Wenches slownesse and delaying her Story; and bade her, she should make an end, and hold them no longer in suspence, for that it was late, and they had much of the towne to walke. Shee betwixt broken sobs, and halfe-fetcht sighs, said, My mis-fortune is nothing else, but that I desired my Brother that he would cloath me in mans apparell, in one of his Sutes; and that some night or other he would carry me to see the towne, when my father should be asleepe; hee importuned by my intreaties, condiscended to my request: and putting this Sute on me; and hee putting on another of mine, that fits him, as if it were made for him; for he hath never a haire upon his chin, and might bee taken for a most beautifull Maid: this night somewhat above an houre agoe, we went abroad; and rambling up and downe, wee have gone thorow-out the whole towne: and going homeward, we saw a great troope of people comming towards us; and my Brother said, Sister: this is the Round, Take you to your heeles, and put wings to them, and follow me, that we be not knowne: for it will bee ill for us; and this said, he turned his back, and began, I say not, to runne, but to flye: I within foure or five steppes fell downe for feare; and then came this Officer that brought me before you; where, for my wilde longing, I am shamed before so many people. So that, Gentlewoman, (quoth Sancho) no other mis-hap hath befalne you; neither was it jealousie, as you said in the beginning of your tale, that made you goe abroad? Nothing else (said shee) nor jealousies: but a desire to see the world, and which extended no furder, then to see this townes streets; and the comming now of two other Yeomen with her Brother, confirmed this to bee true, whom one of them overtook, when he fled from his Sister: He had nothing on, but a rich Kirtle, and a halfe Mantle of blue Damaske,

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edg'd with a broad gold Lace: his head without any kinde of dressing or adornment, then his owne lockes; which by reason of their colour and curling, seemed to bee rings of gold. Aside they went with the Governor, the Steward and the Carver, and not letting his Sister heere; they asked why hee came in that habit? And he with the same shamefac'd bashfulnes told the same Tale that his Sister had done: at which the enamoured Carver was wonderfully pleased. But the Governour said to them, Truely hoe, this hath been a great childishnesse in you; and you needed not so many sighs and teares, to tell such a piece of foolish boldnesse: for it had beene enough if you had said, We such and such a one, went out of our fathers house, only for curiositie to walke up and down the towne; and there had beene an end, without your sighing and your whining, on Gods name.

You say true, Sir, quoth the Maid: but you may think that I was so troubled, that I could not tell how to behave my selfe.

There 's nothing lost (quoth Sancho) let 's goe, and wee will leave you in your fathers house; perhaps he wil not have missed you: and from hence-forward bee not such children, nor so longing to see the world: for the honest Maid [is] better at home with a bone broken, then a gadding: the Woman and the Hen are lost with straggling: and let me tell you too; shee that desires to see, hath a desire likewise to bee seene, and I say no more.

The Youth thanked the Governour for the favour hee did them, to let them goe home; whither they went, for it was not farre from thence.

Home they came, and the Youth throwing a little stone at one of the Iron windowes, straight there came a Maid-servant downe, that sate up for them, and opened them the doore, and in they went, leaving those without as well to admire her gentlenesse and beauty; as the desire they had to see the world by night, without stirring out of the towne: but they attributed all to their slender age.

The Carvers heart was strucke thorow; and hee purposed

the next day to demand her of her Father to wife; assuring himselfe, hee would not deny her him, because hee was the Dukes servant: Sancho, too had a certaine longing and inkling to marry the Youth with his Daughter Sanchica; and he determined to put the matter in practice betimes, as thinking that a Governours Daughter was fit for any Husband: and so the Round was ended for that night: and some two dayes after, his Government too, with which all his designes were lopped off, and blotted out, as hereafter shall be said.

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CHAPTER L

Where is declared, who were the Enchanters, and Executioners, that whipped the Matron, pincht and scratcht Don Quixote, with the successe the Page had that carried the Letter to Teresa Pansa, Sancho's wife.



ID HAMETE, the most punctuall Searcher of the very moats of this true History, sayes, that when Donna Rodriguez went out of her Chamber, to goe to Don Quixotes lodging, another Waiting-woman that lay with her, perceived her: and as all of them have an itch to smell after novelties, she went after so softly, that the good Rodriguez perceived it not: and as soone as the Waiting-woman saw her goe in to Don Quixote, that she might not be defective in the generall custome of make-bates; shee went presently to put this into the Duchesses head, and so told her that Donna Rodriguez was in Don Quixotes Chamber: the Duchesse told the Duke, and asked his leave, that she and Altisidora might goe see what the Matron

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would have with Don Quixote: the Duke granted, and both of them very softly came close to Don Quixotes doore, and so neere, that they heard all that was spoken within: and when the Duchesse heard that Rodriguez had set the Aranxuez of her springs a running in the streets, she could not suffer it, nor Altisidora neither: so, full of rage, and greedy to revenge, they entred the chamber suddenly, and stabbed Don Quixote with their nailes, and banged the Woman, as hath beene related: for affronts that are directly done against beauty, doe awaken womens choller, and enflame in them a desire of revenge.

The Duchesse told the Duke what had passed, which made him passing merry: and the Duchesse proceeding with her intention of mirth and pastime with Don Quixote, dispatcht the Page that playd the Enchanted Dulcinea's part (for Sancho had forgotten it, being busied in his Government) to Teresa Pansa with her Husbands Letter, and another from her selfe, and a chaine of faire Corall for a token.

The Story too tels us, that the Page was very discreet and wittie, and with a desire to serve his Lords, hee went with a very good will to Sancho's towne: and before he entred into it, he saw a company of women washing in a brooke: whom he asked, if they could tell him, if there lived in that towne a woman, whose name was Teresa Pansa, wife to one Sancho Pansa, Squire to a Knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha: to which question, a little Girle that was washing there, stood up and said, That Teresa Pansa is my Mother, and that Sancho my Father, and that Knight our Master.

Well then, Damozell, quoth the Page, Come and bring mee to your Mother; for I bring her a Letter and a present, from your said Father.

That I will with a very good will, Sir, said the Wench, that seemed to bee about a some fourteene yeeres of age, more or lesse: and leaving the clothes that she was washing, to another companion of hers, without dressing her head, or putting on stockings and shooes, (for she was barelegged, and with her hayre about her eares) she leaped

before the Pages Beast he rode on, and said, Come, Sir, for our house is just as you come in at the towne, and there you shall finde my Mother, with sorrow enough, because shee hath not heard from my Father this great while.

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Well, I have so good newes for her (quoth he) that she may thanke God for it.

At length, leaping, running, and jumping, the Girle got to the towne, and before she came into the house, she cryed out aloud at the doore: Come out, mother, Teresa, Come out, come out: for here's a Gentleman hath Letters and other things from my good Father: at which noise Teresa Pansa her Mother came out, spinning a rowle of Flax, with a Russet Petti-coat, and it seemed by the shortnesse of it, that it had beene cut off at the Placket; and she had Russet bodies of the same, and shee was in her smocke sleeves; she was not very old, for she lookt as if shee had beene about forty: but she was strong, tough, sinowie, and raw-boned; who seeing her Daughter, and the Page a horseback, said, What's the matter, child? What Gentleman is this? A servant of my Lady Teresa Pansa's (quoth the Page:) so, doing and speaking, he flung himselfe from his horse, and with great humilitie went to prostrate himselfe before the Lady Teresa, saying, My Lady Teresa, give mee your hands to kisse, as you are lawfull and particular Wife to my Lord Don Sancho Pansa, proper Governour of the Iland Barataria.

Ah good Sir, forbeare I pray doe not do so, quoth Teresa: for I am no Court-noll, but a poore Husband-woman, a Ploughmans daughter, and wife to a Squire Errant, and not a Governour.

You are (quoth the Page) a most worthy wife, to an Arch-worthy Governour: and for proofe of what I say, I pray receive this Letter, and this token; when instantly he plucked out of his pocket a Corall string, with the lac'd Beads of gold, and put it about her neck, and said, This Letter is from the Governour, and another that I bring; and these Corals are from my Lady the Duchesse that sends me to you.

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Teresa was amazed, and her daughter also: and the Wench said, Hang mee, if our Master Don Quixote have not a hand in this businesse; and hee it is that hath given my Father this Government or Earledome, that he so often promised him.

You say true (quoth the Page) for, for Signior Don Quixotes sake, Signior Sancho Pansa is now Governour of the Iland Barataria, as you shall see by this Letter.

Reade it, gentle Sir, said Teresa: for though I can spin, I cannot reade a jot; nor I neither, added Sanchica: but stay a little and Ile call one that shall; either the Vicar himselfe, or the Bachelor Samson Carasco, who wil both come hither with all their hearts to heare newes of my Father.

You need not call any body, said hee: for though I cannot spin, yet I can reade, and therefore I will reade it; so he did thorowout: which, because it was before related, it is not now set downe here: and then he drew out the Duchesses, which was as followeth:

Friend Teresa, your Husbands good parts of his wit and honesty, mooved and obliged me, to request the Duke my Husband, to give him the Government of one of the many Ilands he hath: I have understood, that he governes like a Ier-Falcon, for which I am very glad; and consequently my Lords the Duke: for which I render heaven many thankes, in that I have not beene deceived in making choise of him for the said Government: for let mee tell, Mistris Teresa, it is a very difficult thing, to finde a good Governour in the world; and so God deale with me, as Sancho governes. I have sent you (my beloved) a string of Corall Beads, with the tens of gold, I could wish they had beene Orientall Pearles; but something is better then nothing: time will come, that we may know and converse one with another; and God knowes what will become of it.

Commend me to Sanchica your Daughter, and bid her from me, that she be in a readinesse; for I meane to marry her highly when she least thinkes of it.

They tell me, that in your towne there, you have goodly

Acornes, I pray send me some two doozen of them, and I shall esteeme them much as comming from you: and write me at large, that I may know of your health, and well-being, and if you want ought, there is no more to be done but mouth it, and your mouth shall have full measure, so God keepe you. From this towne.

Your loving friend, The Duchesse.

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Lord! quoth Teresa, when she heard the Letter, What a good plain meeke-Lady 'tis! God bury me with such Ladies, and not with your stately ones that are used in this towne, who think, because they are Iantle-folks, the winde must not touch them: and they go so fantastically to Church, as if they were Queenes at least, and they thinke it a disgrace to um to looke upon a poore Countrey Woman: But looke you, here's a good Lady, that though shee be a Duchesse, calls me friend, and useth mee as if I were her equall: equall may I see her with the highest Steeple in the Mancha: and concerning her Acorns, Signior mine, I will send her Ladyship a whole Pecke, that every body shall behold, and admire them for their bignesse: and now, Sanchica, doe thou see that this Gentleman bee welcome: set his Horse up, and get some Egges out of the Stable, and cut some Bacon: he shall fare like a Prince, for the good newes hee hath brought us, and his good face deserves it all: in the meane time I will goe tell my neighbours of this good newes, and to our father Vicar, and Master Nicholas the Barber, who have beene, and still are so much thy fathers friends.

Yes marry will I (quoth Sanchica:) but harke you: you must give mee halfe that string, for I doe not thinke my Ladie Duchesse such a foole, that she would send it all to her.

Tis all thine, Daughter, said Teresa: but let me weare it a few dayes about my neck: for verily, it glads me to the heart.

You will be glad (quoth the Page) when you see the bundle that I have in my Port-mantue, which is a garment

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of fine cloth, which the Governour onely wore one day a Hunting, which he hath sent to Mistris Sanchica. Long may he live (quoth Sanchica) and he that brings it too.

Teresa went out with her chaine about her neck, and playd with her fingers upon her Letters, as if they had been a Timbrel: and meeting by chance with the Vicar, and Samson Carrasco, she began to dance, and to say, Ifaith now there is none poore of the kinne, we have a little Government; No, no. Now let the proudest Gentlewoman of um all meddle with mee, and Ile shew her a new tricke.

What madnesse is this, Teresa Pansa, and what papers are these? No madnesse (quoth she) but these are Letters from Duchesses and Governours: and these I weare about my neck are fine Corals; the Ave-Maries and Pater-nosters are of beaten gold, and I am a Governesse.

Now God shield us, Teresa: wee understand you not, neither know we what you meane.

There you may see (quoth Teresa) and gave um the Letters.

The Vicar reads them that Samson Carrasco might heare: so he and the Vicar lookt one upon the other, wondring at what they had read.

And the Bachelor asked, Who brought those Letters? Teresa answered, that they should goe home with her, and they should see the Messenger; A yong Youth, as faire as a golden Pine-Apple, and that he brought her another Present twice as good.

The Vicar tooke the Corals from her neck, and beheld them againe and againe, and assuring himselfe that they were right, he began to wonder afresh and said; By my Coat I sweare, I know not what to say or thinke of these Letters and Tokens: for on the one side, I see and touch the finenesse of these Corals; and on the other, that a Duchesse sends to begge two dozen of Acornes. Come cracke me this Nutte, quoth Carrasco. Well, let us goe see the Bearer of this Letter, and by him wee will be informed of these doubts that are offered. They did so, and

Teresa went backe with them: they found the Page sifting a little Barley for his Beast, and Sanchica cutting a Rasher to *pave it, with Egges for the Pages dinner, whose presence and attire much contented them both; and after they had courteously saluted him, and he them, Samson asked him for newes as well of Don Quixote as Sancho: for though they had read Sancho and the Lady Duchesses Letters, yet they were troubled, and could not ghesse what Sancho's Government should meane, especially of an Iland, since all or the most that were in the Mediterranean Sea belonged to his Majesty.

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To which the Page answered: That Signior Sancho Pansa is Governour, tis not to be doubted, but whether it be an Iland or no that he governs, I meddle not with it: tis enough that it is a place of above a thousand Inhabitants. And concerning the Acornes, let me tell you: My Lady the Duchesse is so plaine and humble, that her sending for Acornes to this Country-woman is nothing. I have knowne when she hath sent to borrow a Combe of one of her neighbours, and let me tell you; The Ladies of Aragon, though they be as Noble, yet they stand not so much upon their points, neither are so lofty as your Castilians, and they are much plainer.

*Para Empedrarle. A pretty Metaphor, for in Spain they use to fry their Collops and Egges all together: not as we do, first Bacon, and then Egges, and therfore the Author calls it paving.

Whilest they were in the middest of this discourse, Sanchica came leaping with her lap full of Egges, and asked the Page; Tell me, Sir, doth my Father weare pained hose since his being Governour? I never marked it, quoth the Page, but sure hee doth. Oh God, quoth she, what a sight it would be, to see my Father in his linnen hose first! how say you? that ever since I was born I have had a desire to see my Father in pain'd hose. With many of these you shal see him (quoth the Page) if you live. And I protest, if his Government last him but two Moneths longer, hee will be likely to weare a cap with a Beaver.

The Vicar and Bachelor perceived very well, that the Page playd the Iacke with them; but the goodnesse of the Corall-beades, and the hunting suit that Sancho sent, made all straight againe, for Teresa had shewed them the

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apparell, and they could not but laugh at Sanchica's desire, and most, when Teresa said, Master Vicar, pray will you hearken out if there be any bodie that goe toward Madrid or Toledo, that they may buy mee a Farthingale round and well made, just in the fashion, and of the best sort, for intruth, intruth, I meane to credit my Husbands Government as much as I can; and if I be angry, Ile to Court my selfe too, and have my Coach as well as the best: for she that hath a Governour to her Husband, may very well have it, and maintaine it.

And why not Mother (quoth Sanchica)? and the sooner the better, though those that see mee set with my Mother in the Coach should say, Looke ye on Mistresse Whacham, good-man Garlicke-eaters daughter, how she is set and stretcht at ease in the Coach, as if she were a Pope Ioane: but let them tread in the durt, and let me goe in my Coach: a poxe on all backe-biters; the Foxe fares best when hee is cursed. Say I well, Mother mine? Very well (quoth she) and my good Sancho foretold mee of all these blessings and many more; and thou shalt see, daughter, Ile never rest till I am a Countesse; for all is but to begin well, and (as I have often heard thy good father say, who is likewise the father of Proverbs,) Look not a given horse in the mouth: when a Government is given thee, take it; when an Earledome, gripe it; and when they *hist, hist, to thee with a reward, take it up. No, no, be carelesse, and answer not good fortune when shee knocks at your dores. And what care I (quoth Sanchica) what hee say that sees mee stately and Majesticall? there 's a dogge in a doublet, and such like.

*His, his, as if it were the calling a dog, to give him meat.

When the Vicar heard all this, he said, I cannot beleeve but all the stocke of the Pansa's were borne with a bushell of Proverbs in their bellies, I never saw any of them that did not scatter um at all times, and upon all occasions. You say true (quoth the Page) for Signior Sancho the Governour speakes them every foot: and though many of them be nothing to the purpose, yet they delight, and my Lady the Duchesse, and the Duke do much celebrate them.

That still you should affirme, Sir, that this of Sancho's Government is true, and that there can be any Duchesse in the world that sends him Presents, and writes to him; for we, although we see them, and have read the Letters, yet wee cannot beleeve it; and wee thinke that this is one of Don Quixote our Countriman his inventions, who thinkes that all are by way of Enchantment: So that I am about to desire to feele and touch you, to see whether you bee an ayrie Ambassador, or a man of flesh and bloud.

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Sir, (quoth the Page) all I know of my selfe, is, that I am a reall Ambassador, and that Signior Sancho Pansa is an effective Governour, and that my Lords the Duke and Duchesse may give, and have given the said Government; and I have heard say, that the said Sancho Pansa demeanes himselfe most robustiously in it. If in this there be any Enchantment, you may dispute it amongst your selves, for I know no more, by an oath I shall sweare, which is, By the life of my Parents, who are alive, and I love them very well.

It may very well be, quoth the Bachelor, but *dubitat Augustinus*. Doubt it whoso will (quoth the Page) I have told you the truth, which shall alwaies prevaile above lyes, as the oyle above the water: and if not *operibus credite et non verbis*, one of you goe with mee, and you shall see with your eyes what you will not beleeve with your eares. That journey will I go, quoth Sanchica: you shall carry me, Sir, at your horses crupper, and Ile goe with a very good will to see my Father. Governours Daughters (quoth he) must not travell alone, but accompanied with Carroches and horse-Litters, and good store of servants. Marry (quoth Sanchica) I can goe as well upon a young Asse-Colt, as upon a Coach; you have a daintie piece of mee no doubt.

Peace wench, said Teresa, thou knowest not what thou saiest; and this Gentleman is in the right; the times are altered: When thy Father was Sancho, then mightst thou be Sanchica; but now he is Governour, Madam; and I know not whether I have said ought. Mistresse Teresa sayes more

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then shee is aware of, (quoth the Page) and now pray let me dine, and be quickly dispatcht, for I must returne this afternoone. Then, quoth the Vicar, you shall doe penance with me to day, for Mistresse Teresa hath more good will then good cheere to welcome so good a ghest. The Page refused, but for his better fare, he was forced to accept of the kindnesse; and the Vicar carried him the more willingly, that hee might have time to aske at leysure after Don Quixote's exploits. The Bachelor offered Teresa to write the answers of her Letters, but shee would not that hee should deale in her affaires; for she held him to be a scoffer: and so she gave a little rowle of bread, and a couple of egges to a little Monke that could write, who wrote her two Letters, one for her Husband, and the other for the Duchesse, framed by her owne pate, and are not the worst in all this grand History, as you may see hereafter.

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THE day appeared after the Governors Rounding night, in which the Carver slept not a whit, being busied in thinking upon the face, feature, and beauty of the disguised Damozell: and the Steward spent the remainder of it, in writing to his Lords, Sancho Pansa's words and actions, both which he equally admired; for both were mixt with certaine appearances of Discreet and Foole.

The Governour in fine was gotten up, and by Doctor Pedro Rezio's appointment, hee broke his fast with a little

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Conserve, and some two or three spoonfulls of cold water, which Sancho would willingly have changed for a piece of bread, and a bunch of grapes; but seeing there was no remedy, hee passed it over, though with much griefe of mind, and wearines of stomack: for Pedro Rezio made him believe, that few dishes, and those delicate, did quicken the wit, which was the onely thing for persons that bore Rule, and weighty Offices; where they must benefit themselves, not onely with corporall force, but strength of understanding too.

With this Sophistry Sancho was almost starved, so that in secret he cursed the Government, and also him that gave it him; but yet, with his hunger and his Conserve, he sate in judgement that day, and the first thing that came before him, was a doubt that a stranger proposed unto him, the Steward and the rest of the fraternity being present, and it was this:

Sir, a maine River divided two parts of one Lordship (I pray marke, for it is a case of great importance, and somewhat difficult) I say then, that upon this River there was a Bridge, and at the end of it a Gallowes, and a kinde of Iudgement Hall, in which there were ordinarily foure Iudges, that judged according to the Law that the owner of the River, Bridge, and Lordship had established, which was this: If any one be to passe from one side of this Bridge to the other, hee must first sweare whither he goes, and what his businesse is: if he sweare true, let him passe; if hee lye, let him be hanged upon the gallowes that shewes there without remission. This Law being divulged, and the rigorous condition of it, many passed by, and presently by their oathes it was seene whether they said true, and the Iudges let them passe freely. It fell out that they tooke one mans oath, who swore and said, that he went to be hanged upon that gallowes, and for nothing else.

The Iudges were at a stand, and said, If we let this man passe, he lyed in his oath, and according to the Law hee ought to die; and if we hang him, he swore he went to die upon the gallows, and having sworne truly, by the same Law

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he ought to be free. It is now, Sir Governor, demanded of you, what should be done with this man, for the Iudges are doubtfull and in suspence; and having had notice of your quicke and elevated understanding, they sent me to you, to desire you on their behalfs to give your opinion in this intricate and doubtful case.

To which (quoth Sancho:) Truely these Iudges that send you to me might have saved a labour; for I am one that have as much wit as a Setting-dog: but howsoever, repeat me you the businesse once againe, that I may understand it, and perhaps I may hit the marke.

The Demandant repeated againe, and againe, what hee had said before; and Sancho said, In my opinion it is instantly resolved, as thus:

The man sweares, that he goes to dye upon the gallowes: and if he die so, he swore true; and so by the Law deserves to passe free: and yet if he be not hanged, he swore false: and by the same Law he ought to be hanged. Tis just as Master Governor hath said, quoth the Messenger; and concerning the understanding the case, there is no more to be required or doubted. I say then (quoth Sancho) that they let that part of the man passe that spoke truth, and that which told a lye, let them hang it, and so the condition of the Law shall be litterally accomplished.

Why, Sir, said the Demandant, then the man must be divided into two parts, lying and true; and if he be divided, he must needs die, and so there is nothing of the Law fulfilled, and it is expresly needfull that the Law be kept.

Come hither, honest fellow (quoth Sancho) either I am a very Leeke, or this Passenger you speake of, hath the same reason to die, as to live and passe the bridge; for if the truth save him, the lye condemnes him equally: which being so as it is, I am of opinion, that you tell the Iudges that sent you to me, That since the reasons to save or condemne him, be in one ranke, that they let him passe freely; for it is ever more praise-worthy to doe good, then to doe ill; and this would I give under my hand, if I could write: and in this case I have not spoken from my selfe, but I remember one

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precept amongst many others, that my Master Don Quixote gave me the night before I came to be Governour, which was; That when Iustice might be any thing doubtfull, I should leave, and apply my selfe to pitty: and it hath pleased God I should remember it in this case, which hath falne out pat.

Tis right, quoth the Steward: and sure, Licurgus Law-giver to the Lacedemonians, could not have given a better sentence then that which the Grand Sancho Pansa hath given. And now this Mornings audience may end, and I will give order that the Governour may dine plentifully. That I desire (quoth Sancho) and let's have faire play: Let mee dine, and then let Cases and Doubts raine upon me, and Ile snuffe them apace.

The Steward was as good as his word, holding it to be a matter of Conscience, to starve so discreet a Governour: Besides, his purpose was to make an end with him that night, performing the last jest, which he had in Commission, towards him. It hapned then, that having eaten contrary to the prescriptions and orders of the Doctor Tirteafuera, when the cloth was taken away, there came in a Poste with a Letter of Don Quixotes, to the Governour. Sancho commanded the Secretary to read it to himselfe, and that if there came no secret in it, hee should read it aloud. The Secretary did so, and sodainely running of it over, said, It may well be read out, for this that Don Quixote writes to you, deserves to be stamped and written in golden letters, and thus it is.

Don Quixotes Letter to Sancho Pansa, Governour of the Iland Barataria.

When I thought (friend Sancho) to have heard newes of thy negligence and folly, I heard it of thy discretion; for which I gave to God particular thankes. I heare thou Governest as if thou wert a man, and that thou art a man as if thou wert a beast, such is thy humility thou usest; yet let mee note unto thee, that it is very necessary and convenient many times, for the Authority of a place to goe

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against the humility of the heart: for the adornment of the person that is in eminent Offices, must be according to their greatnesse, and not according to the measure of the meeke condition, to which he is inclined. Goe well clad, for a Stake well dressed, seemes not to be so: I say not to thee that thou weare toyes, or gawdy gay things; not that being a Iudge thou goe like a Souldier, but that thou adorn thy selfe with such a habit as thy place requires; so that it be handsome and neat.

To get the good will of those thou Governest, amongst others, thou must doe two things: the one, to be courteous to all, which I have already told thee of; and the other, to see that there be plenty of sustenance; for there is nothing that doth more weary the hearts of the poore, then hunger and dearth.

Make not many Statute-Lawes, and those thou dost make, see they be good, but chiefly that they be observed and kept, for Statutes not kept, are the same as if they were not made; and doe rather shew that the Prince had Wisedome and Authority to make them, then valour to see that they should bee kept: and Lawes that onely threaten, and are not executed, become like the beame, King of frogs, that at first scarred them, but in time they despised, and gat up on the top of it.

Be a Father of Vertue, but a father-in-law of Vice.

Be not alwaies cruell, nor alwaies mercifull, choose a meane betwixt these two extremes, for this is a point of discretion.

Visit the Prisons, the Shambles, and the Markets; for in such places, the Governours presence is of much importance.

Comfort the prisoners that hope to bee quickly dispatch'd.

Be a Bull-begger to the Butchers, and a scarre-Crow to the Huckster-women for the same reason.

Shew not thy selfe (though perhaps thou art, which yet I believe not) Covetous, or a Whoore-monger, or a Glutton; for when the town, and those that converse with thee, know which way thou art inclined, there they will set upon thee, till they cast thee downe head-long.

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View and review, passe and repasse thine eyes over the Instructions I gave thee in writing, before thou wentest from hence to thy Government, and thou shalt see, how thou findest in them, if thou observe them, an allowance to helpe thee to beare and passe over the troubles that are incident to Governors.

Write to thy Lords, and shew thy selfe thankefull: for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the greatest sins that is: and hee that is thankefull to those that have done him good, gives a testimony that he will be so to God too, that hath done him so much good, and daily doth continue it.

My Lady Duchesse dispatcht a Messenger a purpose with thy apparel: and another Present to thy wife Teresa Pansa; every minute we expect an answer.

I have beene somewhat ill at ease of late with a certaine Cat-businesse that hapned to me not very good for my nose, but 'twas nothing: for if there be Enchanters that misuse me, others there be that defend me. Let me know if the Steward that is with thee, had any hand in Trifaldis actions, as thou suspectedst: and let me heare likewise of all that befals thee, since the way is so short; besides, I think to leave this idle life ere long, for I was not borne to it.

Heere is a businesse at present, that I beleeve will bring mee in disgrace with these Nobles: but though it much concerne me, I care not: for indeede I had rather comply with my profession, then with their wils, according to the saying: *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.* I write thee this Latine, because I thinke since thy being Governour thou hast learnt to understand it. And so farewell, God keep thee and send that no man pitie thee.

Thy friend,

Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Sancho heard the Letter very attentively, and those that heard it, applauded it for a very discreet one: and presently Sancho rose from the Table, and calling the Secretarie, lockt him to him in his lodging Chamber, and without more

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delay, meant to answere his Master Don Quixote: and therefore he bade the Secretarie, without adding or diminishing ought, to write what he would have him; which he did: and the Letter in answere was of this ensuing tenour.

Sancho Pansa's Letter to Don Quixote de la Mancha.

My businesse and imployments are so great, that I have not leisure either to scratch my Head, or pare my nayles, which is the reason they are so long (God help mee.)

This I say (deare Signior mine) that you may not wonder, if hitherto I have not given you notice of my well or ill beeing at this Government; in which I am now more hungry, then when you and I travelled in the Woods, and Wildernesse.

My Lord the Duke wrot me the other day, by way of advice, that there were certaine Spies entred the Iland, to kill me: but hitherto, I have discovered none but a certaine Doctor, who is entertained in this Town, to kill as many Governors as come to it: and his name is Doctor Pedro Rezio, born in Tirteafuera: that you may see what a name this is for me to feare lest he kill mee.

This aforesaid Doctor sayes of himselfe, that hee cures not infirmities when they are in present being, but prevents them before they come: and the Medicines hee useth, are dyet upon dyet, till he makes a man nothing but bare bones; as if leanenesse were not a greater sicknesse then a Calenture.

Finally, he hath even starved mee, and I am ready to dye for anger: for when I thought to have comen to this Iland to eate good warme things, and to drinke coole, and to recreate my body in Holland sheetes, and Feather-beds; I am forced to doe penance, as if I were an Hermite: and because I doe it unwillingly, I beleeve at the upshot the Divell will have me.

Hitherto have I neither had my due, nor taken bribe, and I know not the reason: for heere they tell mee, that the Governours that use to come to this Iland, before

they come, they of the towne either give or lend them a good summe of money: and this is the ordinarie custome, not onely in this Towne, but in many others also.

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Of Sancho's proceeding in his Government, with other successes, as good as Touch.

Last night as I walked the Round, I met with a faire Maid in mans apparell; and a Brother of hers in womans: my Carver fell in love with the Wench, and purposed to take her to Wife, as he sayes; and I have chosen the Youth for my sonne in law: and to day both of us will put our desires in practice with the Father of them both, which is one Diego de la Lana, a Gentleman and an old Christian, as much as you would desire. I visit the Market places (as you advised mee) and yesterday found a Huckster, that sold new Hazel Nuts, and it was prooved against her, that she had mingled the new, with a bushell of old, that were rotten and without kernels; I judged them all to be given to the Hospitall boyes, that could very well distinguish them; and gave sentence on her, that shee should not come into the Market-place in fifteene dayes after: 'twas told me, that I did most valourously; all I can tell you is, that it is the common report in this towne, that there is no worse people in the world then these women of the Market-places: for all of them are impudent, shamelesse, and ungodly; and I beleeve it to be so, by those that I have seene in other townes: That my Ladie the Duchesse hath written to my Wife Teresa Pansa, and sent her a token, as you say, it pleaseth me very well, and I will endevour at fit time to shew my selfe thankefull: I pray doe you kisse her hands on my behalfe, and tell her, her kindnesse is not ill bestowed, as shall after appeare.

I would not that you should have any thwart-reckonings of dis-taste with those Lords: for if you be displeased with them, 'tis plaine it must needs redound to my dammage, and 'twere unfit that, since you advise mee not to be unthankefull, you should be so to them that have shewed you so much kindnesse, and by whom you have been so well welcomed in their Castle.

That of your Cat-businesse, I understand not: but I suppose tis some of those ill feates, that the wicked Enchanters

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are wont to use toward you; I shall know of you, when we meet. I would faine have sent you something from hence, but I know not what, except it were some little Canes to make Squirts, which with Bladders too they make very curiously in this place: but if my Office last, Ile get something worth the sending.

If my wife Teresa Pansa write to mee, pay the Portage, and send me the Letter: for I have a wonderfull desire to know of the Estate of my house, my wife and children: and so God keep you from ill-minded Enchanters, and deliver mee well and peaceably from this Government; for I doubt it, and thinke to lay my bones here, according as the Doctor Pedro Rezio handles me.

Your Worships Servant,

Sancho Pansa the Governour.

The Secretarie made up the Letter, and presently dispatcht the Post; and so Sancho's Tormentors joyning together, gave order how they might dispatch him from the Government. And that afternoone Sancho passed, in setting downe orders for the well-governing the Iland he imagined to be so: and he ordained there should bee no Hucksters for the Commonwealths provisions; and likewise that they might have Wines brought in from whencesoever they would; onely with this Proviso, to tell the place from whence they came, to put prices to them according to their value, and goodnes: and whosoever put water to any wine, or chang'd the name of it, should die for it: he moderated the prices of all kinde of cloathing, especially of shooes, as thinking Leather was sold with much exorbitancie.

He made a taxation for servants wages, who went on unbrideled for their profit.

He set grievous penalties upon such as should sing bawdie or ribaldry songs, either by night or day.

He ordained likewise, that no blind-man should sing miracles in Verse, except they brought Authenticall testi-

monies of the truth of them: for he thought, that the most they sung, were false, and prejudiciall to the true.

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He created also a Constable for the poore, not that should persecute, but examine them, to know if they were so: for under colour of fained maimenesse, and false sores, the hands are Theeves, and health is a Drunkard.

In conclusion, he ordered things so well, that to this day they are fam'd and kept in that place, and are called, The Ordinances of the Grand Governour, Sancho Pansa.

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The Adventure of the second Afflicted or straightned Matron, *alias* Donna Rodriguez.



ID HAMETE tels us, that Don Quixote being recovered of his scratches, he thought the life he led in that Castle, was much against the order of Knighthood he profest: so he determined to crave leave of the Dukes to part towards Saragoza, whose Iusts drew neere, where hee thought to gaine the Armour that useth to bee obtained in them. And being one day at the Table with the Dukes, and beginning to put his intention in execution, and to aske leave: Behold, unlookt for, two women came in at the great Hall doore, clad (as it after appeared) in mourning from head to foot: and one of them comming to Don Quixote, she fell downe all along at his feet with her mouth sowed to them; and she groaned so sorrowfully, and so profoundly, that she put all that beheld her into a great confusion: and though the Dukes thought it was some tricke their servants would put upon Don Quixote; notwithstanding, seeing with what earnestnesse the woman

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sighed, groaned and wept, they were a little doubtfull and in suspence, till Don Quixote in great compassion raised her from the ground, and made her discover her selfe, and take her Mantle from her blubber'd face. She did so, and appeared to be (what could not be imagined) Donna Rodriguez the Waiting-woman of the house: and the other in mourning was her wronged Daughter, abused by a rich Farmers sonne. All were in admiration that knew her, especially the Dukes: for though they knew her to be foolish, and of a good mould that way; yet not to bee so neere mad.

Finally, Donna Rodriguez turning to the Lords, she said, May it please your Excellencies, to give mee leave to impart a thing to this Knight: for it behooves me to come out of a businesse, into which the boldnesse of a wicked Raskall hath thrust me.

The Duke said, he gave her leave, and that she should impart what she would to Signior Don Quixote. She directing her voice and her gesture to Don Quixote, said, Some dayes since, valorous Knight, I related to you the wrong and trecherie that a wicked Farmer hath done to my beloved Daughter, the unfortunate one heere now present; and you promised me to undertake for her to right this wrong that hath beene done her: and now it hath come to my notice, that you meane to part from this Castle, in quest of your Adventures (God send them), and therefore my request is, that before you scowre the wayes, you would defie this untamed Rusticke, and make him marry my Daughter, according to the promise he gave her before he coupled with her: For to thinke that my Lord the Duke will doe me justice, is to seeke Peares from the Elme, for the reason that I have plainely told you; and so God give you much health, and forsake not us.

To these reasons, Don Quixote answered with great gravity and Prosopopeia:

Good Matron, temper your teares, and save your sighs, and I will engage my selfe to right your Daughter; for

whom it had beene much better, not to have beene so easie of beleeving her Lovers promises, which for the most part are light in making, but heavy in accomplishing: and therefore with my Lord the Dukes leave, I will presently part in search of this ungodly yong man, and finde and challenge him, and kill him, if he deny to accomplish his promise. For the chiefe ayme of my profession is, to pardon the humble, and to chastize the proud; I meane, to succour the wretched, and to destroy the cruell.

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You need not (quoth the Duke) be at the paines of seeking the Clowne, of whom the good Matron complaines; neither need you aske me leave to defie him, 'tis enough, that I know you have done it; and let it be my charge to give him notice that he accept the challenge, and come to my Castle to answere for himselfe, where safe lists shall be set up for you both, observing the conditions that in such Acts ought to bee observed; and both your Iustices equally, according as Princes are obliged to doe, that grant single combate to those that fight within their Dominions. Why, with this securitie and your Greatnesses licence (quoth Don Quixote) here I say that for this once I renounce my Gentry, and doe equalize my selfe to the meanenesse of the Offender: and so qualifie him to combate with me: and so though he be absent, I challenge and defie him, for that hee did ill to defraude this poore creature that was a Maid, and now by his villany is none, and that hee shall either fulfill his word he gave her to marry her, or die in the demand.

And straight plucking off his Glove, he cast it into the midst of the Hall, and the Duke tooke it up, saying, That hee (as had beene said) in his Vassals name accepted the challenge, and appointed the prefixt time sixe dayes after, and the Lists to be in the Court of that Castle, and the usuall Armes of Knights, as Lance and Shield, and laced Armour, with all other pieces, without deceit, advantage, or superstition, seene and allowed by the Iudges of the Lists: but first of all 'tis requisite, that this honest Matron, and

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this ill Maid commit the right of their cause into Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha's hands: for otherwise there will be nothing done; neither will the said challenge be put in execution.

I doe (quoth the Matron) and I too (said the Daughter, all blubber'd and shamefac'd and in ill taking).

This agreement being made, and the Dukes imagining what was to be done in the businesse, the mourners went their wayes, and the Duchesse commanded they should be used not as their servants, but like Lady-Adventurers, that came to their house to aske justice, and served as strangers, to the wonderment of other servants that knew not, what would become of the madnesse and levity of Donna Rodriguez, and her Errant Daughter.

Whilst they were in this businesse, to adde more mirth to the Feast, and to end the Comedy: behold where the Page comes in, that carried the Letter and tokens to Teresa Pansa; whose arrivall much pleased the Dukes, desirous to know what befell him in his voyage, and asking him, The Page answered, that he could not tell them in publike, nor in few words; but that their Excellencies would bee pleased to reserve it for a private time, and that in the meane time, they would entertaine themselves with those Letters; and taking them out, he gave two to the Duchesse, the superscription of the one was, to my Lady Duchesse, I know not whence: and the other, To my Husband Sancho Pansa, Governour of the Iland Barataria, whom God prosper longer then me.

The Duchesse could not be quiet, till she had read her Letter; so opening it, and reading it to her selfe, and seeing that she might reade it aloud, shee did so, that the Duke and the by-standers might heare it, as followeth.

Teresa Pansa's Letter to the Duchesse.

Lady mine: Your Greatnesses Letter you wrote me, did much content mee, for I did very much desire it: Your string of Corals was very good; and my Husbands hunting

suite comes not short of it: That your Honour hath made my Consort Governour, all this Towne rejoyceth at it, though there is none that will beleeve it: especially, the Vicar, Master Nicholas the Barber, and Samson Carasco the Bachelor: but all is one to mee, so it bee true, as it is; let each one say what hee will: but if you goe to the truth, had it not beene for the Corall and the Sute I should not have beleeved it neither: for all in this Towne hold my Husband for a very Leeke; and taking him from his governing a Flocke of Goats, they cannot imagine for what government else hee should bee good: God make him so, and direct him as hee sees best; for his children have need of it. I, Lady of my life, am determined with your Worships good leave, to make use of this good fortune in my house; and to goe to the Court to stretch my selfe in a Coach, to make a thousand envious persons blinde that looke after me. And therefore I request your Excellencie to command my Husband to send me some stocke of money to purpose, because I heare, the Court expenses are great, that a loafe is worth sixe-pence; and a pound of Mutton five-pence, that tis wonderfull: and that if he meane not that I shall goe, hee let mee know in time: for my feet are dancing till I be jogging upon the way; for my friends and neighbours tell me, that if I and my daughter goe glistering and pompously in the Court, my Husband will be knowne by me more then I by him; for that of necessity, many will aske, What Gentlewomen are these in the Coach? Then a servant of mine answers, The Wife and Daughter of Sancho Pansa, Governour of the Iland Barataria; and by this meanes, Sancho shall be knowne, and I shall be esteemed, *and to Rome for all. I am as sorry, as sorrow may be, that this yeere we have gathered no Acornes, for all that I send your Highnesse halfe a pecke, which I culled out, and went to the mountaine on purpose, and they were the biggest I could finde. I could have wished they had beene as big as Ostritch Egges. Let not your Pomposity forget to write to me, and Ile have a care to answer and advize you of my health, and all that passeth here where I remaine; praying

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*A Phrase used by her to no purpose, but tis a usuall thing in Spain among ill livers to cry, *a Roma por todo*, there to get absolution for their villanies.

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to God to preserve your Greatnesse, and forget not me; my daughter Sancha and my sonne kisse your hands. She that desires more to see, then to write to your Honour,

Your Servant, Teresa Pansa.

Great was the content that all received to heare Teresa Pansa's Letter, principally of the Dukes; and the Duchesse asked Don Quixote's advice, if it were fit to open the Letter that came for the Governour, which shee imagined was most exquisite. Don Quixote said, that to pleasure them, he would open it: which he did, and saw the Contents, which were these.

Teresa Pansa's Letter, to her Husband Sancho.

I received thy Letter, my Sancho of my soule, and I promise and sweare to thee, as I am a Catholike Christian, there wanted not two fingers breadth of making me mad for joy; looke you Brother, when I came to heare that thou art a Governour, I thought I should have falne downe dead with gladnesse; for thou knowest that 'tis usually said, That sodaine joy as soon kils as excessive griefe. The water ran downe thy daughter Sanchica's eies, without perceiving of it, with pure content. The suite thou sentest me I had before me, and the Corals my Lady the Duchesse sent, and the Letters in my hands, and the bearer of them present, and for all this I beleeved and thought that all I saw or felt, was a dreame: For who could thinke that a Goatheard should come to be a Governour of Ilands? and thou knowest, friend, that my Mother was used to say, That twas needfull to live long, to see much. This I say, because I thinke to see more, if I live longer; for I hope I shall not have done, till I see thee a Farmer or Customer, which are Offices, that though the Devill carry away him that dischargeth them badly, yet in the end good store of coyne goes thorow their hands. My Lady the Duchesse will let thee know what a desire I have to go to the Court, consider of it, and let mee know thy minde: and I will doe thee honor there, going in my Coach. The Vicar, Barber,

Bachelor nor Sexton cannot believe that thou art a Governour, and say that 'tis all juggling or Enchantment, as all thy Master Don Quixote's affaires are; and Samson sayes, he will finde thee out, and put this Government out of thy noddle, and Don Quixote's madnesse out of his Cox-combe. I doe nothing but laugh at them, and looke upon my Corall chaine, and contrive how to make my daughter a Gowne of the suit thou sentest me. I sent my Lady the Duchesse some Acornes, I would they had beene of gold: I prethee send me a string of Pearles, if they be used in that Iland.

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The newes of this towne is, that Berueca married her daughter to a scurvy Painter that came to this towne to paint at randome. The Burgers of the towne willed him to paint the Kings Armes over the gate of the Towne-Hall; hee demanded two Ducats, which they gave him before-hand: he wrought eight daies, in the end painted nothing, and said, he could not hit upon painting such a deale of Pedlery ware: so hee returned them their money, and for all this, hee married under the name of a good workeman: true it is, that he hath left his Pencill, and taken the Spade, and goes to the field most Gentleman-like. Pedro de Lobo's sonne hath taken Orders, and shaved his head, with purpose to be a Priest. Minguilla Mingo Silvatos niece knew of it, and she hath put a bill against him for promising her mariage: malicious tongues will not sticke to say, that she is great by him, but he denies it stiffely.

This yeere we have had no Olives, neither is there a drop of Vineger to be had in all the town. A Company of Souldiers passed by heere, and by the way they carried three wenches from this towne with them, I will not tell thee who they are, for perhaps they will returne, and there will not want some that will marry them for better for worse. Sanchica makes bone-lace, and gets her three-halfepence a day cleere, which she puts in a boxe with a slit, to helpe to buy her houshold-stuffe: but now that she is a Governours daughter, thou wilt give her a portion, that she needs not worke for it. The stone-fountain in the market-place is dried up, a Thunder-bolt fell upon

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the Pillory, there may they fall all. I expect an answer of this, and thy resolution touching my going to the Court; and so God keepe thee longer then me, or as long; for I would not leave thee in this world behinde me.

Thy Wife, Teresa Pansa.

These Letters were extolled, laughed at, esteemed and admired: and to mend the matter, the Post came that brought one from Sancho to Don Quixote, which was likewise read aloud; which brought the Governours madnesse in question. The Duchesse retired with the Page, to know what had befalne him in Sancho's towne, who told her at large, without omitting circumstance: he gave her the Acornes, and a Cheese too which Teresa gave him for a very good one, much better then those of Tronion; the Duchesse received it with great content, in which we will leave her, to tell the end that the Government of the Grand Sancho Pansa had, the flower and Mirror of all Ilandish Governours.

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Of the troublesome end and up-shot that Sancho Pansa's Government had.

TO thinke that the affaires of this life should last ever in one being, is needlesse; for it rather seemes otherwise: the Summer followes the Spring, after the Summer, the Fall, and the Fall, the Winter, and so Time goes on in a continuated wheele. Onely mans life runnes to a speedy end, swifter then Time, without hope of being renued, except it be in another life, which hath no bounds to limit it.

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This said Cid Hamete, a Mahometicall Philosopher; for many without the light of Faith, onely with a naturall instinct have understood the swiftnesse and uncertainty of this life present, and the lasting of the eternall life which is expected. But heere the Author speakes it, for the speedinesse with which Sancho's Government was ended, consumed and undone, and vanished into a shade and smoake, who being a-bed the seventh night after so many daies of his Government, not cloyed with bread or wine, but with judging and giving sentences, making Proclamations and Statutes, when sleepe, maugre and in despite of hunger, shut his eye-lids, hee heard such a noyse of bells and out-cryes, as if the whole Iland had beene sunke: he sate up in his bed, and was very attentive, hearkening if he could ghesse at the cause of so great an uprore, but he was so farre from knowing it, that a noyse of a world of Drums and Trumpets added to that of the bells and cries, made him more confused, and more full of feare and horror; and rising up, he put on a paire of slippers for the moystnesse of the ground, and without any night-gowne upon him, or any thing like it, he went out at his chamber doore, at such time as hee saw at least twenty persons come running thorow the entries, with Torches in their hands lighted, and swords unsheathed, crying all out aloud; Arme, Arme, Sir Governour, Arme; for a world of enemies are entred the Iland, and we are undone, if your skill and valour helpe us not.

With this fury, noyse and up-rore, they came where Sancho was, astonisht and embeseld with what he heard and saw: and when they came to him, one of them sayd, Arme your selfe strait, Sir, if you meane not to be destroyd, and that all the Iland be lost.

I arme my selfe (quoth Sancho)? Know I any thing what belongs to Armes or Succours? twere better leave these things to my Master Don Quixote de la Mancha, hee will dispatch and put them in safety in an instant; for I (sinner that I am) understand nothing of this quicke service. Ha, Sir Governour, said another, what

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faint-heartednesse is this? Arme your selfe, for here wee bring you Armes offensive and defensive. March to the Market-place, and be our Guide and Captaine, since you ought (being our Governour) to be so. Arme mee on Gods Name (quoth Sancho.) And strait they brought him two shields, of which they had good store, and they clapt them upon his shirt, without letting him take any other clothes; one they put before, and the other behinde, and they drew out his armes at certaine holes they had made, and bound him very well with cords, so that he was walled and boorded up straight like a spindle, not able to bend his knees, or to move a step. In his hands they put a Lance, on which hee leant to keepe himselfe up. When they had him thus, they bad him march, and guide them, and cheere them all; for that hee being their Lanthorne, North, and Morning starre, their matters would be well ended. How should I (wretch that I am) march? quoth Sancho, for my knee-bones will not moove, since these boords that are so sowed to my flesh, doe hinder me: your onely way is to carry me in your armes, and to lay me a-thwart, or let me stand up at some Posterne, which I will make good, eyther with my Lance or my body. Fie, Sir, said another, 'tis more your feare then the boords that hinder your pace; make an end for shame, and bestir your selfe; for it is late, and the enemies increase, the cries are augmented, and the danger waxeth more and more. At whose perswasions and vitupery, the poore Governour tried if he could moove himselfe: so he fell to the ground, and had such a fall, that he thought he had broken himselfe to pieces; and now hee lay like a Tortoise, shut in, and covered with his shell, or like a Flitch of Bacon clapped betweene two boords, or like a Boate overturned upon a flatte; and for all his fall, those scoffers had no compassion at all on him, but rather putting out their Torches, they began to re-enforce their cryes, and to reiterate their Arme, Arme, so fast running over poore Sancho, giving him an infinite company of slashes upon his Shields, that if he had not withdrawne himselfe, and shrunke

his head up into them, the poore Governour had beene in wofull plight; who being thus shrugged up in this strait, he was in a terrible sweat and beraied, and recommended himselfe heartily to God Almighty to deliver him from that danger. Some stumbled upon him, others fell, and another would get upon him for a good while, and from thence, as from a watch tower, governed the Army, and cried aloud, Heere on our side, heere the enemies are thickest: make this breach good, keepe that gate shut, downe with those ladders, wilde-fire balls, pitch and Rosin, and kettles of scalding Oyle: Trench the streets with beds; In fine, he named all manner of ware, instruments, and furniture of warre for the defence of a City assaulted: and the bruised Sancho, that heard and suffered all, said to himselfe; Oh that it would please the Lord that this Iland were once lost, or that I were dead or delivered from this strait! Heaven heard his petition, and when he least expected, he heard this cry, Victory, Victory, the foes are vanquished. Ho, Sir Governour, rise, rise, enjoy the conquest, and divide the spoyles that are taken from the enemies, by the valour of your invincible arme.

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Raise me, quoth the grieved Sancho, with a pittifull voyce. They helpt to raise him, and being up, hee said; Every enemy that I have vanquished, naile him in my forehead: Ile divide no spoyles of enemies, but desire some friend, if I have any, to give me a draught of wine, that may dry up this sweat, for I am all water. They wiped him, brought him wine, and unbound the Shields from him: he sate upon his bedde, and with the very anguish of the sodaine fright, and his toyle, hee fell into a swound; and they that playd that tricke with him, were sorry it fell out so heavily: but Sancho's comming straight to himselfe, tempered their sorrow.

He asked them what a clocke it was? They answered him, it grew to be day.

Hee held his peace, and without more words, began to cloath himselfe, all buried in silence, and all beheld him, expecting what would bee the issue of his hasty dressing himselfe.

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Thus by little and little, he made himselfe ready, for by reason of his wearinesse he could not doe it very fast, and so went toward the stable (all they that were there following him) and comming to Dapple, hee embraced and gave him a loving kisse on the forehead, and not without teares in his eyes, sayd:

Come thou hither, companion mine and friend, fellow-partner of my labours and miseries; when I consorted with you, no other cares troubled me, then to mend thy furniture, and to sustaine thy little corps: happy then were my houres, dayes, and yeeres: but since I left thee, and mounted on the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand toyles, foure thousand unquietnesses have entred my soule. And as hee was thus discoursing, he fitted on the pack-saddle, no body saying ought unto him. Dapple being thus pack-saddled, with much adoe he got upon him, and directing his speeches and reasons to the Steward, the Doctor and many others there present, he said,

Give me roome, sirs, and leave to return to my former liberty; let mee seeke my ancient life, to rise from this present death: I was not borne to be a Governour, nor to defend Ilands nor Cities from enemies that would assault them: I can tell better how to plow, to digge, to prune, and plant Vineyards, then to give Lawes, or defend Provinces and Kingdomes; tis good sleeping in a whole skinne: I meane, tis fit that every man should exercise the Calling to which he was born: a Sickle is better in my hand, then a Governours Scepter. I had rather fill my selfe with a good dish of Gaspachos, then be subject to the misery of an impertinent Physician, that would kill me with hunger: I had rather solace my selfe under the shade of an Oake in Summer, and cover my selfe with a double sheepe-skinne in Winter quietly, then lay me downe to the subjection of a Government in fine Holland sheets, and be clothed in Sables: fare you well Sir, and tel my Lord the Duke, Naked was I borne, naked I am, I neyther winne nor lose: I meane, I came without crosse to this Government, and

CHAPTER LIII

Of the troublesome end and upshot that Sancho Pansa's Government had.

I goe from it without a crosse, contrary to what Governours of other Ilands are used to doe. Stand out of the way, and let me go, for I must seare-cloth my selfe; for I beleeve all my ribs are bruised, I thanke the enemy that trampled over me all this night.

You shall not doe so, Sir Governour, quoth Doctor Rezio, for I will give you a drinke good against falls and bruises, that shall straight recover you: and touching your diet, I promise you to make amends, and you shall eat plentifully of what you list. Tis too late (quoth Sancho) Ile as soon tarry as turne Turke: these jests are not good the second time: you shall as soone get me to stay heere, or admit of any other Government, (though it were presented in two platters to me) as make me flye to heaven without wings. I am of the linage of the Pansa's, and we are all headstrong, and if once wee cry odde, odde it must be (though it be even) in spight of all the world. Heere in this stable let my Ants wings remaine that lifted me up in the ayre, to be devoured by Martlets and other birds, and now let's goe a plaine pace on the ground: and though wee weare no pinked Spanish-leather shoos, yet we shall not want course pack-thread Sandals. Like to like, quoth the Devill to the Collier, and let every man cut his measure according to his cloth, and so let mee goe, for it is late.

To which quoth the Steward, With a very good wil you should goe, though we shall be very sorry to lose you: for your judgement and Christian proceeding oblige us to desire your company: but you know, that all Governours are obliged, before they depart from the place which they have governed, to render first an account of their place, which you ought to doe for the tenne daies you have governed; and so Gods peace be with you.

No man can aske any account of me, said he, but hee whom my Lord the Duke will appoint; to him I goe, and to him Ile give a fitting account: besides, I going from hence so bare as I doe, there can be no greater signe that I have governed like an Angell.

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Of the troublesome end and upshot that Sancho Pansa's Government had.

I protest (quoth Doctor Rezio) the Grand Sancho hath a great deale of reason, and I am of opinion that we let him goe; for the Duke will be infinitely glad to see him. So all agreed, and let him goe, offering first to accompany him, and whatsoever he had need of for himselfe, or for the commodiousnesse of his Voyage.

Sancho told them, hee desired nothing but a little barley for Dapple, and halfe a Cheese and a loafe for himselfe; for that by reason of the shortnesse of the way, hee needed no other provision. All of them embraced him, and he with teares embraced them, and left them astonished, as well at his discourse, as his most resolute and discreet determination.

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That treats of matters concerning this History, and no other.

THE Duke and Duchesse were resolved that Don Quixote's Challenge that hee made against their Vassall for the aforesaid cause, should go forward; and though the yong man were in Flanders, whither hee fled because hee would not have Donna Rodriguez to his Mother in Law, yet they purposed to put a Gascoigne Lackey in his stead, which was called Tosilos, instructing him first very well in all that he had to doe.

Some two daies after, the Duke said to Don Quixote, that within foure daies his contrary would be present, and present himselfe in the field like an armed Knight, and maintaine that the Damozell lied in her throat, if she affirmed that he had promised her marriage. Don Quixote was much pleased with this newes, and promised to himselfe

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to worke miracles in this businesse, and he held it to be a speciall happinesse to him, that occasion was offered, wherein those Nobles might see how far the valor of his powerfull arme extended: and so with great jocundnesse and content, he expected the foure daies, which in the reckoning of his desire, seemed to him to bee foure hundred Ages. Let we them passe (as we let passe divers other matters) and come to the Grand Sancho, to accompany him, who betwixt mirth and mourning, upon Dapple went to seeke out his Master, whose company pleased him more then to be Governour of all the Ilands in the world.

It fell out so, that he having not gone very farre from the Iland of his Government (for he never stood to averre whether it were Iland, City, Village, or Towne which he governed) he saw that by the way he went, there came sixe Pilgrimes with their walking staves, your strangers that use to beg almes singing, who when they came neere, beset him round, and raising their voyces all together, began to sing in their language, what Sancho could not understand, except it were one word, which plainely signified Almes, which hee perceived they begged in their song. And hee (as saith Cid Hamete) being very charitable, tooke halfe a Loafe, and halfe a Cheese out of his wallet, of which he was provided, and gave it them, telling them by signes he had nothing else to give them: they received it very willingly and said, 'Guelte, Guelte.' I understand you not what you would have (good people) quoth Sancho. Then one of them took a purse out of his bosome, and shewed it to Sancho, whereby he understood they asked him for money; but hee putting his thumbe to his throat, and his hand upward, gave them to understand he had not a Denier; and spurring Dapple, he broke thorow them: and passing by, one of them looking wishly upon him, layd hold on him, and casting his armes about his middle, with a loud voyce, and very good Spanish, sayd, God defend me, and what doe I see? is it possible I have my deare friend in my armes, my honest neighbour Sancho Pansa? Yes sure I have, for I neyther sleepe, nor am drunke.

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Sancho wondred to heare himselfe so called by his name, and to see himselfe embraced by a Pilgrime stranger: and after hee had beheld him a good while, without speaking a word, and with much attention, yet he could never call him to minde: but the Pilgrime seeing his suspension, said,

How now, is it possible, Brother Sancho Pansa, thou knowest not thy neighbour Ricote the Morisco Grocer of thy towne? Then Sancho beheld him more earnestly, and began to remember his favour, and finally knew him perfectly: and so without alighting from his Asse, hee cast his armes about his neck, and said, Who the Divell, Ricote, could know thee, in this vizardly disguize? What's the matter? who hath made such a *Franchote of thee? and how darest thou returne back againe into Spaine? where, if thou bee'st catcht or knowne, woe bee to thee? If thou reveale me not, Sancho, I am safe, quoth the Pilgrim: for in this disguise no body will know me: Come let's goe out of the high-way, into yonder Elme Grove, for there my companions meane to dine, and repose themselves, and thou shalt eate with them, for they are very good people, and there I shall have leisure to tell thee what hath befalne me, since I departed from our Towne, to obey his Majesties Edict, which so rigorously threatened those unfortunate ones of our Nation, as thou heard'st.

*A word of disgrace the Spaniard useth to all strangers, but chiefely to the French.

Sancho consented, and Ricote speaking to the rest of the Pilgrims, they went to the Elme Grove that appear'd: a pretty way distant from the High-way, they flung downe their Staves, and cast off their Pilgrims weeds, and so remained in Hose and Doublet: and all of them were yong, and handsome fellowes, except Ricote, who was well entred in yeeres: all of them had Wallets, which were (all to see to) well provided at least with incitatives that provoked to drinke two miles off.

They sate upon the ground, and making Table-clothes of the Grasse; they set upon it, Bread, Salt, Knives, Walnuts, slices of Cheese, and cleane Gammon of Bacon-bones: which though they would not let themselves be gnawed, yet they forbade not to be sucked.

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They set downe likewise a kinde of blacke meat, called Caviary, made of Fishes Egges; a great Alarum to the bottle, there wanted no Olives, though they were dry without any Pickle; yet savoury, and made up a dish: but that which most flourisht in the field of that banquet was; sixe bottles of Wine, which each of them drew out of his Wallets; even honest Ricote too, who had transformed himselfe from a Morisco into a Germane, or Dutch-man; hee drew out his, that for quantitie might compare with the whole five.

Thus they beganne to eate with great content; and very leisurely, rellishing every bit which they tooke upon a knives point, and very little of every thing: and straight all of them together would lift their armes and bottles up into the ayre, putting their own mouthes to the Bottles mouthes, their eyes nailed in heaven, as if they had shot at it: and in this fashion moving their heads from one side to the other, signes of their good liking of the Wine, they remained a good while, straining the entrailes of the Vessels in their stomacks.

Sancho marked all, and was grieved at nothing; rather to fulfill the Proverbe, that he very well knew, * When thou goest to Rome, etc. hee desired the Bottle of Ricote, and so tooke his ayme as well as the rest, and with no lesse delight then they: thus the Bottles suffered themselves to be hoisted on end foure times: but it was not possible the fift; for they were now as soakt and dry as a Matteresse, which made their joy hitherto shewne, now very muddy: now and then one of them would take Sancho by the right hand, and say, Spaniard and Dutch-man all one, *bon compagno*. And Sancho answered: *Bon compagno*, **juro a di*: and with that dischargeth such a laughter as lasted a long houre; not remembring as then ought that had befalne him in his Government; for cares are wont to have little Iurisdiction upon leisure and idlenesse, whilest men are eating and drinking.

**Cum fueris Romæ*, etc.

**Sweares in a broken language.*

Finally, the ending of their Wine, was the beginning of a drowsinesse that seyzed upon them all, so they even fell to

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sleepe where they set; only Ricote and Sancho watched it out, for they had eaten more, and drunke lesse: So Ricote taking Sancho apart, they sate at the foote of a Beech, leaving the Pilgrims buried in sweet sleepe, and Ricote without stumbling a jot into his Morisco tongue, in pure Castillian language, uttered to him this ensuing Discourse.

Thou well knowest, O Sancho Pansa, friend and neighbour mine, how the Proclamation and Edict that his Majesty commanded to be published against those of my Nation, put us all into a feare and fright, at least me it did: and mee thought, that before the time that was limited us for our departure from Spaine; the very rigour of the penalty was executed upon me, and my children.

I provided therefore (in my judgement wisely) as he which knowes that by such a time the house he lives in shall bee taken from him, and so provides himselfe another against hee is to change: I provided, I say, to leave our towne, all alone without my Family, and to seeke some place whither I might commodiously carry them, and not in such a hurry as the rest that went. For I well saw, and so did all our graver sort, that those Proclamations were not onely threats, as some said: but true lawes to be put in execution at their due time: and I was enforced to beleeve this truth; because I knew the villanous, but foolish attempts of our Nation: such, as me thought, it was a divine inspiration that moved his Majestie, to put so brave a resolution in effect: not because wee were all faulty; for some there were firme and true Christians: but they were so few, they could not be opposed to those that were otherwise: and it was not fit to nourish a Serpent in his bosome, and to have enemies within doores.

Finally, we were justly punished with the penalty of Banishment, which seemed to some soft and sweet; but to us the terriblest that could be inflicted: wheresoever wee are, we weepe to thinke on Spaine: for indeed heere we were borne, and it is our naturall Countrey; wee no where finde the entertainment that our misfortune desires, and in Barbary, and all parts of Africa, where we thought to have

been received, entertained, and cherished; there it is where wee are most offended, and misused: we knew not our happinesse till we lost it, and the desire we all have to returne to Spaine is so great, that the most part of such (which are many) who speake the language, as I doe, returne hither againe, and leave their Wives and Children there forsaken: so great is the love they beare their Countrey, and now I know and finde by experience that the saying is true, Sweet is the love of ones Countrey.

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I went (as I say) out of our towne, and came into France, and though there we were well entertained, yet I would see it all; and so passed into Italy, and arrived in Germany; and there I found we might live with more freedome; for the inhabitants doe not looke much into niceties, every one lives as he pleaseth: for in the greatest part of it, there is libertie of conscience.

There I tooke a house in a Towne neere Augusta, and so joyned with these Pilgrims, that usually come for Spaine; many of them every yeere to visit the Devotions heere, which are their Indies, and certaine gaine, they travell all the Kingdome over; and there is no towne from whence they goe not away with meat and drinke (as you would say) at least and sixe pence in money: and when they have ended their Voyage, they goe away with a hundreth Crownes over-plus, which changed into Gold; eyther in the hollowes of their Staves, or the patches of their Weeds, or by some other slight they can, they carry out of the Kingdome, and passe into other Countreys, in spight of the Searchers of the dry Ports, where the money ought to be registred. And now, Sancho, my purpose is to carry away the Treasure that I left buried; for because it is without the Town, I may doe it without danger, and write from Valencia, to my Wife and Daughter that I know are in Argiers, and contrive how I may bring them to some Port of France, and from thence carry them into Germany, where we will expect how God will please to dispose of us: for indeed, Sancho, I know certainely, that Ricota my Daughter, and Francisca Ricota my Wife are Catholike Christians: and though I bee not

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altogether so, yet I am more Christian then Moore; and my desire to God alwaies is, to open the eyes of my understanding, and to let me know how I may serve him.

And all I admire, is, that my Wife and Daughter should rather go into Barbarie, then into France, where they might have lived as Christians.

To which Sancho said, Look you, Ricote, perhaps they could not doe withall: for Iohn Tyopeio your wives Brother carried them: and he (belike) as he was a ranke Moore, would go where he thought best, and I can tell you more, I thinke tis in vaine for you to seeke what you left hidden: for we had newes that your Brother in law and your Wife had many Pearls taken from them, and a great deale of gold which was not registred.

That may very well be, Sancho, quoth Ricote: but I know they touched not my treasure. For I would not tell them where it was hidden, as fearing some mis-hap; and therefore if thou wilt come with me, Sancho, and help me to take it out and conceale it, Ile give thee two hundreth Crownes to the reliefe of thy necessities, for thou knowest, I know thou hast many.

Were I covetous (quoth Sancho) I would yeeld to this; and were I so, this morning I left an Office, which had I kept, I might have made my house walles of gold, and within one sixe moneths have eaten in silver dishes: so that partly for this, and partly not to bee a Traitour to my King, in favouring his enemies, I will not goe with thee, though thou wouldst give mee foure hundreth Crownes.

And what Office was that thou leftest Sancho? quoth Ricote.

I left to be Governour of an Iland (quoth Sancho) and such a one, that yfaith in three Bow-shootes againe you shall scarce meet with such another.

And where is this Iland? said he. Where? quoth Sancho. Why, two Leagues off, and it is called the Iland Barataria.

Peace, Sancho, quoth Ricote: for your Ilands are out in the Sea, you have no Ilands in the *Terra Firma*.

No? quoth Sancho. I tell you, friend Ricote, this

morning I left it; and yesterday I governed in it at my pleasure like a Sagittarius: but yet I left it, as thinking the Governours Office to be dangerous.

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And what have you gotten by it? quoth Ricote. I have gotten (said he) this experience, that I am not fit to governe ought but a Herd of Cattel, and that in those kinde of Governments there is no wealth gotten, but with labour, toyle, losse of sleepe and sustenance: for in your Ilands your Governours fare very ill; especially if they have Phisicions that looke to their health.

I understand thee not, Sancho, quoth Ricote: but me thinkes thou talkest without sense: for who would give thee Ilands to governe? want there in the world more able men then thou to be Governours? Peace, Sancho, and returne to thy wits, and see if thou wilt goe with me, as I have said, and help me take out the Treasure that I have hidden, for it may very well bee called a Treasure; and I will give thee sufficient to maintaine thee.

I have told thee, Ricote, quoth Sancho, that I will not: let it suffice, I will not discover thee, and goe on thy way, on Gods name, and leave me to mine: for I know that what is well gotten, is lost; but what is ill gotten, it and the Owner too.

I will not be too earnest with thee, said hee: but tell mee, wast thou in our towne, when my Wife, my Daughter, and my Brother in law departed? Marry was I (quoth Sancho) and I can tell you, your Daughter shewed so beautifull, that all the Towne went out to see her: and every one said shee was the fairest creature in the world: shee went weeping, and embraced all her friends and acquaintances, and as many as came to see her, and intreated all to recommend her to God, and this so feelingly, that shee made mee weepe, that am no Bel-weather: and yfaith many had a good minde to have concealed her, and to take her away upon the way: but feare of resisting the Kings commandement, made them abstaine: he that shewed himselfe most enamoured, was Don Pedro Gregorio, that Youth, the rich heyre that you know very well; he, they say, loved

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her very much, and since she went, was never seene more in our Towne, and we all thought, hee followed to steale her away: but hitherto there is nothing knowne.

I alwayes suspected (quoth Ricote) that this Gentleman loved my Daughter: but being confident in Ricota's worth, it never troubled me, to know that he loved her well: for I am sure, Sancho, thou hast heard say, that Morisca women seldome or never for love married with old Christians: and so my Daughter, who, as I beleeve, rather tended her soules health then to bee enamoured, cared little for this rich heires solliciting.

God grant it, quoth Sancho: for it would be very ill for them both: and now, Ricote, let me goe from hence, for I meane this night to see my Master Don Quixote.

God be with thee, Brother Sancho: for now my companions are stirring, and it is time to be on our way: and straight both of them tooke leave; and Sancho gate upon Dapple, and Ricote leant on his Pilgrims Staffe; and so both departed.

CHAPTER LV

Of matters that befell Sancho by the way, and others the best in the world.

SANCHO'S long stay with Ricote was the cause that he reached not that day to the Dukes Castle, though hee came within halfe a League of it, where the night tooke him, somewhat darke and close: but being Summer time, it troubled him not much, and therefore hee went out of the way, purposing to rest till the morning: but as ill lucke would have it, seeking a place, where he might best accommodate himselfe, hee and Dapple fell into a most

darke and deepe pit, which was amongst certain ruinous buildings; and as he was falling, he recommended himselfe with al his heart to God, thinking he should not stop till hee came to Hell, but it fell out otherwise: for within a little more then three fathoms length, Dapple felt ground, and he sate still upon him without any hurt or damage received.

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He felt all his body over, and held in his breath, to see if hee were sound, or pierced any where: but seeing himselfe well and whole, and in Catholike health, he thought hee could never praise God sufficiently for the favour hee had done him; for he thought verily he had bin beaten into a thousand pieces: he went likewise, groping with his hands about the walls of the pit to see if it were possible to get out without help, but he found them all smooth, without any place to lay hold on, which grieved him very much, especially when hee heard Dapple cry out tenderly and dolefully, and no marvell: for it was not for wantonnes, he saw himselfe in a pitifull taking.

Alas, quoth Sancho then, and what sodaine and unthought of accidents befall men that live in this miserable world? who would have supposed, that he, who yesterday saw himselfe inthronized Governor of an Iland, commanding servants and Vassals, should to day bee buried in a Pit, without any bodies help, without Servant or Vassall comming to succour him?

Heere I and my Asse are like to perish with hunger, if so bee that first wee die not; he with his bruise, and I with griefe and anguish: at least I shall not bee so happy, as my Master Don Quixote was, when hee descended and went downe into that enchanted Cave of Montesino's, where hee found better welcome then if he had beene at his owne house; and it seemed hee found the cloth ready layd, and his bed made: there saw hee goodly and pleasant Visions; and heere (I beleeve) I shall see nothing but Toads and Snakes: unfortunate that I am, what is my madnesse and folly come too? My bones will bee fetcht out from hence (when it shall please heaven that I am found) white and smooth, the flesh pickt off, and my trustie Dapples with them: whereupon

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peradventure it shall bee knowne who we are, at least by those that shall take notice, that Sancho and the Asse never parted, nor the Asse from Sancho. Againe, I say, Vnhappy wee! our ill fortune would not, that wee should dye in our Countrey, and amongst our friends, where though our misfortune had found no redresse; yet we should not have wanted pitie, and at last gaspe we should have had our eyes closed. Oh Companion mine and friend, how ill have I rewarded thy honest service? Pardon me: and desire Fortune in the best manner thou canst, to deliver us from this miserable toyle in which we are both put: and I heere promise to set a Crowne of Lawrell on thy head, that thou shalt looke like a Poet Lawreat, and I will double thy Provender-allowance.

Thus Sancho lamented, and his Asse hearkened to him, without answering a word; such was the strait and anguish in which the poore Scab found himselfe.

Finally, having passed over the whole night in complaints and lamentations, the day came on, with whose cleerenesse and splendor, Sancho saw that there was no maner of possibility to get out of that Well, without help, and he began to lament and make a noise to see if any body heard him: but all his crying out was as in a Desart: for in all the Countrey round about, there was none to hearken to him; and then Dapple lay with his mouth open, and Sancho thought he had been dead: yet hee so handled the matter, that he set him upon his legges, and taking a piece of bread out of his Wallets (which had runne the same fortune with them) he gave it his Asse, which came not amisse to him; and Sancho said to him, as if hee had understood it, Sorrowes great are lessened with meate.

By this he discovered on the one side of the Pit a great hole, whereat a man might passe thorow, crooking and stooping a little. Sancho drew to it, and squatting down, entred in, and saw that within it, was large and spacious, and he might well discerne it: for by a place that you might call the roofe, the Sun-beame entered in, that discovered it all: he saw likewise that it was enlarged by another spacious

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concavitie: which when he saw, he turned backe againe to his Asse, and with a stone began to pull downe the earth of the Hole, and in a little while made way for his Asse to goe out, which he did, and Sancho leading him by the Halter, went forward along the Cave, to see if hee could finde any egresse on the other side; sometimes he went darke-long and without light: but never without feare. Lord God, said he, this, that to me is a misfortune, were to my Master Don Quixote a famous Adventure: he would think these profundities and Dungeons, were flowry Gardens, and Galiana's Palaces, and hee would hope to get out of this straightnesse and darknesse into some flowry field: but I unfortunate, ill-advised, and faint-hearted, thinke that every moment I shall fall into a deeper profunditie then this former, that will swallow mee downe-right: Tis a good ill that comes alone. In this manner, and in this imagination he thought he had gone somwhat more then halfe a League; and at last he discovered a kinde of Twy-light, as if it had been day, and came in at some open place, which seemed to open an entrance to another world.

Heere Cid Hamete Benengeli leaves him, and turnes againe to treat of Don Quixote, who, jocund and contented, expected the prefixed time, for the Combate hee was to performe with the dishonourer of Donna Rodriguez Daughter, and thought to rectifie the wrong and uncouth turne shee had done her.

It fell out then, that going out one morning to exercise and practise against the traunce in which ere long hee was to see himselfe; fetching up Rosinante with a full Carrere, hee came close to a Caves mouth; that had he not reined him in hard, it had been impossible but he must have falne into it.

Well, he stopt him, and fell not in: and comming somewhat neerer, without alighting, lookt into that depth, and beholding of it, heard a great noise within, and hearkening attentively, he might perceive and understand, that he that made it, cryed out, Ho, above there, is there any Christian that heares me? or any charitable Gentleman that will take

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pitie of a sinner buried alive? of an unhappy ungovern'd Governour?

Don Quixote thought hee heard Sancho Pansa's voice, at which he was in suspence and affrighted: but raising his voice as high as he could, he said, Who is below there? who is that cryes out? Who should be here? or who should cry out, they answered, but the weather-beaten Sancho Pansa Governour with a Pox to him, for his ill errantrie of the Iland Barataria, Squire sometime to the famous Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha?

When Don Quixote heard this, his admiration was doubled, and his astonishment increased, as thinking Sancho Pansa might be dead, and that his soule was there doing penance: and carried with this imagination, he said, I conjure thee by all I may, as I am a Catholike Christian, that thou tell mee who thou art: and if thou beest a soule in penalty, tell mee what thou wilt have mee doe for thee: for since my profession is to succour and help the needy of this world, it shall alwayes bee so to help and ayde the needie in another world, that cannot help themselves.

Then said they below, Belike, you that speake to me are my Master Don Quixote de la Mancha, and by the Organ of your voice can be no other.

Don Quixote I am, quoth he, that both ayde the living and dead in their necessities. Therefore tell mee who thou art; for thou amazest me: for if thou be Sancho Pansa my Squire, and that being dead, the Divel have not seyzed on thee, and by Gods mercie thou be in Purgatory, our holy Mother the Catholike Romane Church hath sufficient suffrages, to deliver thee from the paine thou endurest, and I with my wealth will sollicite all that I can: and therefore make an end, and tell mee who thou art.

Gods me, by whose birth so ever you will, Signior Don Quixote: I sweare I am your Squire Sancho Pansa, and I never dyed in all my life; but that having left my Government for matters and causes that must be told more at leisure; over-night I fell into this Pit, where I lye and Dapple too, who will prove me to be no lyar: for he is

heere with me: Will you any more? And it seemed, the Asse understood what Sancho said: for at the instant, hee began to bray so lowd, that all the Cave resounded.

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A famous witnesse, quoth Don Quixote, I know this Bray, as if I had brought it forth, and I heare thy voice, my Sancho: Stay, and Ile goe to the Dukes Castle that is heere hard by: and I will get some to help thee out of this Pit, into which thy sins have cast thee.

Goe, Sir (quoth Sancho) for Gods love, and returne quickly: for I can no longer endure to be buried heere alive, and I dye for feare. Don Quixote left him, and went to the Castle to let the Dukes know Sancho's mis-hap: at which they marvelled not a little, though they knew well enough how hee might fall in for the knowledge they had, time out of minde of that Vault: but they could not imagine how he had left his Government, they knowing nothing of his comming. Finally, they caused Ropes and Cables to be sent, and with much cost and labour of people, Sancho and Dapple were drawne out of that dismalnesse to the sunnes light. A Scholler saw him, and said, Thus should all bad Governors come out of their Governments, as this sinner doth out of this profound Abisme, pale dead for hunger, and (as I beleeve) without a crosse to blesse him with.

Sancho heard him, and said, 'Tis eight or ten dayes, Goodman Murmurer, since I began to governe the Iland; in all which I never eat bread that kept me from hunger one houre; in al that time Physicians have persecuted mee, and enemies have bruised my bones: neither have I had leisure to take bribes, or to recover my due; which being so, I deserved not (in my opinion) to come out in this manner: but man purposeth, and God disposeth: and God best knowes what each man needeth: and let every man fit himselfe to the times, and no man say, Ile drink no more of such a drinke: for where we thinke to fare well, there is oft ill usage. God Almighty knowes my minde, 'tis enough, and I say no more, though I could. Be not angry, Sancho, nor vext with what thou hearest, for so thou shalt never be in quiet: come with a good conscience, let um say what they

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Of matters that befell Sancho by the way, and others the best in the world.

will; for to bridle malicious tongues, is as much as to set gates in the High-way.

If a Governour come rich from his Government, they say he hath played the Thiefe: and if poore, that he hath been a weake unable Coxcombe.

I warrant you (quoth Sancho) this bout, they shall rather hold me to be a Cox-combe then a Thiefe. With this discourse they went toward the Castle hemmed in with many boyes, and other people; where the Duke and Duchesse were in certaine running Galleries, expecting Don Quixote and Sancho: who, before he would goe up to see the Duke, would first accommodate Dapple in the Stable: for he said he had had a marvellous ill night on't at their lodging; and so straight he went up to see his Lords, before whom upon his knees, he said; I, my Lords, because your Greatnesses would needs have it so, without any desert of mine, went to govern your Iland Barataria; into which, naked I entred, and naked come I out, I neither win nor lose, whether I governed well or ill, heere be witnesses present to say what they please: I have resolved Doubts; sentenced Causes, and have been ready to be starved; because Master Doctor Pedro Rezio, borne at Tirteafuera, would have it so, that Iland and Governourish Physician; enemies set upon us by night: and having put us in great danger, they of the Iland say that they were freed, and got the victory, by the valour of my arme; such health God send them, as they tell truth herein.

In fine, I have summed up all the burdens and the cares that this governing brings with it, and finde by my account, that my shoulders cannot beare them; neither are they a weight for my ribbes, nor Arrowes for my quiver: and therefore, lest I should be cast away in my Government, I have cast it away, and since yesterday morning I left the Iland as I found it, with the same streets, houses, and roofes that it had when I came into it.

I have borrowed nothing of no body, nor hoorded up any thing: and though I thought to have made some profitable Ordinances, yet I did not, as fearing they would not be kept, which is as much as if they had never been made.

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Of matters that befell Sancho by the way, and others the best in the world.

I left the Iland (as I say) without any bodies accompanying me, but Dapple: I fell into a Pit, went forward in it, untill this morning by the Sunnes light I got out: but not so easily; for if heaven had not provided mee my Master Don Quixote, there I had stucke till the end of the world.

So that my Lords, Duke and Duchesse, here is Sancho Pansa your Governour, that hath onely learnt to know in these ten daies that he hath govern'd, that he cares not for governing, not an Iland, nay were it the whole world: this presupposed, kissing your Honours hands, imitating *boyes play, that cry, Leape thou, and then let me leape: So I leape from the Government, and passe againe to my Master Don Quixotes service: for in fine, though with him I eate my victuals sometimes in feare, yet I have my belly full; and so that be, all 's one to me, that it be with Carrets, or with Partridge. With this, Sancho ended his tedious discourse: Don Quixote fearing alwayes that he would blunder out a thousand fopperies: but seeing him end with so few, he thanked Heaven in his heart: and the Duke embraced Sancho, and said, He was sorry in his soule that he left the Government so quickly: but that he would cause some Office of lesse trouble, and more profit in his estate to be given him: the Duchesse likewise embraced him, and commanded hee should bee made much of, for he seemed to be much wearied, and to be worse entreated.

*Like our Trusse or faile.

THE SECOND PART OF THE

CHAPTER LVI

Of the unmercifull and never seene battel that passed betwixt Don Quixote and the Lackey Tosilos, in defence of the Matron Donna Rodriguez Daughter.

THE Dukes repented them not of the jest that was put upon Sancho in the Government which they gave him; especially, because that very day their Steward came, and told them very punctually all the words and actions, that Sancho both did and said in that time: and finally, so describ'd the assault of the Iland, and so set our Sancho's feare, and his sallie, that they received no small delight.

After this, the History tels us, that the day of the prefixed battaile came, and the Duke having oft instructed his Lackey Tosilos how he should behave himselfe with Don Quixote to overcome him, without killing or wounding him: hee gave order that their Pikes should bee taken from their Lances, telling Don Quixote, that Christianitie (which he preferred) permitted not, that that battel should be with so much hazzard and danger of their lives: and that it was enough that he granted him free Lists in his Countrey, though it were against the Decree of the holy Councell, that prohibites such challenges; yet hee would not put that matter so strictly in execution.

Don Quixote bade his Excellency dispose of that businesse as he pleased, and that he would obey him in all.

The fearefull day being come, the Duke commanded that there should be a spacious Scaffold set up in the place where the Iudges of the Lists might stand; and the Matron and her daughter the Plaintiffes.

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Of the unmercifull and never seene battel that passed betwixt Don Quixote and the Lackey Tosilos, etc.

There repaired a world of people, from all the townes, and neighbouring Villages, to see the noveltie of that battaile, who never saw, nor ever heard tell of the like in that Countrey; neither the living, nor those that were dead. The first that entred the field and Lists, was, the Master of the Ceremonies, who measured out the ground, and passed all over it, that there might be no deceit, nor any hidden thing to make them stumble or fall: by and by the women entred, and sate downe in their seates, with their mantles over their eyes and brests, with shews of no small resenting, Don Quixote present in the Lists.

A while after, the Grand Lackey Tosilos, appear'd on one side of the large place, accompanied with many Trumpets, and upon a lusty Courser, sinking the very ground under him: his Visor was drawn, and he was all arraied in strong and shining Armor, his horse was Frizeland, well spred, of colour flea-bitten, each fet-locke having nine and twenty pound of wooll upon it. The valiant Combatant came, well instructed by his Master, how he should demeane himselfe with the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, advertized that he should by no meanes kill him, but that he should strive to shunne the first encounter, to excuse the danger of his death which was certaine, if he met him full butte. He paced over the place, and comming where the Matron was, he stayed a while to behold her that demanded him for her husband. The Master of the Lists called Don Quixote, that had now presented himselfe in the place, and together with Tosilos: he spoke to the women, asking them, if they agreed that Don Quixote de la Mancha should undertake their cause. They said, I, and that they allowed of all he should in that case performe, for firm and availeable.

By this the Duke and Duchesse were set in a Gallery, which looked just to the Lists, all which was covered with aboundance of people, that expected to see the rigorous trance never seene.

The conditions of the Combatant was, That if Don Quixote overcame his Contrary, he should marry with

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Of the unmercifull and never seene battel that passed betwixt Don Quixote and the Lackey Tosilos, etc.

Donna Rodriguez daughter; and that if he were overcome, his Contendor was freed from his promise given, and not tyed to any satisfaction. The Master of the Ceremonies divided the Sunne betweene them, and set each of them in their places. The Drums strooke up, and the sound of Trumpets filled the ayre, the earth shooke under them, and the hearts of the spectator troope, were in suspence, some fearing, others expecting the good or ill successe of this matter.

Finally, Don Quixote recommending himselfe heartily to God and his Mistresse Dulcinea del Toboso, stood looking when the precise signe of the encounter shuld be given: but our Lackey was in another mind, he thought upon what now I will tell you. It seemes, that as he stood looking upon his enemy, she seemed to him to be the fairest woman in the world, and the little blind boy, whom up and down the streets folke call Love, would not lose the occasion offered, to triumph upon a Lackeyan soule, and to put it in the list of his Trophies: and so comming to him, faire and softly, without any body perceiving him, he clapped a flight two yards long into his left side, and strooke his heart thorow and thorow, and he might safely doe it; for love is invisible, and goes in and out where he list, no body asking him any account of his actions. Let me tell you then, that when the signe of the on-set was given, our Lackey was transported, thinking on the beauty of her that hee had made mistresse of his liberty, and so he tooke no notice of the Trumpets sound, as did Don Quixote, who scarce heard it, when he set spurres, and with as full speed as Rosinante would permit, went against his enemy, and his good Squire Sancho Pansa, seeing him depart, cryed out aloud, God guide thee, Creame and Flower of Knights Errant, God give thee the victory, seeing thou hast right on thy side: and though Tosilos saw Don Quixote come toward him, yet hee moved not a whit from his place, but rather aloud called the Master of the Lists, who comming to see what he would have, Tosilos said,

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Sir, doth not this battell consist in my marrying, or not marrying with that Gentlewoman? Yes, it was answered him. Well then (quoth the Lackey) I am scrupulous of Conscience, which would much be burthened, if this battell should proceed: And therefore I say, I yeeld my selfe vanquished, and will marry this Gentlewoman presently.

The Master of the Lists wondred at Tosilos reasons; and as he was one of those that knew of the contriving that businesse, could not answer him a word.

Don Quixote stopped in the middest of his Careere, seeing his enemy met not.

The Duke knew nothing why the Combat should not goe forward; but the Master of the Lists went to tel him what Tosilos said, at which he was in suspence, and extreamly cholericke.

Whilest this happened, Tosilos came where Donna Rodriguez was, and cried aloud, Mistresse, Ile marry your daughter, and therefore will never strive for that with suites and contentions, which I may have peaceably, and without danger of death.

The valorous Don Quixote heard this, and sayd; Seeing 'tis so, and that I am loosed and free from my promise, let them marry on Gods name, and since God hath given her him, S. Peter blesse her.

The Duke now came down into the Place, and comming to Tosilos, said; Is it true, Knight, that you yeeld your selfe vanquished, and that instigated by your timorous Conscience, you will marry that maid? I, Sir, quoth Tosilos.

He doth very well, quoth Sancho then, for that thou wouldst give the Mouse, give the Cat, and he will free thee from trouble.

Tosilos began now to unlace his Helmet, and desired them to help him apace, for his spirits and his breath failed him, and he could not endure to see himselfe so long shut up in that narrow chamber. They undid it apace, and now the Lackeyes face was plainely discovered. Which when Donna Rodriguez and her daughter saw, they cried out, saying:

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Of the unmercifull and never seene battel that passed betwixt Don Quixote and the Lackey Tosilos, etc.

This is coozenage, this is coozenage: they have put Tosilos my Lord the Dukes Lackey in stead of our true husband: Iustice from God and the King, for such malice, not to say, villany.

Grieve not your selves, Ladies, quoth Don Quixote; for this is neyther malice nor villany, and if it be, the Duke is not in fault, but wilde Enchanters that persecute me: who envying that I should get the glory of this conquest, have converted the face of your Husband into this, which you say is the Dukes Lackey: take my counsell, and in spight of the malice of my enemies, marry him, for doubtlesse 'tis he that you desire to have to husband.

The Duke that heard this, was ready to burst all his choller into laughter, and said; The things that happen to Signior Don Quixote are so extraordinary, that it makes me believe this is not my Lackey: but let us use this slight and device, let us defer the marriage onely one fifteene daies, and keepe this personage that holds us in doubt, locked up, in which perhaps he will returne to his pristine shape; for the rancor that Enchanters beare Signior Don Quixote, will not last so long, they gaining so little by these coozenages and transformations they use.

O sir, quoth Sancho, these wicked Elves doe usually change one thing into another in my Masters affaires: not long since they changed a Knight he conquered, called The Knight of the Looking-glasses, into the shape of the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, borne in our towne, and our speciall friend, and they turned my Mistresse Dulcinea del Toboso into a rusticke clowne: and so I imagine this Lackey will live and die so, all daies of his life.

To which (quoth Rodriguez daughter) Let him be who hee will that demands mee to wife (I thanke him) I had rather be lawfull wife to a Lackey, then a Paramour to be mocked by a Gentleman, though besides he that abused me is none.

The upshot of all was, that Tosilos should be kept up, till they saw what became of his transformation. All cried, Don Quixote's was the victory, and the most were sad and

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melancholy, to see that the expected Combatants had not beaten one another to pieces; as boyes are sad, when the party they looke for, comes not out to be hanged, when eyther the contrary, or the Iustice pardons him.

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The people departed, and the Duke and the Duchesse returned, and Don Quixote with them to the Castle, Tosilos was shut up, Donna Rodriguez and her daughter were most happy, to see that one way or other, that businesse should end in marriage, and Tosilos hoped no lesse.

CHAPTER LVII

How Don Quixote tooke his leave of the Duke, and what befell him with the witty wanton Altisidora, the Duchesses Damozell.

NOW it seemed good to Don Quixote, to leave the idle life hee had in the Castle, thinking it a great wrong to his person, to be shut up, and lazy amongst so many delights and dainties as were offered to him as a Knight Errant by those Nobles, and he thought hee was to give a strict account to Heaven for that idlenesse and retirement, and so asked licence one day of the Dukes to depart: which they gave him, but seemed to be very sorrowfull that hee would leave them. The Duchesse gave Sancho Pansa his wives Letters, who wept in them, and said, Who would have thought that such great hopes as the newes of my Government, engendred in my Wife Teresa Pansa's brest, should stop in this, that I must return to my Master Don Quixote's dragged Adventures? For al that, I am glad to see that my Teresa was like her selfe, by sending the Acorns to the Duchesse, which if she had not sent, I being

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sorry she had shewed her selfe ungratefull: my comfort is, that this kinde of Present could not be called a bribe; for I had my Government before she sent it, and tis very fit that they who receive a benefit, though it be but in trifles, shew themselves thankefull. In effect, naked I came into the Government, and naked I goe out of it, and therefore I may say (which is no small matter) with a safe Conscience, Naked was I born, naked I am, I neyther win nor lose. This Sancho discoursed with himselfe at the time when he was to depart, and Don Quixote going out, (having taken his leave the night before of the Dukes) one morning he presented himselfe all armed in the Castle Court, all the people of the house beheld him from the Galleries, and the Dukes too went out to see him. Sancho was upon his Dapple, with his Wallets, his Cloakbagge, and his Sumpter-provision most frollike; for the Dukes Steward, he that had beene Trifaldis, gave him a purse with two hundred crownes in gold, to supply his wants by the way, and yet Don Quixote knew nothing of this.

Whilest all were thus beholding him, unlookt for, amongst other Matrons and Damozells of the Duchesses, the witty and wanton Altisidora beheld him, and with a wofull voyce said;

Hearken, O thou wicked Knight,
Hold a little backe thy reines;
Doe not so bestirre the flanke,
Of thy most ungovern'd beast.
False, behold, thou fliest not
From a Serpent that is fierce,
No; but from a little Lambe,
Lacks not much of being a Sheepe.
Horrid Monster, th' hast abused
The most beauteous Damozell,
That Diana in hills hath seene,
Or Venus in woods beheld.
Cruel Virenus, Æneas fugitive,
Barrabas take thee, never maist thou thrive.

Thou carriest (Oh ill carrying)
In thy wicked clutching pawes,
Th' entrailes of an humble one,

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Tender and enamoured.
Three night-caps hast thou borne hence,
And a paire of garters too,
That doe equall Marble pure,
For their smoothnesse, white and blacke.
Two thousand sighes thou bearest away,
Which, were they but fire, they might
Set on fire two thousand Troyes,
(If two thousand Troyes there were.)
Cruell Virenus, Æneas fugitive,
Barabbas take thee, never maist thou thrive.

Of thy Squire that Sancho he,
May his entrailes be so tough,
And so hard that Dulcine-
a may not dis-enchanted be.
For the fault that thou hast made,
Let poore she the burden beare,
For the just, for wrongers doe
Sometimes in my Countrey pay.
Let thy best Adventures all,
Into mis-adventures turne:
All thy pleasure to a dreame,
Firmenesse to forgetfulnesse.
Cruell Virenus, Æneas fugitive,
Barabbas take thee, never maist thou thrive.

Maist thou false accounted be,
From Sevil to Marchena,
From Granada unto Loia,
From *London to England.
Whenso'ere thou plai'st at Trumpe,
At Primera, or at Saint,
Never mai'st thou see a King,
Aces, sevens fly from thee.
If thou chance to cut thy Cornes,
Maist thou wound till bloud doe come:
Also let the stumps remaine,
If thou plucke out hollow teeth.
Cruell Virenus, Æneas fugitive,
Barabbas take thee, never mai'st thou thrive.

*Though these Verses were made on purpose, to be absurd; yet sure the authoritie heere fell into the common absurditie, that I have knowne many of his Countreymen doe, which is that England is in London, and not *Vice Versa*.

Whil'st the grieved Altisidora thus lamented, Don Quixote beheld her, and without answering a word, turning to Sancho, he said; By thy fore-fathers lives, I conjure thee, my Sancho, that thou tell me one truth: tell me happily, hast thou

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the three Night-caps, and the Garters that this enamoured Damozell speakes of? To which, quoth Sancho, the three Caps I have: but for your Garters, as sure as the Sea burnes.

The Duchesse wondred at Altisidora's loosenesse: for though shee held her to bee bold, witty, and wanton; yet shee never thought she would have proceeded so farre: and knowing nothing of this jest, her admiration was the greater.

The Duke meant to second the sport, and therfore said, I doe not like it well, Sir Knight; that having received this good entertainment that hath been made you in my Castle, you should presume to carry away three Night-caps at least; if it were but only my Damozels Garters, 'tis a signe of a false heart, not suteable to your Honour, and therefore restore her Garters: if not, I challenge you to a mortall combate, and Ile not feare that your Elvish Enchanters will trucke or change my face as they have done my Lackey Tosilos, that was to have fought with you.

God forbid (quoth Don Quixote) that I should unsheath my sword against your most Illustrious Person, from whom I have received so many favours. The Night-caps I will restore: for Sancho sayes he hath them; the Garters 'tis impossible, for neither he nor I received them: and if this your Damozell will looke into her corners, I warrant her she finds them. I, my Lord, was never Thiefe, nor never thinke I shall as long as I live, if God forsake me not. This Damozell speakes (as shee pleaseth) as being enamoured on what I am not faulty of: and therefore I have no reason to aske forgivenesse, neither of her, nor your Excellency, whom I beseech to have a better opinion of me: and againe, I desire your Licence to bee upon my way.

God send you, Signior Don Quixote, quoth the Duchesse, so good a journey, that wee may alwayes heare happy newes of your brave exploits, and so God be with you: for the longer you stay, the more you increase the flames in the Damozels hearts that behold you: and for mine, Ile punish her so, that hence-forward she shall neither mis-behave her

selfe in looke or action. Heare me then but a word, oh valorous Don Quixote, (quoth Altisidora) which is, that I cry thee mercy for the theft of my garters; for in my soule and conscience I have them on, and I have falne into the same carelesnesse of his, that looked for his Asse when he rode upon him.

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Did not I tell you, quoth Sancho, I am a fit Youth to conceale thefts? for had I beene so, I had in two bouts fit occasions in my Government.

Don Quixote inclined his head, and made an obeysance to the Dukes and by-standers, and turning Rosinantes reines, Sancho following him on Dapple, he went out of the Castle, taking his way towards Saragosa.

CHAPTER LVIII

Of Adventures that came so thicke and three-fold on Don Quixote, that they gave no respit one to the other.

WHEN Don Quixote saw himselfe in open field, free and un-cumbred from Altisidora's wooing, hee thought himselfe in his Center, and that his spirits were renued, to prosecute his new project of Chivalrie; and turning to Sancho, said;

Liberty, Sancho, is one of the preciousest gifts that heaven hath given men, the treasure that the earth encloseth, and the Sea hides, cannot be equalized to it. Life ought to be hazarded, as well for liberty, as for a mans honor; and by the contrary, Captivity is the greatest evil that can befall men. This I tell thee, Sancho, because thou hast well observed the cheere and plenty wee have had in the Castle we left. Well, in the

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middest of those savoury banquets, and those drinkes cooled with snow, me thought I was straitned with hunger; for I enjoyed nothing with the liberty I should have done, had it beene mine owne; for the obligations of recompencing benefits and favours received, are tyes that curbe a free minde. Happy that man, to whom heaven hath given a piece of bread, without obligation to thank any else, but heaven alone.

For all that (quoth Sancho) tis not fit for us to be unthankfull for two hundred Crowns that we have received in gold, which the Dukes Steward gave me in a purse, which I carry as a comforting Cordiall next my heart for what may fall out; for wee shall not alwaies finde Castles where we shall be much made on; sometimes wee shall meete with Inns, where wee shall bee cudgelled.

In these and such like discourses went the Errants on, Knight and Squire, when they saw (having gone about halfe a league) upon the grasse of a greene medow, some dozen men, with their cloakes spred at dinner, clad like husbandmen; somwhat neere them, they had, as it were, white sheetes, with which they covered something underneath: they were set up-right, and stretcht at length, and put a pretty distance one from another.

Don Quixote came to those that were eating, and saluting them first courteously, he asked them what was under that linnen? One of them answered him, Sir, under this linnen there be certaine Images of Embossed worke in wood, which must serve in a shew we make in our village: we carry them covered, that they may not be sullied, and on our shoulders, that they be not broken. If you please (quoth Don Quixote) I should be glad to see them; for Images carried so charily, doubtlesse are good ones. Good (quoth one) if they be not, let their price speake, for there is none of them but cost fifty Ducats; and that you may see tis true, pray stay, and you shall see it with your eyes: and rising, hee left his dinner, and went to uncover the first Image, which shewed to be Saint George on horsebacke, with a winding Serpent at his feet, and his Lance runne thorow the throat of it, with the

fiercenesse he useth to be painted with: all the Images seemed to be of pure gold. And Don Quixote seeing it, said, This Knight was one of the best Errants that the divine Warre-fare had, his name was Saint George, and he was a wonderfull defender of Damozels. Let's see this next. The man discovered it, and it seemed to be Saint Martin on Horse-backe, that divided his cloake with the poore man, and Don Quixote no sooner saw it, but he said, This Knight also was one of our Christian Adventurers, and I believe he was more liberall then valiant, as thou maist see, Sancho, by his dividing his cloake, and giving the poore man halfe, and doubtlesse it was then Winter; for had it beene Summer, he would have given him all, hee was so charitable.

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Not so, quoth Sancho, but he stucke to the Proverb, To give and to have, doth a braine crave.

Don Quixote laughed, and desired them to take away another piece of linnen, under which was the Image of the Patrone of Spaine on Horse-backe, his sword bloudied, trampling on Moores, and treading on heads: and Don Quixote seeing it, said, I marry, Sir, heere's a Knight indeed, one of Christs Squadrons, this is called Don Saint Diego, Moore-killer, one of the valiantest Saints and Knights in the world, then, or in heaven now. Then they discovered another piece, which shewed Saint Paul his falling from his horse, with al the circumstances usually painted in the Table of his Conversion: when he saw him so lively, as if you would say, Christ were then speaking to him, and Paul answering, he said, This was the greatest enemy that the Church of God had in a long time, and the greatest Defender that ever it shall have, a Knight Errant in his life-time, and a quiet Saint in his death, a restlesse labourer in the Vineyard of the Lord, a Doctor of Nations, whose schoole was Heaven, and Christ himselfe his Reader and Instructer. Now there were no more Images: and so Don Quixote commanded them to cover them again, and said to those that carried them, I hold it for a propitious signe, Brethren, to have seene what I have seene: for those

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Saints and Knights were of my profession, which is, to exercise Armes; onely the difference betweene them and me is, that they were Saints, and fought Divinely; I am a sinner, and fight humanely. They conquer'd heaven by force of their Armes (for heaven suffers force) and hitherto I know not what I conquer by the force of my sufferings: but if my Dulcinea del Toboso be once free from hers, my Fortune bettering it selfe, and my judgement repaired, perhaps I might take a better course then I doe.

God grant, and Sinne be deafe, quoth Sancho, strait.

The men wondred as well at Don Quixotes shape, as his discourse, and understood not one halfe, what it meant. They ended their dinner, and got up their Images, and taking leave of Don Quixote, they went on their way. Sancho admired afresh, as if he had never knowne his Master, at his knowledge, thinking there was no History in the world, or Accident, that he had not ciphered upon his nayle, and nailed in his memory, and said, Truely (Master mine) if this that hath befalne us to day may be called an Adventure, it hath beene one of the most delicious sweetest, that in all our peregrination hath befalne us; for wee are come out of it, without blowes or affrightment, or laying hands to our swords, or without beating the earth with our bodies, or being hungry: God be thanked that he hath let me see this with these eyes of mine.

Thou sayest well, Sancho, (quoth Don Quixote) but thou must know, the times are not alwaies alike, nor run on in one fashion, and that which the vulgar commonly calls Bodings, which are not grounded upon any naturall reason, ought to bee held, and reputed, and judged by a wise man for good lucke. One of your Wizards riseth in a morning, goes out of his house, meetes with a Frier of the blessed Order of S. Francis, and as if he had met with a Griffin, turnes his backe, and runs home againe. Tother Mendoza, hee spils the salt on the Table, and strait hath a melancholy sprinkled all over his heart, as if Nature were bound to shew signes of ensuing mis-chances, with things of so small moment as the aforesaid: The discreet Christians ought not

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to stand upon points, or to looke into the doings of heaven. Scipio comes into Africa, and leaping on shore, he stumbles; his Souldiers hold it for an ill signe: but he embracing the ground, said, Thou canst not flye from me, Africa, for I have fast hold on thee in mine Armes. So that Sancho, the meeting with these Images hath beene a most happy succesee to me.

I believe you (quoth Sancho) and pray tell me the cause why we Spaniards cry, Saint Iaques, and shut Spaine? is Spaine open troe, so that it needed be shut? or what ceremony is this?

Thou art most simple, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, and looke; This Grand Knight with the red Crosse, God hath given him to Spaine for a Patron and Protector, especially in the hard conflicts that the Moores and we had together; and therefore they invoke and call on him as their Protector in all their battels they give, and many times they have visibly seene him in them, overthrowing, trampling, destroying and killing Agaren Squadrons. Many examples could I produce to confirme this, out of the true Spanish Histories.

Sancho changed his discourse, and said to his Master, Sir, I do wonder at the loosenesse of Altisidora, the Duchesses Damozell; that same fellow called Love, hath bravely wounded and runne her thorow; they say he is a little blinde boy, that though he be bleare-eyed, or to say truer, blinde; takes the least heart for his mark, and hits it, and pierceth it with his Flight from one side to the other. I have also heard say, that in the modesty and warinesse of Damozels, his amorous arrows are headlesse and dull: but in this Altisidora, it seemes they are rather whetted, then dull. Looke you, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, Love hath no respect or limit in his dealing, and hath the same condition with Death, that as well sets upon the high Palaces of Kings, as the low Cottages of Shepheards, and when hee takes entire possession of a soule, the first thing he does, is to banish shame, without which, Altisidora declared her desires, that rather engendred in my brest confusion then pitty.

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Notable cruelty, (quoth Sancho) unheard-of thankelesnesse! I know for my part, that the least amorous reason of hers, would have humbled and made me her vassal; ah whoore-son, what a heart of marble, entrailes of brasse, and soule of rough-cast had you? but I cannot imagine what this Damozell saw in you, that should so vanquish her? what Gallantry? what courage? what conceit? what countenance? which of these alone, or all together enamoured her? for truly, truly, I behold you many times from head to foot, and I see more in you to affright, then to enamour: and having also heard say, that beauty is the first and principall part that doth enamour, you having none, I know not on what the poore soul was enamoured.

Marke, Sancho, (quoth Don Quixote) there be two kindes of beauty, one of the minde, the other of the body; that of the minde doth march, and is seene in the understanding, in honesty, in good proceeding, in liberality, in being well-bredde: and all these qualities are untamed, and may be in an ill-favoured man; and when the choyce is set upon this beauty, and not upon that of the body, it causeth love with more force and advantage. I see, Sancho, that I am not lovely, and yet I know too I am not deformed, and it is enough for an honest man, if he be not a monster, to be beloved, so I have the portions of the minde I have told thee of.

In these reasons and discourses they went, entring in at a wood that was out of the way, and sodainely, before they were aware, Don Quixote found himselfe entangled in nets of greene thread, that were set from one tree to another; and not imagining what it might be, he said to Sancho, Mee thinkes, Sancho, this Adventure of these Nets is one of the strangest that may be imagined; hang me, if the Enchanters that persecute me, meane not to intangle me in them, and to stop my way, in revenge of the rigour I have used toward Altisidora. Well, let them know that these Nets, were they of hardest Diamonds, as they are of greene thred; or stronger then that the jealous god of the Black-Smiths entangled Venus and Mars with, I would breake it, as if it were bull-

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Of Aduentures that came so thicke and three-fold on Don Quixote, that they gave no respit one to the other.

rushes or yarne: and striving to get forward, suddenly two most beautifull Shepheardesses comming from out the Thicket, appear'd before him, two, at least, attired like Shepheardesses, onely their loose Iackets and Coats were of fine cloth of gold, I say, their Kirtles were of Tissue; their haires hung loose over their shoulders, that for golden, might compare with the Sunne-beames: they were crowned with two Garlands woven with greene Bayes, and red-Flower gentle: their ages seemed to be not under fifteene, nor past eighteene.

This was a sight that astonisht Sancho, suspended Don Quixote, made the Sunne stop in his Careere to behold them, and held all the foure in marvellous silence. In fine, the first that spake, was one of the Shepheardesses, that said to Don Quixote, Hold, Gentlemen, and Breake not our Nets, that are spred there not to your hurt, but for our recreation; and because I know you will aske us why they are so put, and who we are, I will tell you briefly.

In a village some two leagues hence, where there are many Gentlemen of quality, and rich; amongst many acquaintances and kindred it was agreed, that the wives, sonnes and daughters, neighbours, friends, and kinsfolke, should joyne to make merry in this place, which is one of the pleasantest heere round about, forming as it were amongst us, a new and Pastorall Arcadia, clothing the maides like Shepheardesses, and the young men like Shepheards: two Eglogues we have studied, one of the famous Poet Garsilasso, and the other of that most excellent Poet Camoes in his own Mother Portugall Tongue, which hitherto we have not repeated. Yesterday was the first day we came hither, wee have our Tents, called Field-Tents, pitched amongst these trees, close by the brinke of a goodly running brooke, which fructifies all these medowes: last night wee did spread our nets on these trees, to catch the poore birds, that being allured with our call, should fall into them. If you please, Sir, to be our ghest, you shall be entertained liberally and courteously; for now into this place comes neyther sorrow nor melancholy. With this she was silent and said no more.

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To which Don Quixote answered; Truly, (fairest Lady) Actæon was not more astonisht or in suspence, when on the sodaine hee saw Diana bathing her selfe in the fountaine, then I have beene in beholding your beauty: I commend the manner of your pastime, and thanke you for your kinde offers, and if I may serve you, so I may be sure you will be obeyed, you may command me; for my profession is this, to shew my self thankfull, and a doer of good to all sorts of people, especially of the ranke that your person shewes you to be; and if those Nets, as they take up but a little piece of ground, should take up the whole world, I would seeke out new worlds to passe thorow, rather then breake them: and that you may give credit to this my exaggeration, behold, at least he that promiseth you this, is Don Quixote de la Mancha, if haply this name hath come to your hearing.

Ah sweet friend (quoth the other Shepheardesse) what good lucke is this? See'st thou this Gentleman before us? Well, let me tell thee, he is the valiantest, the most enamoured, and the most courteous in the world, if the History lye not and deceive us, which is in print, of his famous exploits which I have read: I hold a wager this honest fellow heere with him is, what call ye him? Sancho Pansa his Squire, that hath no fellow for his mirth.

'Tis true (quoth Sancho) I am that merry fellow, and that Squire you speake of, and this Gentleman is my Master, the very selfe same Don Quixote aforesaid and Historified.

Ah, quoth the other, let us intreat him, friend, to stay with us, for our friends and kindred will be infinitely glad of it, and I have heard tell as well as thou, of his worth and wit; and above all, they say of him, that he is the firmest and loyallest Amourist that is knowne, and that his Mistresse is one Dulcinea del Toboso, that beares the prize from all the beauties in Spaine.

With just reason she doth, quoth Don Quixote, if so be your matchlesse beauties put it not in controversie: Weary not your selves, Ladies, in detaining me; for the precise tyes of my profession will let me rest no where.

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By this there came a brother of one of the Shepheardesses, where the foure were as brave and gallant as they: they told him, that he which was with them, was the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the other Sancho his Squire, of whom he had notice, as having read his History.

The gallant Shepheard saluted him, desiring him to come with him to their Tents. Don Quixote was forced to consent, which he did. And now the Nets were drawne, and filled with divers little birds, who deceived with the color of them, fell into the danger they shun'd: there met in that place above thirty persons, all gallantly clad like Shepheards and Shepheardesses; and instantly they were made to know who Don Quixote was, and his Squire; at which they were not a little contented; for they had notice of him by his history: they came to the Tents, and found the Tables covered, rich, aboundant, and neate: they honour'd Don Quixote with the chiefe seate; all of them beheld him, and admir'd to see him.

Finally, the cloth beeing taken away, Don Quixote very gravely lifted up his voice, and said, Amongst the greatest sins there are committed (though some say Pride) yet I say, ingratitude is one, holding my selfe to the usuall saying, That Hell is full of the ungratefull. This sinne, as much as possible I could, I have sought to avoid ever since I had reason: and if I cannot repay one good turne with another, in stead of that, my desires are not wanting, and when they suffice not, I publish them: for hee that acknowledgeth and publisheth good turnes received, would also recompence them with others, if he could: for, for the most part, they that receive, are inferiour to those that give, and so God is above all; because hee is giver above all, and the gifts of men cannot be equall to Gods for the infinite difference betwixt them: and this straightnesse and barenes doth in some measure supply a thankefulnesse; I therefore beeing thankefull for the kindnesse I have heere received, and not able to correspond in the same proportion, containing my selfe in the narrow limits of my ability, offer what I may, and what I have from my Harvest: and therefore I say, that I will

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for two long dayes maintaine in midst of the Kings high-way toward Saragosa, that these Ladyes, counterfet Shepheardesses heere present, are the fairest and most courteous Damozels in the world, excepting onely the peerelesse Dulcinea del Toboso sole Mistris of my thoughts, with peace be it spoken to as many both hees and shees as heare me.

Which when Sancho heard, that had attentively listned, crying out, he said, Is it possible there can bee any body in the world, that dares say or sweare that this Master of mine is mad? Pray speake: You Gentleman Shepheards, is there any Countrey Vicar, be he never so wise, or never so good a Scholler, that can say what my Master hath said? or is there any Knight Errant, let him be never so much fam'd for his valour, that can offer what my Master hath heere offered?

Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and all enflamed and cholericke, said, Is it possible, O Sancho, that there is any body in the world that will say, Thou art not a Coxcombe, lined with the same, and hemmed with I know not what malice or knavery? Who bids thee meddle with my matters, in sifting out, whether I be wise or a jolt-head? Peace and not a word, but saddle Rosinante, if he be unsaddled, and let's put my offer in execution: for with the justice that I have on my side, thou maist presume, as many as I meet withall, are vanquished: and so with great fury, and in a terrible huffe hee rose from his Chayre, leaving all the by-standers in admiration, and in doubt whether they should hold him madde, or wise. Finally, they perswaded him, he should not thrust himselfe into such an engagement: for they acknowledged his thankfull goodwill, and that there needed no new demonstrations to know his valourous minde: for his exploits mentioned in his History were sufficient.

For all that, Don Quixote proceeded in his purpose, and mounted on Rosinante, buckling his shield to him, and taking his Launce, he got to the high-way, not farre from the greene Meddow. Sancho followed him upon Dapple, with all the Pastorall flocke, desirous to see what might be the issue of that arrogant, and never seene offer.

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Don Quixote being (as I have said) upon the way, he wounded the ayre with these words: Oh you Passengers, and way-faring Knights, Squires on foot, or on horseback, that either now passe this way, or are to passe in these two ensuing dayes, know, that Don Quixote de la Mancha, Knight Errant, is here ready to maintaine, that setting the beauty of the Mistris of my soule aside, Dulcinea del Toboso, the Nymphs that inhabit these Meddowes and Groves, are the fairest that may be: and he that is of a contrarie opinion, let him come; for heere I expect him.

Twice he repeated these selfe-same words, and twice they were not heard by any Adventurer: but his good lucke that directed his affaires better and better, so ordained, that a pretty while after, they might see a troope of horse-men upon the way, and many of them with Lances in their hands, all of them going in a heape together, and apace: they that were with Don Quixote, as soone as ever they saw them, turn'd their backs, and got farre enough out of the way: for they knew if they stayed, they might be in some danger, onely Don Quixote with an undaunted heart stood still; and Sancho Pansa warded himselfe with Rosinante's buttocks.

The troope of the Lances came on, and one that was formost cryed out alowd to Don Quixote, saying, Out of the way, madman: for these Buls will beate thee to pieces.

Goe to, ye skoundrels, quoth Don Quixote, your Buls shall not prevaile with me, though they were the fiercest that Xarama hath feeding on his Bankes: Confesse, ye Elves, all in one, that what I have proclaimed heere, is a truth, or else come and combate with me.

The Heards-man had no leisure to answere, nor Don Quixote to get out of the way, though he would: and so the troope of wilde Buls, together with the tame Kine, and the multitude of Heards-men, and others, that carried them to bee kept up in a towne, where they were the next day to bee baited, trampled over Don Quixote, Sancho, Rosinante and Dapple, tumbling them all downe upon the ground.

Sancho was bruised, Don Quixote astonisht, Dapple banged,

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and Rosinante not very Catholike: but in fine all of them gate up, and Don Quixote in all haste, sometimes stumbling, otherwhiles falling, began to runne after the whole Herd, crying alowd, Hold, Stay, ye Elvish crue; for one onely Knight expects you, who is not of that minde or opinion of those that say, To a flying enemy a silver bridge. But the hasty runners stayed never a whit the more for this; nor made any reckoning of his threats more then of last yeeres clouds.

Don Quixote being weary stayed him. So, fuller of anger then revenge, he sate in the way, expecting when Sancho, Rosinante, and Dapple should arrive. At length they came, and Master and man gat up; and without leave taking of the fained or counterfet Arcadia, with more shame then delight, they went onward their way.

CHAPTER LIX

Of an extraordinarie accident that befell Don Quixote; which may be held for an Adventure.

THE dust and wearinesse that Don Quixote and Sancho received from the unmannerly Buls, was recompenced with a cleere and running Fountaine, which they found in a coole Grove, on whose Margen leaving Rosinante and Dapple loose without a bridle or Halter, the two waybeaten, Master and Man sate downe. Sancho repaired to the Cup-boord of his Wallets, and tooke out of them that which he called his sawce, and rensed his mouth: Don Quixote washt his face, with which refreshing his faint spirits, recovered breath.

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Don Quixote ate nothing for pure griefe, neither durst Sancho touch any meate before him for pure mannerlinesse, and expected his Master should first bee his Taster: but seeing him carried on with his imaginations, not remembring to put a bit in his mouth, he never asked him: and over-running all kinde of manners, hee began to barrell up all the Bread and Cheese that was before him in his stomacke.

Eate, friend Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, hold life together; for thou hast more need then I, and leave mee to dye by the hands of my sorrowes, and the force of my mis-fortunes. I was borne, Sancho, to live dying, and thou, to dye eating: and that thou maist see I tell thee true; consider me printed in Histories, famous in Armes, well nurtured in mine Actions, respected by Princes, courted by Damozels: now at the end of all, when I hoped for Bayes, Triumphs and Crownes layd up and merited by my famous exploits: this morning I have seene my selfe trampled on and kicked, and bruised with the feet of base uncleane Beasts: the consideration of this duls my teeth, makes slow my grinders, and benummes my hands, and altogether bereaves me of my appetite; so that I thinke I shall dye with hunger, the cruellest of all deaths.

So that, quoth Sancho (not leaving his fast chewing) you will not allow of that Proverbe that sayes, Let Martha dye, so shee dye not empty: at least, I will not be cause of my death. I meane rather to doe as the Shoomaker doth, that stretcheth the Leather with his teeth, till he makes it reach as he list; Ile draw out my life by eating, till it come to the end that Heaven hath allotted it: and know, Sir, there is no greater madnesse in the world, then to despaire as you doe: and beleeve me, and after you have eaten, rest your selfe a little upon the Downe-beds of this greene grasse, and you shall see, that when you wake, you shall finde your selfe somewhat lightned.

Don Quixote tooke his counsell, taking his reasons to be rather Philosophicall, then senselesse, and said, If thou, O Sancho, wouldest doe, what I shall now tell thee for me, my

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lightsomenesse would be certaine, and my sorrowes not so great; which is, that whil'st I (obeying thy counsell) sleepe, thou goe out of the way a little, and with Rosinantes reines, turning thy flesh to the ayre, give thy selfe three or foure hundred lashes upon account of the three thousand, and so many that thou art to give for the dis-enchanting Dulcinea, which is no small pitie, that that poore Lady should be enchanted by thy carelesnesse and negligence.

There is much to be said in this businesse (quoth Sancho) let's both sleepe now, and God will provide afterward: Know, Sir, that this whipping in cold bloud, is a cruell thing, especially, if it light upon a weake body and worse fed; let my Lady Dulcinea have patience, for when she least thinkes of it, shee shall see me a very sieve with lashes, and till death all is life, I meane, I live with a desire to fulfill my promise.

Don Quixote giving him thankes, ate something, and Sancho a great deale, leaving the two continuall friends and companions, Rosinante and Dapple to their *liberum arbitrium*, disorderly feeding upon the pasture that was plentifull in that Meddow.

They awaked somewhat late, and up they got againe, and went on their way, making haste to come to an Inne, which seemed to be about a League off: I say an Inne: for Don Quixote called it so, contrary to his ordinary custom of calling all Innes Castles. Well, to it they come, they asked mine Oast, if there were any lodging. Hee answered, Yes, with all the commodiousnesse and provision that they might have in the Towne of Saragosa.

They alighted, and Sancho retired with his Sumptry into a Chamber of which the Oast gave him the Key: the Beasts hee carried to the Stable, and gave them their stint, and so went to see what Don Quixote (who sate by upon a Bench) would command him, giving God particular thankes, that that Inne had not appeared to him a Castle.

Supper time came on: so to their resting place they got.

Sancho asked mine Oast what he had for Supper? To which quoth he, Your mouth shall have measure, aske what

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you will? *for from the Birds of the ayre, to the Poultry of the earth, and the fishes of the Sea, that Inne was provided.

Not so much, quoth Sancho, for so we may have a couple of rosted Chickens, 'twill be enough: for my Master is weake stomackt, and eates little, and I am no very greedy-gut.

Mine Oast answered him, he had no Chickens, for the Kites had devoured them. Why then let's have a tender Pullet rosted, quoth he. A Pullet? My father as soone: trust me, trust mee, I sent above fiftie yesterday to the Citie to sell: saving Pullets aske what you will.

*A good Character, of a lying beggarly vaine-glorious Spanish Oast in generall.

Why then, quoth Sancho, you want no Veale, or Kid? We have none in the house now, said my Oast, for it is all spent: but by next weeke we shall have to spare.

The matter is mended (quoth Sancho.) I hold a wager all these wants are supplide with Egges and Bacon.

Assuredly (quoth mine Oast) here's fine doings with my ghest; I have told him, we have neither Pullet nor Hens, and yet he would have Egges. Run, if you will, to other dainties, and leave these gluttonnies.

Resolve us (Body of me, quoth Sancho) and tell me what we shall have, and leave you your running, mine Oast. The Oast said, The very truth is, I have two Neats-feet, like Calves-feet; or two Calves-feet, like Neats-feet, they are sod with their Pease, Bacon, and Onyons: and just at this instant cry, Come eate me, Come eate me.

For mine I marke them henceforward, quoth Sancho, and let no man touch them; for Ile pay more for them then any body else, and there could have beene no better meat for mee in the world.

No man shall touch them, said mine Oast: for other ghests I have out of pure Gentilitie, bring their Cooke, Cater, and Butler with them. If it goe by gentle (quoth Sancho) none more gentle then my Master: but his Calling permits no Larders or Butteries: we clap us down in the midst of a field, and fil our selves with Acorns and Medlars.

This discourse passed betweene Sancho and the Oast, with-

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out Sancho's answering him, who asked what Calling his Masters was of. Supper was ready, Don Quixote went to his Chamber, mine Oast brought the pot of meat just as it was, and sate him faire and well down to supper: it seemed that in another Chamber next Don Quixotes, divided only by a thin Lath-wall, hee might heare one say, By your life, Signior Don Ieronimo, whilst supper is to come in, let us reade another Chapter in the second part of *Don Quixote.*

Don Quixote scarce heard himselfe named, when up he stood, and watchfully gave eare to their discourse concerning him; and he heard that the aforesaid Don Ieronimo answered, Signior Don Iohn, why should we reade these fopperies? he that hath read the first part of *Don Quixote*, it is impossible he should take any pleasure in reading the second.

For all that, quoth Don Iohn, 'twere good reading it: for there is no booke so ill, that hath not some good thing in it.

That which most displeaseth me in this is, that he makes Don Quixote dis-enamoured of Dulcinea del Toboso.

Which when Don Quixote heard, full of wrath and despight he lifted up his voice, saying, Whosoever saith Don Quixote de la Mancha hath forgotten, or can forget Dulcinea del Toboso, I will make him know with equall Armes, that hee is farre from the truth: for the peerelesse Dulcinea del Toboso cannot be forgotten; neither can forgetfulnes be contained in Don Quixote, his Scutchion is Loyaltie, his profession sweetly to keepe it, without doing it any violence.

Who is that answeres us? said they in the next roome. Who should it be (quoth Sancho) but Don Quixote himselfe, that will make good all he hath said, or as much as he shall say? for a good Pay-master cares not for his pawnes.

Scarce had Sancho said this, when the two Gentlemen came in at the Chamber doore: for they seemed no lesse to them: and one of them casting his Armes about Don Quixotes neck, said, neither can your presence belye your name, or your name credit your presence. Doubtlesse you, Sir, are the right Don Quixote de la Mancha, North-starre,

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and Morning-starre of Knight-errantrie, in spight of him that hath usurped your name, and annihilated your exploits, as the Author of this Booke, I heere deliver, hath done: and giving him the booke that his companion had, Don Quixote tooke it, and without answering a word, began to turne the leaves, and a while after returned it, saying, In this little that I have seene, I have found three things in this *Author worthy of reprehension.

The first is, some words I have read in his Prologue.

The second, that his language is Arragonian: for sometimes he writes without Articles: and the third which doth most confirme his ignorance, is, That he erres and strayes from the truth in the chiefest of the History: for here he sayes that Sancho Pansa my Squires wifes name was Mary Gutierrez, which is not so: but she is called Teresa Pansa: and therfore he that erres in so maine a matter, it may well be feared, he will erre in all the rest of the History.

*This the Author of this Booke brings in by way of invective against an Aragonian Scholer, that wrote a second part of *Don Quixote*, before this was published.

To this Sancho said, Prettily done indeed of the Historian; he knowes very well sure what belongs to our affaires, since he cals my wife Teresa Pansa, Mary Gutierrez. Pray take the book againe, Sir, and see whether I be there, and whether hee have chang'd my name. By your speech, friend, quoth Don Ieronimo, you should be Sancho Pansa Signior Don Quixotes Squire. I am (quoth Sancho) and I am proud of it.

Well, in faith (said the Gentleman) this modern Author doth not treat of you so neatly, as your Person makes shew for: he paints you out for a Glutton, an Ideot, and nothing witty, and farre different from the Sancho that is described in the first part of your Masters History.

God forgive him (said Sancho:) he should have left me in my corner, and not remembred me; for, Every man in his ability, and 'Tis good sleeping in a whole skinne.

The two Gentlemen entreated Don Quixote to goe to their chamber, and Sup with them; for they knew well, that in that Inne he found not things fitting to his person.

Don Quixote, who was ever courteous, condiscended to their requests, and supped with them: Sancho remained

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with his fleshpot sole Lord and Governour. Sancho sate at the upper end of the Table, and with him the Inn-keeper, that was no lesse affectioned to his Neates-feete, then Sancho.

In the midst of supper, Don Iohn asked Don Quixote, what newes he had of his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, whether she were married, or brought a bed, or great with childe, or being entire, whether (respecting her honesty and good decorum) she were mindefull of Signior Don Quixote's amorous desires? To which he answered,

Dulcinea is as entire, and my desires as firme as ever, our correspondency in the ancient barrennesse, her beauty transformed into the complexion of a base milke-wench: and straight he recounted unto them every tittle of her Enchantment, and what had befalne him in Montesinos Cave, with the order that the sage Merlin had given for her disenchanting, which was by Sancho's stripes.

Great was the delight the two Gentlemen received to heare Don Quixote tell the strange passages of his History, and so they wondred at his fopperies, as also his elegant manner of delivering them; here they held him to be wise, there he slipped from them by the foole: so they knew not what medium to give him, betwixt wisedome and folly.

Sancho ended his Supper: and leaving the In-keeper, passed to the chamber where his Master was, and entring, said, Hang me, Sirs, if the Author of this booke that your Worships have, would that we should eat a good meale together; pray God, as he calls mee Glutton, he say not that I am a Drunkard too.

Yes marry doth he, said Don Ieronimo; but I know not how directly, though I know his reasons doe not hang together, and are very erroneous, as I see by Sancho's Phisiognomy here present. Believe me (quoth Sancho) Sancho and Don Quixote are differing in this History, from what they are in that Cid Hamete Benengeli composed; for wee are, my Master valiant, discreet, and amorous: I simple and conceited; but neyther Glutton nor Drunkard.

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I believe it (said Don Iohn) and were it possible, it should be commanded, that none should dare to treat of the Graund Don Quixote's affaires, but Cid Hamete, his first Author: as Alexander commanded that none but Apelles should dare to draw him.

Let whoso will draw me (quoth Don Quixote:) but let him not abuse me; for oft times patience falls, when injuries overload. None, quoth Don Iohn, can be done Signior Don Quixote, that he will not be revenged of, if he ward it not with the shield of his patience, which in my opinion is strong and great.

In these and other discourses, they passed a great part of the night, and though Don Iohn would, that Don Quixote should have read more in the booke, to see what it did descant on, yet he could not prevaile with him, saying, He made account he had read it, and concluded it to be but an idle Pamphlet, and that he would not (if it should come to the Authors knowledge that he had meddled with it) he should make himselfe merry to think he had read it; for our thoughts must not be busied in filthy and obscene things, much lesse our eyes.

They asked him, whither he purposed his voyage? Hee answered, to Saragosa, to be at the Iusts in Harnesse, that use to be there yeerely.

Don Iohn told him, that there was one thing in that new History, which was, that he should be at a Running at the Ring in that City, as short of Invention, as poore in Mottos, but most poore in Liveries, and rich in nothing but simplicities.

For this matter onely, quoth Don Quixote, I will not set foot in Saragosa: and therefore the world shall see what a lyar this moderne Historiographer is, and people shall perceive, I am not the Don Quixote he speakes of.

You shall doe very well, quoth Don Ieronimo; for there bee other Iusts in Barselona, where Signior Don Quixote may shew his valour. So I meane to doe (quoth Don Quixote) and therefore let me take leave of you (for it is time) to goe to bed, and so hold mee in the ranke of your

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greatest friends and Servitors. And me too, quoth Sancho, for it may be I shall be good for somewhat.

With this they tooke leave, and Don Quixote and Sancho retired to their chamber, leaving Don Iohn and Don Ieronimo in admiration, to see what a medley he had made with his discretion and madnesse; and they verily believed, that these were the right Don Quixote and Sancho, and not they whom the Aragonian Author described.

Don Quixote rose earely, and knocking upon the thinne wall of the other chamber, hee tooke leave of those guests: Sancho payed the Oast royally, but advised him, hee should eyther lesse praise the provision of his Inne, or have it better provided.

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THE morning was coole, and the day promised no lesse, when Don Quixote left the Inne, informing himselfe first, which was the ready way to Barselona, without comming to Saragosa: such was the desire he had to prove the new Historian a lyar, who they said, dispraised him so much. It fell out so, that in sixe daies there fell out nothing worth writing to him; at the end of which, he was be-nighted, going out of his way, in a Thicket of Oakes or Corke trees; for in this Cid Hamete is not so punctuall, as in other matters he useth to be.

The Master and man alighted from their beasts, and setting themselves at the trees rootes: Sancho that had had his beaver that day, entred roundly the gates of sleepe; but Don Quixote, whom imaginations kept awake much more

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then hunger, could not joyn his eyes, but rather was busying his thoughts in a thousand severall places: Sometimes hee thought he found himselfe in Montesino's Cave, and that he saw Dulcinea, converted into a Country wench, leape upon her Asse-Colt: Now the sage Merlins words rang in his eares, repeating unto him the conditions that were to be observed for her dis-enchanting: hee was starke madde to see Sancho's lazinesse, and want of Charity; for, as he thought, he had onely given himselfe five stripes, a poore and unequall number to those behinde, and he was so griev'd and enraged with this, that he framed this discourse to himselfe:

If Alexander the Great did cut the Gordian knot, saying; Cutting and undoing is all one, and yet for all that, was Lord of all Asia; no otherwise may it happen in the disenchanting of Dulcinea, if I should whip Sancho, *volens nolens*; for if the condition of this remedy be, that Sancho receive three thousand and so many jerkes, what care I whether he give them, or that another doe, since the substance is in him that gives them, come they by what meanes they will?

With this imagination he came to Sancho, having first taken Rosinante's reines, and so fitted them, that he might lash him with them, he began to untrusse his points: The opinion is, that hee had but one before, which held up his Gally-Gascoynes. But he was no sooner approched, when Sancho awaked and came to himselfe, and said, Who is that? Who is it toucheth and untrusseth me? Tis I, quoth Don Quixote, that come to supply thy defects, and to remedy my troubles; I come to whip thee, Sancho, and to discharge the debt in part thou standest obliged in. Dulcinea perisheth, thou livest carelesly, I dye desiring; and therefore untrusse thy selfe willingly, for I have a minde in these Desarts to give thee at least two thousand lashes.

Not so, quoth Sancho, pray be quiet: and if not, I protest, deafe men shall heare us: the stripes in which I engaged my selfe must be voluntary, and not enforc'd, and at this time I have no minde to whip my selfe; tis enough that I give

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you my word to beat my selfe, and fly-flappe mee when I have a disposition to it.

There 's no leaving of it to thy courtesie, Sancho, (quoth Don Quixote) for thou art hard-hearted, and though a Clowne, yet tender of flesh; and so he contended and strove to unlace him: which when Sancho Pansa saw, he stood to it, and setting upon his Master, closed with him, and tripping up his heeles, cast him upon his backe on the ground, hee put his right knee upon his brest, and with his hands held his, so that hee neyther let him stirre nor breathe.

Don Quixote cryed out, How now, Traitor, rebellest thou against thy naturall Lord and Master? presumest thou against him that feedes thee? I neyther make King, nor depose King (quoth Sancho) I onely helpe my selfe that am mine owne Lord: promise me you, Sir, that you will be quiet, and not meddle with whipping of me now, and Ile set you loose and free; and if not, here thou diest, Traitor, enemy to Donna Sancha. Don Quixote promised him, and swore by the life of his thoughts, hee would not touch so much as a haire of his head, and that hee would leave his whipping himselfe, to his owne free-will and choise when he would.

Sancho gate up, and went a pretty way from him, and going to leane to another tree, he perceived something touch him upon the head, and lifting up his hands, hee lighted on two feet of a man, with hose and shooes on; he quak'd for feare, and went to another tree, and the like befell him: so he cried out, calling to Don Quixote to helpe him. Don Quixote did so, and asking him what had befalne him? and why he was afraid? Sancho answered, That all those Trees were full of mens feet and legges. Don Quixote felt them, and fell strait into the account of what they might be, and said to Sancho, Thou needest not feare; for these feet and legges thou feelest and seest not, doubtlesse are of some free-booters and robbers in troopes, that are hanged in these trees; for here the Iustice hangs them by twenty and thirty at a clap, by which I understand that I am neere Barcelona: and true it was as he supposed. They lifted up their eyes,

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and to see to, the free-booters bodies hung as if they had beene clusters upon those trees: and by this it waxed day; and if the dead men feared them, no lesse were they in tribulation with the sight of at least forty live Banditi, who hemmed them in upon a sodain, bidding them in the Catalan tongue, they should be quiet, and stand till their Captaine came.

Don Quixote was on foot, his horse unbridled, his Lance set up against a tree, finally, voyd of all defence, and therefore he deemed it best to crosse his hands, and hold downe his head, reserving himselfe for a better occasion and conjuncture.

The theeves came to flea Dapple, and began to leave him nothing he had, eyther in his Wallets or Cloke-bag: and it fell out wel for Sancho, for the Dukes Crownes were in a hollow girdle girt to him, and those likewise that he brought from home with him, and for all that, those good fellowes would have weeded and searched him to the very entrailes, if their Captaine had not come in the Interim, who seemed to bee about thirty yeeres of age, strongly made, and somewhat of a tall stature; his looke was solemne, and his complexion swarthy: he was mounted upon a powerfull Horse, with his steele coat on, and foure Petronels (called in that Country Pedrenales) which hee wore two at each side: and now his Squires (for so they call those that are in that vocation) came to make spoyle of Sancho: he commanded them they should not, and he was strait obeyed, and so the girdle escaped: he wondred to see a Launce reared up on a tree, a shield on the ground, and Don Quixote armed and pensative, with the saddest melancholiest visage, that sadnesse it selfe could frame. He came to him, saying, Be not sad, honest man; for you have not falne into the hands of any cruell Osiris, but into Roque Guinarts, that have more compassion then cruelty in them.

My sadnesse is not, quoth Don Quixote, to have falne into thy power, oh valorous Roque (whose Fame is boundlesse) but that my carelesnesse was such, that thy Souldiers have caught me without bridle, I being obliged (according to

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the order of Knight Errantry, which I professe) to keepe watch and ward, and at all houres to be my owne Centinell; for let me tell thee, Grand Roque, if they had taken mee on Horse-backe with my Lance and Shield, they should not easily have made me yeeld; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, he, of whose exploits all the world is full. Strait Roque Guinart perceived, that Don Quixote's infirmity proceeded rather of madnesse then Valour, and though hee had sometimes heard tell of him, yet hee never could beleeve his deedes to be true, neither could he be perswaded that such a humour should reigne in any mans heart, and hee was wonderfully glad to have met with him, to see by experience, what he had heard say of him, and therefore he said, Valorous Knight, vexe not your selfe, neyther take this fortune of yours to be sinister; for it may be, that in these stumbling blocks your crooked lot may be straightned, for heaven doth usually raise up those that fall, and enrich the poore by strange and unseene waies (by men not imagined.)

Don Quixote was about to have rendred him thankes, when as they perceived a noyse behind them, as if there had beene some troope of horse, but there was but one onely, upon which there came with full speed, a Youth to see to, about some twenty yeeres of age, clad in greene Damaske; his Hose and loose Ierkin were layd on with gold lace, with a Hat turned up from his band, with close fit boots, sword and dagger gilt, and a little birding-Peece in his hand, and two Pistols at his sides. Roque turned his head to the noyse, and saw this beautifull shape, who comming neere him, said, In quæst of thee I came, oh valorous Roque, to finde in thee, if not redresse, at least some lightsomenesse in this my misfortune: And to hold thee no longer in suspence, because I know thou knowest mee not, I will tell thee who I am; that is, Claudia Ieronima, daughter to Simon Forte thy singular friend, and onely enemy to Clanquel Torellas, who is also thine, as being one of thy contrary faction; and thou knowest that this Torellas hath a sonne, called Don Vincente Torellas, or at least was so called, not two houres since. Hee then, to shorten my unfortunate tale, I will tell thee in

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few words what hath befalne me: He saw me, courted me, I gave eare to him, and my Father unwitting of it, I affectionated my selfe to him; for there is no woman, be she never so retired or looked to, but she hath time enough to put in execution and effect her hasty longing.

Finally, he promised me marriage, and I gave him my word to be his, so no more passed really: Yesterday I came to know, that, forgetfull of his obligation, he contracted to another, and that this morning he went to be married; a newes that troubled my braine, and made an end of my patience: and by reason my Father was not at home, I had opportunity to put my selfe in this apparell thou seest, and making speed with this horse, I overtooke Don Vincente about a league from hence, and without making any complaint, or hearing his discharge, I discharged this Peece, and to boot, these Pistols, and I beleeve I sent two bullets into his body, making way, thorow which, my honor enwrapped in his bloud, might sally out: therefore I left him to his servants, who nor durst, nor could put themselves in his defence. I came to seeke thee, that thou mightest help to passe me into France, where I have kindred, with whom I may live; and withall, to desire thee to defend my Father, that the number of Don Vincentes friends take not a cruell revenge upon him.

Roque wondring at the gallantry, bravery, handsomenesse and successe of the faire Claudia, said, Come, Gentlewoman, and let us goe see if your enemy be dead, and afterward what shall bee most fitting to be done.

Don Quixote, that hearkened attentively to all that Claudia said, and Roque Guinart answered, said, No man need take pains to defend this Lady; let it be my charge: Give me my horse and my Armes, and expect me here, and I will goe seek this Knight, and alive or dead, will make him accomplish his promise to so great a beauty.

No man doubt it, quoth Sancho; for my Master hath a very good hand to be a marriage-maker: and not long since he forced another to marry, that denied his promise to a maid; and had it not beene that Enchanters persecuted him,

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and changed the true shape into the shape of a Lackey, by this time the said maid had beene none.

Roque, that attended more to Claudia's successe, then the reasons of Master or man, understood them not; and so commanding his Squires, they should restore to Sancho all they had taken from Dapple, and commanding them likewise to retire where he lodged the night before, hee went straight with all speed with Claudia, to find the wounded or dead Don Vincente.

To the place they came, where Claudia met him, where they found nothing but late shed bloud: but looking round about them, they discovered some people upon the side of a Hill: and they thought, as true it was, that that was Don Vincente, whom his servants carried alive, or dead; to cure, or give him buriall: they hasted to overtake them, which they easily might doe, the others going but softly. They found Don Vincente in his servants Armes, whom hee entreated with a weake and weary voice to let him dye there: for the griefe of his wounds would not suffer him to goe any further.

Claudia and Roque flung themselves from their Horses, to him they came, the servants feared Roques presence; and Claudia was troubled to see Don Vincente: and so betwixt milde and mercilesse, she came to him, and laying hold of his hands, shee said, If thou hadst given me these according to our agreement, thou hadst never comne to this extremitie: The wounded Gentleman opened his halfe-shut eyes, and knowing Claudia, said, I well perceive, faire and deceived Mistris, that thou art shee that hast slaine me: a punishment not deserved, nor due to my desires, in which, nor in any action of mine, I never knew how to offend thee.

Then belike, 'tis false, that thou went'st this morning to bee married to Leonora, the rich Balvasho's daughter.

No verily, said Don Vincente, my ill fortune brought thee that newes, that being jealous thou shouldest bereave me of my life: which since I leave it in thy hands, and embrace thee, I thinke my selfe most happy: and to assure thee that this is true, take my hand, and if thou wilt receive me for

thy Husband; for I have no other satisfaction to give thee for the wrong thou thinkest I have done thee.

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Claudia wrung his hand, and her selfe was wrung to the very heart; so that upon Don Vincente's bloud and brest, she fell into a swound, and he into a mortall Paroxisme. Roque was in a maze, and knew not what to do. The servants went to fetch water to fling in their faces, and brought it, with which they bathed them.

Claudia revived againe: but Don Vincente never from his Paroxisme, with which he ended his life.

Which when Claudia saw, out of doubt, that her Husband was dead, shee burst the Ayre with her sighs, and wounded Heaven with her complaints: she tore her hayre, and gave it to the winde: with her owne hands she dis-figured her face, with all the shewes of dolour and feeling, that might bee imagined from a grieved heart.

Oh cruell and inconsiderate Woman (said shee) how easily wast thou moved to put so cruell a designe in execution? Oh raving force of Iealousie, to what desperate ends dost thou bring those that harbour thee in their brests? Oh my Spouse, whose unhappy fortune, for being my Pledge, hath brought from bed to buriall.

Such and so sad were the complaints of Claudia, that even from Roques eyes drew teares, not used to shed them upon any occasion: the servants howled, and Claudia every stitch-while swouned, and the whole circuit lookt like a field of sorrow, and a place of mis-fortune.

Finally, Roque Guinart gave order to Don Vincentes servants, to carry his body to his Fathers towne, that was neere there, to give him Buriall. Claudia told Roque, she would goe to a Monastery, where an Aunt of hers was Abbesse, where she meant to end her dayes, accompanied with a better and an eternall Spouse.

Roque commended her good intention, and offered to accompany her whither she would, and to defend her Father, from her kindred, and from all the world that would hurt him.

Claudia would by no meanes accept of his company, and

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thanking him the best she could for his offer, she tooke leave of him weeping. Don Vincentes servants bore away his body, and Roque returned to his people: and this was the end of Claudia Ieronima's love: but no marvell if jealousie contrived the plot of her lamentable Story.

Roque Guinarte found his Squires where he had willed them to be; and Don Quixote amongst them upon Rosinante, making a large discourse to them, in which he perswaded them to leave that kinde of life, dangerous as well for their soules, as bodies: but the most of them being Gascoignes, a wilde and unruly people, Don Quixotes discourse prevailed nothing with them.

When Roque was come, he asked Sancho, if they had restored his implements to him, and the Prize which his Souldiers had taken from Dapple. Sancho answered, Yes, onely that he wanted three Night-caps, that were worth three Cities. What say you fellow? Quoth one of them: I have them, and they were not worth eighteene pence.

Tis true (said Don Quixote) but my Squire esteemes them in what he hath said, for the parties sake that gave them me.

Roque Guinart straight commanded they should be restored, and commanding his people to stand round, he willed them to set before them, all the apparell, Iewels, and money, and all that since their last sharing they had robbed: and casting up the account briefely, returning that that was not to be re-parted; reducing it into mony, he divided it amongst al his company, so legally, and wisely, that he neither added nor diminished, from an equal distributive justice.

This done, and all contented, satisfied, and payd, Roque said to Don Quixote, If I should not bee thus punctuall with these fellowes, there were no living with them: To which said Sancho, By what I have heere seene, Iustice is so good, that it is fit and necessary, even amongst theeves themselves.

One of the Squires heard him, and lifted up the snaphaunce of his Peece, with which he had opened his Mazer, if Roque Guinart had not cryed out to bid him hold.

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Sancho was amazed, and purposed not to unsow his lips, as long as he was in that company.

Now there came one or more of the Squires, that were put in Centinell, upon the wayes, to see who passed by, and to give notice to their Chiefe, what passed; who said, Sir, not far hence, by the way that goes to Barcelona: there comes a great Troope of people. To which quoth Roque, Hast thou markt whether they bee of those that seeke us, or those wee seeke? Of the latter, said the Squire.

Well, get you out all quoth Roque, and bring um me hither straight, and let not a man scape. They did so, and Don Quixote and Roque, and Sancho stay'd, and expected to see what the Squires brought: and in the Interim, Roque said to Don Quixote, Our life will seeme to be a strange kinde of one to Signior Don Quixotes strange Adventures, strange successes, and dangerous all; and I should not wonder that it appeare so. For I confesse truely to you, there is no kinde of life more unquiet, nor more full of feares then ours. I have falne into it by I know not what desires of revenge, that have power to trouble the most quiet hearts.

I am naturally compassionate, and well-minded: but as I have said, the desire of revenging a wrong done me, doth so dash this good inclination in me, that I persevere in this estate, maugre my best judgement: and as one horrour brings on another, and one sinne: so my revenges have beene so linked together, that I not onely undergoe mine owne, but also other mens: but God is pleased, that though I see my selfe in the midst of this Labyrinth of Confusions, I despayre not to come to a safe harbour.

Don Quixote admired to heare from Roque such good and sound reasons: for he thought, that amongst those of this profession of robbing, killing, and high-way-laying, there could bee none so well spoken, and answered him:

Signior Roque, the beginning of health consists, in knowing the infirmity and that the sick man be willing to take the medicines that the Physician ordaines. You are sicke: you know your griefe and heaven; or (to say truer) God who is our Physician, will apply medicines that may cure

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you, which doe heale by degrees, but not suddenly, and by miracle: besides, sinners that have knowledge, are neerer amendment then those that are without it: and since you, by your discourse have shew'd your discretion, there is no more to be done: but bee of good courage, and despayre not of the recovering your sick conscience; and if you will save a labour, and facilitate the way of your salvation; come with me, and I will teach you to be a Knight Errant, and how you shall undergoe so many labours, and mis-adventures, that taking them by way of penance, you shall climbe Heaven in an instant.

Roque laughed at Don Quixotes counsaile, to whom (changing their discourse) hee recounted the Tragicall successe of Claudia Ieronimo: at which Sancho wept exceedingly; for the beauty, spirit, and buck-somenesse of the Wench misliked him not.

By this the Squires returned with their prize, bringing with them, two Gentlemen on horseback, and two Pilgrims on foot, and a Coach full of women, and some halfe doozen of servants, that on horseback and on foote, waited on them, with two Mule-men that belonged to the two Gentlemen. The Squires brought them in triumph, the conquerours and conquered, being all silent, and expecting what the Grand Roque should determine: who asked the Gentlemen, who they were, whither they would, and what money they carried: One of them answered him, Sir, Wee two are Captaines of Spanish foot, and have Companies in Naples, and are going to imbarke our selves in foure Gallies, that we heare are bound for Silicia: wee carry with us two or three hundreth crownes, which we think is sufficient, as being the largest treasure incident to the ordinary penury of souldiours.

Roque asked the Pilgrims the same questions, who answered him likewise, that they were to bee imbarked towards Rome, and that they carried a matter of thirty shillings betweene them both: The same he likewise desired to know of those that went in the Coach, and one of them on horseback, answered,

My Lady Donna Guiomar de Quinnones, wife to a Iudge

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of Naples, with a little Girle and her Maids, are they that goe in the Coach; and some six servants of us wait on her: and wee carry sixe hundreth Pistolets in gold. So that (said Roque Guinarte) we have heere in all, nine hundreth crownes, and sixty Ryals: my souldiours are about a sixtie; let us see what comes to each mans share: for I am a bad Arithmetician.

When the Theeves heard this, they cryed alowd, Long live Roque Guinarte, in spight of the Cullions that seeke to destroy him.

The Captaines were afflicted, the Lady was sorrowfull, and the Pilgrims were never a whit glad, to see their goods thus confiscated. Roque awhile held them in this suspence: but hee would no longer detaine them in this sadnesse, which he might see a gun-shoote off in their faces: and turning to the Captaines, said, Captaines, you shall doe me the kindnesse as to lend mee threescore ducats: and you, Madam, fourescore, to content my squadron that followes me: for herein consists my revenue: and so you may passe on freely, onely with a safe-conduct that I shall give you: that if you meet with any other squadrons of mine, which are divided upon these Downes, they doe you no hurt: for my intent is not to wrong Souldiours, or any woman, especially Noble.

The Captaines infinitely extolled Roques courteous liberality for leaving them their money. The Lady would have cast her selfe out of the Coach, to kisse the Grand Roques feet and hands: but he would by no meanes yeeld to it, rather asked pardon that he had presumed so farre, which was only to comply with the obligation of his ill employment.

The Lady commanded a servant of hers, to give him straight fourescore ducats, which were allotted him: the Captaines too disbursed their sixty, and the Pilgrims tendered their povertie: but Roque bade them be still: and turning to his people, said, Out of these Crownes, there are to each man two due; and there remaine twenty: let the poore Pilgrims have ten of them, and the other ten this honest Squire, that he may speake well of this Adventure:

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and so bringing him necessaries to write, of which he ever went provided, hee gave them a safe-conduct to the heads of his squadrons; and taking leave of them, let them passe free: and wondring at the noblenesse of his brave and strange condition, holding him rather for a great Alexander, then an open robber: one of the Theeves said in his Catalan language, This Captaine of ours were fitter to be a Frier, then a Robber: and if he meane henceforward to bee so liberall, let it be with his owne goods, and not with ours.

This, the wretch spoke not so softly, but Roque might overheare him; who catching his sword in hand, almost clove his pate in two, saying, This is the punishment I use to sawcy knaves: all the rest were amazed, and durst not reply a word; such was the awe in which they stood of him. Roque then retired aside, and wrote a Letter to a friend of his to Barselona, advising him how the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha was with him, that Knight Errant so notorious: and he gave him to understand, that he was the most conceited understanding fellow in the world: and that about some foure dayes after, which was Mid-summer day, hee should have him upon the Citie Wharfe, armed at all points upon his Horse Rosinante, and his Squire likewise upon his Asse: and that he should let the Niarros his friends know so much, that they might solace themselves with him: but hee could wish the Cadels his Adversaries might want the pastime, that the madnes of Don Quixote, and his conceited Squire would make. Hee delivered the Letter to one of his Squires, who changing his Theeves habit, for a Countreymans, went to the Citie, and delivered it to whom it was directed.

HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

CHAPTER LXI

What hapned to Don Quixote at his entrance into Barselona, with other events more true, then witty.

THREE daies and three nights was Don Quixote with Roque, and had he bin so 300 yeeres, he should not have wanted matter to make him see and admire his kind of life: one while heere they lye; another, there they dine: somtimes they fly from they know not whom; otherwhile, they wait for they know not whom.

They sleepe standing, a broken sleepe, changing from place to place: all was setting of Spies, listening of Sentinels, blowing Musket-matches, though of such shot they had but few: most of them carrying Petronels. Roque himselfe slept apart from the rest, not letting them know where he lodged; because the many Proclamations which the Vice-Roy of Barselona had caused to be made to take him, made him unquiet and fearfull, and so he durst trust no body, fearing his own people would either kill or deliver him to the Iustice: a life indeed wretched, and irkesome, at length by by-waies and crosse pathes Roque and Don Quixote got to the Wharfe of Barselona, where Roque gave Sancho the ten crownes he promised him, and so they parted with many complements on both parts.

Roque returned, and Don Quixote stayed there, expecting the day just as he was on horseback: and awhile after, the face of the white Aurora, beganne to peepe thorow the Bay-windowes of the East, cheering the Hearbs and Flowers, in stead of delighting the eare, and yet at the same instant a noise of Hoboyes and Drums delighted their eares, and a

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noise of Morris-bells, with the Pat a pat of Horsemen running to see to out of the Citie.

Aurora now gave the Sunne leave to rise out of the lowest part of the East, with his face as bigge as a Buckler.

Don Quixote and Sancho spred their eyes round about, and they might see the Sea, which till that time they had never seen: it seemed unto them most large and spacious, more by farre then the Lake of Ruydera, which they saw in the Mancha: they beheld the Gallies in the Wharfe, who clapping down their tilts, discovered themselves full of Flagges and Streamers, that waved in the winde, and kissed and swept the water: within, the Clarines, Trumpets and Hoboyes sounded, that farre and neere filled the Ayre with sweet and warlike accents: they began to moove, and to make shew of skirmish upon the gentle water; a world of Gallants answering them on Land, which came out of the Citie upon goodly Horses, and brave in their Liveries.

The Souldiours of the Gallies discharged an infinitie of shot, which were answered from the walles and Forts of the Citie, and the great shot with fearefull noise cut the Ayre, which were answered with the Gallies fore-Castle Canons: the Sea was cheerefull, the Land jocund, the sky cleere, onely somwhat dimmed with the smoke of the Artillery, it seemed to infuse and ingender a sodaine delight in all men. Sancho could not imagine how those Bulks that mooved upon the Sea could have so many feete. By this, they a-shore in the rich Liveries began to runne on with their Moorish out-cryes, even to the very place where Don Quixote was wondring and amazed: and one of them, he who had the Letter from Roque, said to Don Quixote thus alowd, Welcome to our Citie is the Looking-glasse, the Lant-horne, and North-starre of all Knight Errantry, where it is most in practice. Welcome, I say, is the Valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha: not the false, fictitious, or Apocryphal, that hath beene demonstrated to us of late in false Histories; but the true, legall, and faithfull Hee, which Cid Hamete the flower of Historians describes unto us. Don Quixote answered not a word, neyther did the Gentlemen expect

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hee should; but turning in and out with the rest, they wheeled about Don Quixote: who turning to Sancho, said, These men know us well: I lay a wager they have read our History, and that too of the Aragonians lately printed. The Gentleman that spoke to Don Quixote, came backe againe, and said to him, Signior Don Quixote, come with us, I beseech you; for we are all your servants, and Roque Guinarte's deare friends. To which Don Quixote replied, If courtesies engender courtesies, then yours, Sir Knight, is daughter, or neere kindred to Roques: carry mee whither you will, for I am wholly yours, and at your service, if you please to command me. In the like Courtly straine, the Gentleman answered him, and so locking him in the midst of them, with sound of Drums and Hoboyes, they carried him towards the City, where at his entrance, as ill lucke would have it, and the boyes that are the worst of all ill, two of them, bold Cracke-ropes, came among the thrust, and one of them lifting up Dapples taile, and the other Rosinantes, they fastned each their handfull of Nettles. The poore beasts felt the new spurs, and clapping their tailes close, augmented their paines; so that after a thousand winces, they cast downe their Masters.

Don Quixote all abashed and disgraced, went to take this Plumage from his Coursers taile, and Sancho from Dapples. Those that guided Don Quixote, would have punished the boyes for their sawcinesse, but it was not possible; for they got themselves into the thickest of a thousand others that followed. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to their seates, and with the same applause and Musike, they came to their Guides house, which was faire and large, indeed as was fit for a Gentleman of meanes; where wee will leave him for the present, because Cid Hamete will have it so.

THE SECOND PART OF THE

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DON QUIXOTE'S Oasts name was Don Antonio Moreno, a rich Gentleman and a discreet, and one that loved to be honestly and affably merry; who having Don Quixote now at home, began to invent, how, without prejudice to him, he might divulge his madnesse; for jests ought not to be too bitter, nor pastimes in detriment of a third person.

The first thing he did then, was to cause Don Quixote to be unarmed, and to make him appeare in that straight Chamois apparell of his (as heretofore we have painted and described him:) so he brought him to a Bay window which looked toward one of the chiefest streetes in the City, to be publikely seene by all commers, and the boyes that beheld him as if hee had beene a Monkey. They in the Liveries began a-fresh to fetch Careeres before him, as if for him onely, (and not to solemnize that festivall day) their Liveries had beene put on: and Sancho was most jocund, as thinking he had found out, ke knew not how, nor which way, a new Camacho's marriage, or another house like Don Diego de Miranda's, or the Dukes Castle.

That day some of Don Antonio's friends dined with him, all honouring Don Quixote, and observing him as a Knight Errant: with which, being most vaine-glorious, hee could scarce containe himselfe in his happinesse. Sancho's conceits were such and so many, that all the servants of the house hung upon his lippes, and as many also as heard him.

Being at Table, Don Antonio said to Sancho, We have heard heere, honest Sancho, that thou lovest Leech and

roasted Olives so well, that when thou canst eat no more, thou keepest the rest in thy bosome till another time. No, Sir, tis not so, said Sancho, for I am more cleanly then so, and my Master Don Quixote here present knowes well, that we are wont both of us to live eight daies with a handfull of Acornes or Walnuts: true it is, that now and then I looke not a given horse in the mouth (I meane) I eate what is given me, and make use of the time present, and whosoever hath said that I am an extraordinary eater, and not cleanely, let him know he doth me wrong; and I should proceed farther, were it not for the company heere at Table.

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Truely, said Don Quixote, the parsimony and cleanlinesse with which Sancho feedes, may be written and graved in sheetes of brasse, that it may be eternally remembred by ensuing Ages: True it is, that when he is hungry, he is somewhat ravenous, eates apace, and chawes on both sides; but for cleanlinesse, that he hath punctually observed: and when he was a Governour, learnt to eat most neatly; for hee would eat you Grapes, nay, Pomegranat seedes with his forke. How, quoth Don Antonio, hath Sancho beene a Governour? I, said Sancho, and of an Iland called Barataria: tenne daies I governed to my will, in them I lost my rest, and learnt to contemne all the Governments in the world. From thence I came flying, and fell into a pit, where I thought I should have died, from whence I escaped miraculously.

Don Quixote recounted all the particulars of Sancho's Government, with which the hearers were much delighted. The cloth now taken away, and Don Antonio taking Don Quixote by the hand, carried him into a private chamber, in which there was no other kinde of furniture, but a Table that seemed to bee of Iasper, borne up with feete of the same, upon which there was set a Head, as if it [had] beene of brasse, just as your Romane Emperors are used to be, from the brest upward. Don Antonio walked with Don Quixote up and downe the chamber, and having gone a good many turnes about the Table, at last he said, Signior Don Quixote,

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now that I am fully perswaded no-body heares us, and that the doore is fast, I will tell you one of the rarest Adventures, or rather Novelties, that can be imagined; provided, that what I tell you, shall be deposited in the uttermost privy Chambers of secresie.

That I vow, said Don Quixote: and for more safety, I will clap a Tombe-stone over it; for let me tell you, Signior Don Antonio (for now he knew his name) you converse with one, that though he have eares to heare, yet he hath no tongue to tell: so that what is in your brest, you may freely translate it into mine, and rest assured, that you have flung it into the Abissus of silence.

In confidence of this promise (answered Don Antonio) I wil make you admire at what you shall heare and see, and so you shall somewhat ease me of the trouble I am in, in not finding one that I may communicate my secrets with; with which, every one is not to be trusted.

Don Quixote was in great suspence, expecting what would be the issue of all these circumstances; so Don Antonio taking him by the hand, he made him feele all over the brazen head and the Table, and Iasper feet, and then said, This head, Signior, was made by one of the greatest Enchanters or Magicians that hath beene in the world, and I beleeve, by Nation he was a Polander, and one of that famous Scotus his disciples, of whom so many wonders are related, who was heere in my house, and for a thousand Crownes I gave him, framed me this head, that hath the property and quality to answer to any thing that it is asked in your eare: he had his trickes and devices, his painting of Characters, his observing of Starres, lookt to every tittle, and finally, brought this head to the perfection that to morrow you shall see, for on the Fridayes still it is mute, which being this day, we must expect till to morrow; and so in the meane time you may bethink you what you will demand; for I know by experience, this head answers truly to all that is asked

Don Quixote admired at the vertue and property of the head, and could scarce beleeve Don Antonio, but seeing how

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short a time there was to the triall, he would not gain-say him, but thanked him for discovering so great a secret: So out of the roome they went: Don Antonio locked the doore after him, and they came into a Hall where the rest of the Gentlemen were: in this interim, Sancho had related to them many of the Adventures and successes that befell his Master. That after-noone they carried Don Quixote abroad, not armed, but clad in the City garbe, with a loose coat of tawny cloth, that in that season might have made frost it selfe sweat: they gave order to their servants to entertain Sancho, and not to let him stirre out of dores. Don Quixote rode not upon Rosinante, but on a goodly trotting Mule, with good furniture, they put his coat upon him, and at his backe (hee not perceiving it) they sowed a piece of Parchment, wherein was written in Text letters, 'This is Don Quixote de la Mancha': as they began their walke, the scrowle drew all mens eyes to looke on it, and as they read, 'This is Don Quixote de la Mancha,' hee admired to see what a number beheld and named him, and knew him; and turning to Don Antonio that went by him, said, Great is the Prerogative due to Knight Errantry, since over all the world, it makes its Professors knowne and renowned; for looke you, Signior Don Antonio, even the very boyes of this City having never seene mee before, know me. 'Tis true, Signior, quoth Don Antonio: for as fire cannot be hidden nor bounded, no more can vertue but it must be knowne; and that which is gotten by the profession of Armes, doth most flourish and triumph above the rest.

It hapned, that Don Quixote riding with this applause, a Castilian that read the scrowle at his backe, raised his voyce, saying, The Devill take thee for Don Quixote de la Mancha: and art thou gotten hither without being killed with those infinite bastings thou hast borne upon thy shoulders? Thou art a madde man, and wert thou so in private, and within thy house, twere lesse evill; but thy property is, to make all that converse or treat with thee, mad-men and Coxe-combes, as may appeare by these that accompany thee: get thee home, Ideot, and looke to thy Estate, Wife, and Children,

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and leave these vanities that worm-eate thy braines, and defile thy intellect. Brother, said Don Antonio, follow your way, and give no counsaile to those that need it not: Signior Don Quixote is wise, and we that do accompany him, are no fooles, vertue is worthy to be honoured wheresoever she is, and so be gone with a poxe to you, and meddle not where you have nothing to doe. I vow (quoth the Castilian) you have reason; for to give counsaile to this man, is to strive against the streame: but for all that, it pitties me very much, that the good understanding they say this blockehead hath in all things else, should be let out at the pipe of his Knight-Errantry, and a pox light on me (as you wish, Sir) and all my posterity, if from henceforward, though I should live to the yeeres of Methusalem, I give counsaile to any, though it be desired.

Thus the Counseller went by, and the shew went on: but the boyes, and all manner of people pressed so thicke to reade the scrowle, that Don Antonio was forced to take it off from him, as if he had done something else.

The night came on, and they returned home, where was a Revels of women: for Don Antonio's wife, that was well bred, mirthfull, faire, and discreet, invited other shee-friends of hers, to come to welcome her new ghest, and to make merry with his strange madnesse. Some of them came, and they had a royall Supper, and the Revels began about ten a clocke at night. Among these Dames, there were two of a notable waggish disposition, and great scoffers; and though honest, yet they strained their carriage, that their trickes might the better delight without yrksomnes; these were so eager to take Don Quixote out to dance, that they wearied not onely his body, but his minde likewise: twas a goodly sight to see his shape, long, lanke, leane, his visage pale, the whole man shut up in his apparell, ungracefull, and unweildy. The Damozels wooed him as it were by stealth, and he by stealth disdained them as fast; but seeing himselfe much pressed by their courtings, he lifted up his voyce, and said, *Fugite partes adversæ*, and leave me, oh unwelcome imaginations, to my quiet: Get you further off with your

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wishes, Ladies; for she that is the Lady of mine, the peerelesse Dulcinea del Toboso, will have none but hers subject and conquer me: and so saying, he sate him downe in the middest of the Hall upon the ground, bruised and broken with his dancing exercise. Don Antonio made him be taken up in mens armes, and carried to bed; the first that layd hold on him was Sancho, saying, In the name of God, what meant you, Master mine, to dance? Thinke you that all that are valiant, must be dancers? and all Knights Errant, skipjacks? I say, if you thinke so, you are deceived; you have some that would rather kill Gyants then fetch a caper: if you were to friske, I would save you that labour, for I can doe it like a Ier-Falcon: but in your dancing, I cannot worke a stitch.

With this and such like discourse, Sancho made the Revellers laugh, and laid his Master to bed, laying cloaths enough on him, that hee might sweat out the cold he had taken by dancing.

The next day, Don Antonio thought fit to try the Enchanted head, and so, with Don Quixote, Sancho, and others his friends, and the two Gentlewomen that had so laboured Don Quixote in the dance, that stayd all night with Don Antonio's wife, hee locked himselfe in the roome where the head was; he told them it's property, enjoyning them to silence: and hee said to them, That this was the first time in which hee meant to make proofe of the vertue of the Enchanted head, and except his two friends, no living creature else knew the tricke of that Enchantment; and if Don Antonio had not discovered it to them, they also would have falne into the same admiration that the rest did; for it was not otherwise possible, the fabricke of it being so curious and cunning.

The first that came to the Heads hearing, was Don Antonio himselfe, who spoke softly, but so, that he might be heard by all: Tell me, Head, by the vertue that is contained in thee, What thinke I of now? And the head answered (not mooving the lips, with a loud and distinct voyce, that all the by-standers might heare this reason,) I judge not of

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thoughts. Which when they all heard, they were astonisht, and the more, seeing neyther in all the roome, nor any where about the table, there was not any humane creature to answere. How many heere be there of us (quoth Don Antonio againe)? And answere was made him in the same tenor voyce: There are thou and thy wife, with two of thy hee-friends, and two of her shee-friends, and a famous Knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha, and a Squire of his that hight Sancho Pansa. I marry, sir, heere was the wondring a-fresh, heere was every ones haire standing on end with pure horror. And Don Antonio getting him aside from the head, said, Tis enough now for mee to know that I was not deceived by him that sold thee mee, Sage Head, Talking Head, Answering Head, Admired Head! Come another now, and ask what he wil: and as your women for the most part are hastiest, and most inquisitive, the first that came, was one of Don Antonio's wives friends, and her demand was this, Tell me, Head, What shall I doe to make my selfe faire? The answer was, Be honest. I have done, said she. Strait came her other companion, and said, I would faine know, Head, whether my Husband love mee or no: and the answer was, Thou shalt know by his usage. The married woman stood by, saying; The question might have been spared: for good usage is the best signe of affection. Then came one of Don Antonio's friends, and asked, Who am I? The answer was, Thou knowest. I aske thee not that said the Gentleman, but whether thou know me? I doe, it was answered; Thou art Don Pedro Noris. No more, O Head, let this suffice, to make mee know thou knowest all. And so stepping aside, the other friend came and asked, Tell me, Head, What desires hath my eldest sonne? I have told you (it was answered) that I judge not of thoughts; yet let mee tell you, your sonne desires to bury you; That (quoth the Gentleman) I know well, and daily perceive, but I have done. Don Antonio's wife came next, and said, Head, I know not what to aske thee, I would onely faine know of thee, if I shall long enjoy my deare Husband: and the answere was, Thou shalt, for his health and spare diet

promise him many yeeres, which many shorten by distempers.

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Now came Don Quixote, and said, Tell me, thou that answerest, Was it true, or a dreame, that (as I recount) befell mee in Montesino's Cave? shall Sancho my Squires whipping be accomplisht? shall Dulcinea be dis-enchanted? For that of the Cave, (quoth the Answerer) there is much to be said, it partakes of all: Sancho's whipping shall be prolonged: but Dulcinea's dis-enchanting shall come to a reall end. I desire no more, said Don Quixote; for so Dulcinea be dis-enchanted, I make account, all my good fortunes come upon me at a clap.

Sancho was the last Demander, and his question was this; Head, shall I haply have another Government? shall I be free from this penurious Squires life? shall I see my Wife and Children againe? To which it was answered him: In thy house shalt thou governe; whither if thou returne, thou shalt see thy Wife and children, and leaving thy service, thou shalt leave being a Squire. Very good (quoth Sancho) this I could have told before my selfe, and my fathers horse could have said no more. Beast, quoth Don Quixote, what answere wouldst thou have? Is it not enough, that the answeres this head gives thee, are correspondent to thy questions? Tis true, said Sancho: but I would have knowne more.

And now the questions and answeres were ended: but not the admiration, in which all remained, but Don Antonio's friends that knew the conceit. Which Cid Hamete Benengeli would forthwith declare, not to hold the world in suspence, to thinke that some Witch, or extraordinary mysterie was inclosed in the said head: and thus saith he, that Don Antonio Moreno, in imitation of another head, which he saw in Madrid, framed by a Carver, caused this to be made in his house, to entertaine the simple, and make them wonder at it, and the Fabricke was in this manner:

The table it selfe was of wood, painted and varnished over like Iasper, and the foot on which it stood was of the same, with foure Eagles clawes standing out to uphold it the better.

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The head that shewed like the Medall, or picture of a Romane Emperour, and of brasse colour, was all hollow, and so was the Table too; to which, it was so cunningly joyned, that there was no appearance of it: the foot of the Table was likewise hollow, that answered to the brest, and neck of the head: and all this answered to another Chamber, that was under the roome where the head was: and thorow all this hollownesse of the foote, the table, brest and neck of the Medall, there went a Tinne pipe, made fit to them, that could not be perceived.

He that was to answere, set his mouth to the Pipe in the Chamber underneath, answering to this upper roome; so that the voice ascended, and descended, as thorow a Trunk, cleerely and distinctly, and it was not possible to find the Iuggling out.

A Nephew of Don Antonio's, a Scholler, a good witty and discreet Youth, was the answerer: who having notice from his Vncle, of those that were to enter the Roome, it was easie for him to answere suddenly, and punctually, to their first questions, and to the rest he answered by discreet conjectures.

Moreover, Cid Hamete sayes, that this marvellous Engine lasted for some ten or twelve dayes: but when it was divulged up and downe the Citie, that Don Antonio had an Enchanted head in his house, that answered to all questions; fearing lest it should come to the notice of the waking Centinels of our Faith: having acquainted those Inquisitors with the businesse, they commanded him to make away with it, lest it should scandalize the ignorant Vulgar: but yet in Don Quixote and Sancho's opinion the head was still enchanted, and answering: but indeed not altogether so much to Sancho's satisfaction.

The Gallants of the Citie, to please Don Antonio, and for Don Quixote's better hospitalitie, and on purpose that his madnesse might make the more generall sport, appointed a running at the Ring, about a six dayes after, which was broken off upon an occasion that after hapned.

Don Quixote had a minde to walke round about the Citie

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on foot; fearing, that if he went on horsebacke, the Boyes would persecute him: so he and Sancho, with two servants of Don Antonio's, went a walking. It hapned, that as they passed throow one street, Don Quixote looked up, and saw written upon a doore in great Letters, 'Heere are Bookes printed,' which pleased him wonderously; for till then he had never seene any Presse; and he desired to know the manner of it.

In he went, with all his retinue, where hee saw in one place drawing of sheetes, in another Correcting, in this Composing, in that mending: Finally, all the Machine that is usuall in great Presses.

Don Quixote came to one of the Boxes, and asked what they had in hand there? The Workmen told him: he wondred and passed further. To another he came, and asked one that was in it, what he was doing? The workman answered, Sir, This Gentleman you see; (and he shewed him a good comely proper man, and somewhat ancient) hath translated an Italian Booke into Spanish; and I am composing of it heere to be printed.

What is the name of it (quoth Don Quixote)? To which (said the Author) Sir, it is called *Le Bagatele*, to wit, in Spanish, *The Trifle*: and though it beare but a meane name, yet it containes in it many great and substantiall matters.

I understand a little Italian, said Don Quixote, and dare venter upon a Stanza of Ariosto's: but tell me, Signior mine (not that I would examine your skill, but onely for curiositie:) have you ever found set downe in all your writing, the word *Pinnata*? Yes, often quoth the Author: and how translate you it? said Don Quixote.

How should I translate it, said the Author, but in saying, Pottage-Pot? Body of me (said Don Quixote) and how forward are you in the Italian Idiome? Ile lay a good wager that where the Italian sayes, *Piaccie*, you translate it, 'Please'; and where *Piu*, you say, 'more,' and *Su*, is 'above'; and *Giu*, 'beneath.'

Yes indeed doe I, said the Author: for these be their proper significations.

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I dare sweare (quoth Don Quixote) you are not knowne to the world, which is alwayes backward in rewarding flourishing wits, and laudable industry: Oh what a company of rare abilities are lost in the world! What wits cubbed up, what vertues contemned: but for all that, mee thinkes this translating from one language into another (except it be out of the Queenes of Tongues, Greeke and Latine) is just like looking upon the wrong side of Arras-Hangings: that although the Pictures be seene, yet they are full of threed ends, that darken them, and they are not seene with the plainenesse and smoothnesse, as on the other side; and the translating out of easie languages, argues neither wit, nor elocution, no more then doth the copying from out of one paper into another: yet I inferre not from this, that translating is not a laudable exercise: for a man may be far worse employed, and in things lesse profitable.

I except amongst Translators our two famous ones: the one, Doctor Christoval de Figueroa in his *Pastor fido*, and the other, Don Iohn de Xauregui, in his *Amyntas*, where they haply leave it doubtfull, which is the Translation or Originall. But tell me, Sir, Print you this Booke upon your owne charge, or sell you your licence to some Bookebinder? Vpon mine owne, said the Author, and I thinke to get a thousand crownes by it at least, with this first impression: for there will be two thousand Copies, and they will vent at three shillings apiece roundly.

You understand the matter well, said Don Quixote: it seemes you know not the passages of Printers, and the correspondencies they have betwixt one and the other: I promise you, that when you have two thousand Copies lying by you, you 'le be so troubled, as passeth; and the rather, if the booke be but a little dull, and not conceited all thorow.

Why, would you have me (quoth the Author) let a Bookeseller have my Licence, that would give me but a halfe-penny a sheete, and that thinkes he doth me a kindnes in it too? I print not my workes to get fame in the world: for I am by them well knowne in it, I must have profit; for without that, fame is not worth a rush.

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God send you good lucke, said Don Quixote; so he passed to another Box, where he saw some correcting a sheete of a Book, Intituled, *The Light of the Soule*: and in seeing it, he said, Such bookes as these (though there be many of them) ought to bee imprinted: for there be many sinners, and many lights are needfull, for so many be darkned.

Hee went on, and saw them correcting another Booke; and enquiring the Title, they answered him that it was called, *The second part of the Ingenious Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha*, made by such a one, an Inhabitant of Tordesillas.

I have notice of this Book, said Don Quixote, and in my conscience, I thought before now, it had beene burnt and turned to ashes for an idle Pamphlet: but it will not, like Hogs, *want it's Saint Martin: for your fained Histories are so much the more good and delightfull, by how much they come neere the truth, or the likenesse of it: and the true ones are so much the better, by how much the truer; and saying thus, with some shewes of distaste, he left the Presse: and that very day Don Antonio purposed to carry him to the Gallies, that were in the Wharfe: at which Sancho much rejoyced; for hee had never in his life seene any.

*Against that Saints day is Hogs searing.

Don Antonio gave notice to the Generall of the Gallies, that in the afternoone he would bring his ghest, the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, to see them: of whom all the Citie by this time had notice. And in the next Chapter, what hapned to him, shall be declared.

THE SECOND PART OF THE

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REAT' were the Discourses that Don Quixote framed to himselfe, touching the answeres of the Enchanted head, but none of them fell into the Imposture, and all concluded in the promise, which he held for certaine, of the dis-enchantment of Dulcinea: there his bloud flowed within him, and he rejoyced within himselfe, beleeving he should soone see the accomplishment of it: and Sancho, though (as hath beene said) he abhorred to be a Governour, yet he desired to beare sway againe, and to bee obeyed: for such is the desire of rule, though it be but in jest.

In conclusion, that afternoone Don Antonio Moreno their Oast, with his two friends, Don Quixote and Sancho, went to the Gallies. The Generall, who had notice of their comming, as soone as they were come neere the Sea side, made all the Gallies strike their Tilt-sayles, and the Hoboyes sounded, and they lanched a Cock-boat to the water, which was all covered with rich clothes, and Cushions of crimson Velvet: and just as Don Quixote entred into it, the Admirall Gally discharged her fore-Castle peece; and the rest of the Gallies likewise did the same: and as Don Quixote mounted at the right side Ladder, all the fry of the Slaves, as the custome is when any man of quality enters the Gally, cryed, 'Hu, Hu, Hu,' thrise a-row.

The Generall, who was a man of qualitie, a Valencian Gentleman, gave him his hand: and being entred, embraced

him, saying, This day will I marke with a white stone, for one of the best that shall have befalne me in all my life time: having seene Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha: the time and signes that appeare in him, shewing that all the worth of a Knight Errant, is contained and summed up in him. With the like courteous phrase, reply'd Don Quixote, jocund above measure, to see himselfe so Lord-like treated withall.

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They all went a-Sterne, which was very well drest up, and they sate upon the Railes. The Boat-Swaine got him to the fore-Castle, and gave warning with his whistle to the Slaves, to dis-robe themselves: which was done in an instant.

Sancho that saw so many naked men, was astonisht: and the more, when he saw them hoyst up their Tilt so speedily, that he thought all the Divels in Hell laboured there. Sancho sate upon the Pilots seate, neere the hindermost Rower, on the right hand: who being instructed what he should doe, laid hold on Sancho: and so lifting him up, passed him to another; and the second to a third: so the whole rabble of the slaves, beginning from the right side, passed and made him vault from one seat to another so violently, that poore Sancho lost his sight; and undoubtedly beleeved, that the Fiends of hell carried him; and they gave him not over, till they had passed him over all the left side too, and then set him againe on the Sterne: so the poore soule was sore brused, and bemauled, and scarce imagined what had hapned to him.

Don Quixote, that saw this flight of Sancho's without wings, asked the Generall if those were Ceremonies, that were used to such as came newly into the Gallie? for if they were, that he who intended not to professe in them, liked no such pastime: and he vowed to God, that if any came to lay hold on him, to make him tumble, he would kicke out his soule: and in so saying, he stood up, and grasped his sword.

At this instant they let downe the Tilt againe, and with a terrible noise let fall the Maine-yard, so that Sancho thought Heaven was off the Hindges, and fell upon his head, which

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he crouched together, and clapped it for feare betwixt his legges. Don Quixote was not altogether as he should be: for hee began to quake and shrinke up his shoulders, and grew pale. The Slaves hoisted the Maine-yard with the same fury and noise that they had formerly strooke it with, and all with such silence, as if they had had neither voice nor breath. The Boate-Swaine made signes to them, to weigh Anchor: and leaping toward the fore-castle, in the middest of them, with his whip or Buls-Pizzle, he began to fly-flap their shoulders.

When Sancho saw such a company of Red-feet moove at once: for such he ghessed the oares to be, he said to himselfe, I marry, heere bee things truely enchanted, and not those my Master speakes of. What have these unhappy soules committed, that they are thus lashed? and how dares this fellow that goes whistling up and downe alone, whip so many? Well, I say, This is Hell, or Purgatorie at least.

Don Quixote, that saw with what attention Sancho beheld all that passed, said, Ah, friend Sancho, how speedily, and with how little cost might you, if you would, take off your dublet, and clap your selfe amongst these fellowes, and make an end of dis-enchanting Dulcinea? For having so many companions in misery, you would not be so sensible of paine: and besides, it might be, that the sage Merlin might take every one of these lashes, being well laid on for ten.

The Generall would have asked what lashes those were, and what dis-enchantment of Dulcinea's: when a Marriner cryed out, Monjuich, makes signes that there is a Vessell, with Oares towards the West-side of the Coast. (Which said) The Generall leapt upon the fore-Castle, and cryed, Goe to, my Hearts, let her not scape: this Boat, that our watch-tower discovers, is some Frigot of Argiers Pirates.

And now the three other Gallies came to their Admirall, to know what they should do. The General commanded that two of them should lanch to the Sea: and he with the other would goe betwixt Land and Land, that so the vessell might not escape them.

The Slaves rowed hard, and so furiously drave on the

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Gallies, as if they had flowne: and those that lanched first into the Sea, about a two miles off discovered a Vessell, which in sight they marked to have about a fourteene or fifteene Oares, as it fell out to be true: which Vessell, when she discovered the Gallies, she put her selfe in chase; hoping by her swiftnesse to escape: but it prevailed nothing; for the Admiral Gally was one of the swiftest vessels that sayled in the Sea, and so got of the other, so much, that they in the Frigot plainely saw, that they could not escape; and so the Master of her would have had them forsaken their Oares, and yeelded, for feare of offending our Generall: but fate that would have it otherwise, so disposed the matter, that as the Admirall came on so nigh, that they in the Barke might heare a cry from the Gally that they should yeeld: two Toraquis, that is, two drunken Turkes, that were in the Frigot with twelve others, discharged two Calievers, with which they killed two Souldiours, that stood abaft our Gally. Which when our Generall saw, he vowed not to leave a man a live in the vessell: and comming in great fury to grapple with her, shee escaped under the Gallies Oares: the Gally passed forward a pretty way: they in the Vessell saw themselves gone, and beganne to set sayle, and to fly afresh, as they saw the Gally comming on them: but their industrie did them not so much good, as their presumption, hurt: for the Admirall overtaking them within one halfe mile, clapped his Oares on the Vessell, and so tooke her and every man a live in her.

By this the two other Gallies came, and all foure returned to the Wharfe with their prize, where a world of people expected them, desirous to see what they brought: the Generall cast Anchor neere Land, and perceived that the Vice-Roy of the Citie was on the shore; he commanded that a Cock-boat should be lanched to bring him; and that they should strike the Maine-yard, to hang presently the Master of the Frigot, and the rest of the Turkes that they had taken in her, which were about six and thirty persons; all goodly men, and most of them Turkish shot.

The Generall asked, who was Master of the Barke? and

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answere was made him by one of the Captives in Spanish, (who appeared after to bee a run-agate Spaniard:) This Youth you see heere is our Master: and he shewed him one of the goodliest comely Youths that could be deciphered by humane imagination.

He was not to see to, above twenty yeeres of age: the Generall asked, Tell me ill-advised Dogge, what mooved thee to kill my Souldiers, since thou sawest it was impossible to escape? is this the respect due to Admirals? Knowest not thou that rashnesse is not valour? Doubtfull hopes may make men bold, but not desperate.

The Master would have repli'd, but the General could not as yet give him the hearing, by reason of his going to welcome the Viceroy aboord, who entred now the Gally with some servants of his, and others of the City.

You have had a pretty chase on 't, my Lord Generall, said the Viceroy. So pretty, said the Generall, that your Excellency shall see it hanged up at the Maine-yard. How so (quoth the Viceroy)? Why, they have killed mee (said he) against all Law of Armes, reason, or custome of Warres, two of the best Souldiers I had in my Gallies, and I have sworne to hang them all, especially this youth, the Master of the Frigot; and he shewed him one that had his hands bound, and the halter about his necke, expecting his death. The Viceroy beheld him, and seeing him so comely, handsome, and so humble withall, his beauty giving him in that instant, as it were, a Letter of recommendation, the Viceroy had a minde to save him, and therefore asked;

Tell me, Master, art thou a Turke borne, or a Moore, or a Runn-agate?

To which the Youth answered him in his owne language, Neyther of all. Why, what art thou? quoth the Viceroy. A Christian woman, said the young man. A Woman, and a Christian in this habit, in these employments? a thing rather to bee wondred at, then beleeved. My Lords, I beseech you quoth the Youth, let my execution be a little deferred, whilest I recount my life. What heart so hard that would not be softned with that reason, at least to

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heare the sad and grieved Youth, to tell his story? The Generall bad him proceed, but that there was no hope for him of pardon for his notorious offence. So the Youth began in this manner: Of that linage, more unhappy then wise, on which a Sea of misfortunes in these latter times have rained, am I, borne of Moriscan Parents, and in the current of their misery, was carried by two of my Vncles into Barbary; it nothing availing me to say I was a Christian, as I am indeed, and not seeming so, as many of us; but truly Catholike: but this truth prevailed nothing with the Officers that had charge given them to looke to our banishment, neyther would my Vncles beleeve I was a Christian, but that it was a tricke of mine to stay in my native Country: and so rather forcibly, then by my consent, they carried me with them. My Mother was a Christian, and my Father discreet, and so likewise I sucked the Catholike faith in my milke: I was well brought up, and neither in my language or fashion, made shew to be a Morisca. With these vertues, my beauty (if so be I have any) increased also, and though my restraint and retirement was great, yet it was not such, but that a young Gentleman, called Don Gaspar Gregorio had gotten a sight of me: This Gentleman was sonne and heyre to a Knight that lived neere to our towne; hee saw me, and we had some speech; and seeing himselfe lost to me, but I not wonne by him, twere large to tell, especially fearing that as I am speaking, this halter must throttle mee: yet I say, that Don Gregorio would needs accompany mee in my banishment, and so mingling himselfe with Moriscos that came out of other places (for he understood the language well) in our voyage hee got acquainted with my two Vncles that went with me; for my Father, wisely, when hee heard the Edict of our banishment, went out of our towne, and went to seeke some place in a forraine Country, where we might be entertained; and he left many pearles, precious stones, and some money in double Pistolets hidden in a secret place (which I onely know of) but he commanded me, by no meanes to meddle with it, if we were banish'd before his returne. I did so, and with my Vncles and others

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of our kindred, passed into Barbary, and our resting-place was Argiers, I might have said, Hell. The King there, had notice of my beauty, and likewise that I was rich, which partly fell out to be my happinesse. He sent for me, and asked me of what part of Spaine I was, and what money and jewels I brought? I told him the place, but that my jewels and monies were buried: but that they might easily be had, if I might but goe thither for them. All this I sayd, hoping his owne Covetousnesse would more blinde him then my beauty.

Whilest we were in this discourse, they told him there came one of the goodliest faire Youths with me that could be imagined. I thought presently it was Don Gregorio they meant, whose comelinesse is not to be paralell'd. It troubled mee to thinke in what danger he would be; for those barbarous Turkes do more esteeme a handsome boy, then a woman, be shee never so faire. The King commanded straight, that hee should be brought before him, that he might see him, and asked me if it were true they said of the Youth. I told him Yes (and it seemed Heaven put it into my head) but that hee was no man, but a woman as I was, and I desired him he would give me leave to cloath her in her naturall habit, that her beauty might appeare to the full, and that otherwise too, she would be too shamefast before him. Hee bad me doe so, and that on the morrow he would give order for my returne to Spaine to seeke the hidden Treasure. I spoke with Don Gaspar, and told him what danger he had been in by being a man: so I clad him like a Moorish woman, and that afternoon brought him to the Kings presence, who seeing him, admired at her beauty, and thought to reserve him, and to send him for a Present to the Grand Signior: and so to avoid the danger in his Serraglio of women if he put her there, he commanded her to be kept in a house of certain Moorish Gentlewomen, whither he was carried. How this troubled us both (for I cannot deny that I love him) let them consider that have been absent from their Loves. The King gave order then, that I should come for Spaine in this

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Frigot, and that these two Turks that killed your Souldiers, shuld accompany mee, and this Renegate Spaniard, pointing to him that had first spoken, who I know is in heart a Christian, and hath a greater desire to remaine heere, then to returne into Barbarie, the rest are Moores and Turkes that onely serve for Rowers. The two covetous and insolent Turkes, not respecting the order we had, that they should set me and this runnagate Spaniard on the first shore, in the habits of Christians (of which we were provided) would needs first scowre the coast, and take some prize, if they could, fearing that if they first should set us on land, by some mischance we might discover the Frigot to be upon the coast: so that they might be taken by the Gallies, and overnight we descried this wharfe, and not knowing of these foure Gallies, we were discovered, and this hath befalne us that you have seene. In fine, Don Gregorio remaines in his womans habit amongst women, in manifest danger of his destruction, and I am heere prisoner, expecting, or to say truer, fearing the losing of my life, which notwithstanding wearies me. This, Sirs, is the conclusion of my lamentable History, as true as unfortunate: my request is, that I may die a Christian, since (as I have said) I am not guilty of that crime into which the rest of my Nation have fallen: and with this she broke off, her eyes pregnant with teares, which were accompanied with many from the standers by also.

The Viceroy, all tender and compassionate, came to her, and undid the Cord that bound the Moores faire hands. In the meane time, whilest this Christian Morisca related her Storie, an ancient Pilgrim that entred the Gally, had his eyes fastned upon her; and she had no sooner ended her discourse, when he cast himselfe at her feet, and embracing them with interrupted words, sighes, and sobs, said, Oh my unfortunate daughter Ana Felix, I am Ricote thy Father, that have returned to seeke thee, as not being able to live without thee; for thou art my very soule. At these words Sancho opened his eyes, and lifted up his head (which he held downe, thinking upon his ill-favoured

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tossing in the Gally) and beholding the Pilgrim, knew him to be the same Ricote that hee met the same day hee left his Government, and it appear'd she was his daughter, when being unbound, she embraced her Father, mingling her teares with his. Then said he to the General and Viceroy, This, my Lords, is my daughter, more unhappy in her successe, then in her name, as famous for beauty, as I for wealth. I left my Country, to finde a resting-place in some strange Country, and having found one in Germany, returned in this Pilgrimes weed in company of other Germanes to seeke my daughter, and to dig out my hidden treasure, but found not her, and the treasure I bring with me, and now by strange chance have lighted on my greatest treasure, that is, my beloved daughter: if so be our small offence, and her teares and mine together, with the integrity of your Iustice, may open the gates of mercy, shew it us, that never had so much as a thought once to offend you, nor conspired with those of our owne linage who were justly banished. Then said Sancho, I know Ricote well, and know all is true he saith, concerning that Ana Felix is his daughter, but for other flim-flams, whether he had a good or bad intention, I intermeddle not.

The by-standers wondring all at this accident, the Generall said, Well, your teares will not let me accomplish my vow: live, faire Ana Felix, as long as Heaven will give thee leave, and let those rash slaves die that committed the fault: so he commanded that the two Turkes that had killed his two Souldiers, should presently be hanged upon the maine Yarde: but the Vice-roy desired him earnestly not to hang them, since they had shewed more madnesse then valour. The Generall condescended, for revenge is not good in cold bloud; and straight they contrived how to get Don Gregorio free. Ricote offered two thousand Ducats hee had in Pearles and Iewels towards it: Many meanes were thought on, but none so good, as that of the Renegado Spaniard that was mentioned, who offered to returne to Argiers in some small Barke, onely with some sixe Christian Oares; for he knew where, how, and when he might dis-embarke himselfe, and the

house also where Don Gaspar was. The Generall and Vice-roy were in some doubt of him, or to trust him with the Christians that should row with him. But Ana Felix undertooke for him, and Ricote offered to ransome the Christians if they were taken. And being agreed, the Vice-roy went ashore, and Don Antonio Moreno carried the Morisca and her Father with him, the Vice-roy enjoyning him to use them as well as possibly he might, and offered him the command of any thing in his house toward it. Such was the charity and benevolence that the beauty of Ana Felix had infused into his brest.

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THE History sayes, that Don Antonio Morenos wife took great delight to see Ana Felix in her house: shee welcommed her most kindely, enamoured as well on her goodnesse, as beauty and discretion; for in all, the Morisca was exquisite, and all the City came (as if by a warning bell) to see her. Don Quixote told Don Antonio, that they tooke a wrong course for the freeing of Don Gregorio, which was more dangerous then convenient, and that it had beene better, that he were set on shore in Barbary with his Horse and Armes; for that he would deliver him in spight of the whole Moorisme there, as Don Gayferos had done his Spouse Melisendra.

Looke you, Sir, said Sancho, when he heard this, Don Gayferos brought his Spouse through firme Land, and so carried her into France; but here, though wee should

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deliver Don Gregorio, we have no meanes to bring him into Spaine, the Sea being betwixt us and home.

There is a remedy for every thing but Death, said Don Quixote; for tis but having a Barke ready at the Sea side, and in spite of all the world we may embarke our selves.

You doe prettily facilitate the matter, said Sancho, but tis one thing to say, and another to doe: and I like the Runnagate, for me thinkes he is a good honest plaine fellow. Don Antonio said, that if the Runnagate performed not the businesse, that then the Grand Don Quixote should passe over into Barbary. Some two daies after, the Runnagate embarkt in a little boat with six oares on a side, manned with lusty tall fellowes, and two daies after that, the Gallies were Eastward bound; the Generall having requested the Viceroy, that he would be pleased to let him know the successe of Don Gregorio's liberty, and likewise of Ana Felix. The Viceroy promised to fulfill his request.

And Don Quixote going out one morning to take the ayre upon the wharfe, armed at all points; for as he often used to say, his Armes were his ornaments, and to skirmish his delight, and so he was never without them; hee saw a Knight come toward him, armed from top to toe, carrying upon his shield a bright shining Moone painted, who comming within distance of hearing, directing his voyce to Don Quixote aloud, said, Famous Knight, and never sufficiently extolled Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the Knight of the white Moone, whose renowned deeds perhaps thou hast heard of: I am come to combat with thee, and by force of Armes to make thee know and confesse, that my Mistresse, be she whom she will, is without comparison fairer then thy Dulcinea del Toboso; which truth if thou plainly confesse, thou shalt save thy life, and me a labour in taking it: and if thou fight, and that I vanquish thee, all the satisfaction I will have, is, that thou forsake thy Armes, and leave seeking Adventures, and retire thy selfe to thy home for the space of one whole yeere, where thou shalt live peaceable and quietly, without laying hand to thy sword, which befits thy estate, and also thy soules

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health: and if thou vanquish me, my head shall be at thy mercy, and the spoyles of my Horse and Armour shall be thine, and also the fame of my exploits shall passe from mee to thee: Consider what is best to be done, and answer me quickly, for I have onely this daies respite to dispatch this businesse.

Don Quixote was astonisht and in suspence, as well at the Knight of the white Moone his arrogance, as the cause of it, for which he challenged him, and so with a quiet and staied demeanor answered him;

Knight of the white Moone, whose exploits hitherto I have not heard of, I dare sweare thou never sawest the famous Dulcinea; for if thou hadst, I know thou wouldst not have entred into this demand: for her sight would have confirmed, that there neyther hath beene, nor can be a beauty to be compared with hers: and therefore not to say you lye, but that you erre in your proposition, I accept of your challenge, with the aforesaid conditions; and strait, because your limited day shall not passe, and I onely except against one of your conditions, which is, that the fame of your exploits passe to me, for I know not what kinde of ones yours be, and I am content with mine owne such as they be: begin you then your Carreere when you will, and I will doe the like, and God and S. George.

The Viceroy had notice of this, and thought it had been some new Adventure plotted by Don Antonio Moreno, or some other Gentleman: and so out of the City he went with Don Antonio, and many other Gentlemen that accompanied him to the wharfe, just as Don Quixote was turning Rosinantes reines to take up as much ground as was fit for him. When the Vice-roy saw in both of them signes to encounter, he put himselfe betwixt them, and asked what was the cause of their single combat. The Knight of the white Moone answered him, that it was about a precedency in beauty, and briefly repeated what hee had formerly done to Don Quixote, together with the conditions accepted by both parties.

The Vice-roy came to Don Antonio, and asked him in

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his eare, if he knew that Knight of the white Moone, or if it were some tricke they meant to put upon Don Quixote?

Don Antonio made answer, that he neyther knew the Knight, or whether the Combat were in jest or earnest.

This answer made the Vice-roy doubt whether he should let them proceed to the Combat; but being perswaded that it could not be but a jest, hee removed, saying; Sir Knights, if there be no remedy but to confesse or dye, and that Signior Don Quixote be obstinate, and you Knight of the white Moone, more so then he, God have mercy on you, and too 't.

The Knight of the white-Moone most courteously thanked the Vice-roy for the licence he gave them, and Don Quixote too did the like; who heartily recommending himselfe to heaven, and his Mistris Dulcinea (as he used upon all such occasions) he turned about to begin his Careere, as his enemy had done, and without Trumpets sound, or of any other warlike instrument that might give them signall for the onset: they both of them set spurres to their Horses, and the Knight of the white-Moones being the swifter, met Don Quixote ere hee had ranne a quarter of his Careere so forcibly (without touching him with his Lance, for it seemed he carried it aloft on purpose) that he tumbled horse and man both to the ground, and Don Quixote had a terrible fall: so he got straight on the top of him; and clapping his Lances point upon his Visor, said, You are vanquished, Knight, and a dead man, if you confesse not, according to the conditions of our combate. Don Quixote all bruised and amazed, without heaving up his Visor, as if he had spoken out of a toombe, with a faint and weake voice, said, Dulcinea del Toboso is the fairest woman in the world, and I the unfortunatest Knight on earth; and it is not fit that my weaknes defraud this truth: thrust your Lance into me, Knight, and kill mee, since you have bereaved me of my honour. Not so truely, quoth he of the white-Moone, let the fame of my Lady Dulcinea's beauty live in her entirenesse: I am onely contented that the Grand Don Quixote retire home for a yeere, or til such time as I please, as we agreed, before we began the battell.

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All this, the Vice-Roy with Don Antonio and many others standing by heard; and Don Quixote answered, that so nothing were required of him in prejudice of his Lady Dulcinea, hee would accomplish all the rest, like a true and punctuall Knight.

This Confession ended, the Knight of the white-Moone turned his Horse, and making a low obeysance on horseback to the Vice-Roy, he rode a false gallop into the Citie. The Vice-Roy willed Don Antonio to follow him, and to know by all meanes who he was.

Don Quixote was lifted up, and they discovered his face, and found him discolour'd and in a cold sweat. Rosinante out of pure hard handling, could not as yet stirre.

Sancho all sad and sorrowfull knew not what to doe or say, and all that had hapned, to him seemed but a dreame: and all that Machine, a matter of Enchantment: he saw his Master was vanquished, and bound not to take Armes for a yeere. Now he thought the light of his glory was eclipsed, the hopes of his late promises were undone, and parted as smoke with winde; he feared lest Rosinante's bones were broken, and his Masters out of joynt: Finally, in a Chaire, which the Vice-Roy commanded to be brought, he was carried to the Citie, whither the Vice-Roy too returned, desirous to know who the Knight of the White-Moone was, that had left Don Quixote in so bad a taking.

THE SECOND PART OF THE

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DON ANTONIO MORENO followed the Knight of the White-Moone, and many Boyes too followed and persecuted him, til he got him to his Inne into the Citie. Don Antonio entred, desirous to know him; and hee had his Squire to un-arme him: he shut himselfe in a lower roome, and Don Antonio with him, who stood upon Thornes, till he knew who he was.

Hee of the White-Moone, seeing then that the Gentleman would not leave him, said, I well know, Sir, wherefore you come, and to know who I am; and since there is no reason to deny you this, I will tell you, whil'st my man is un-arming mee, the truth without erring a jot. Know, Sir, that I am stiled the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, and am one of Don Quixotes town: whose wilde madnes hath mooved as many of us as know him to compassion; and me amongst the rest most: and beleeving that the best meanes to procure his health, is to keep him quiet, and so to have him in his own house I thought upon this device: and so about a three moneths since, I met him upon the way, calling my selfe by the name of the Knight of the Looking-glasses, with a purpose to fight with him, and vanquish him, without doing him any hurt; and making this the condition of our combate, that the vanquished, should be left to the discretion of the vanquisher: and that which I would injoyne him (for I held him already conquered) was, that he should returne home, and not abroad againe in a whole yeere; in which time he might haply have beene cured: but Fortune would have it otherwise; for he vanquished me, and un-horsed me, and so

my project tooke no effect: he went on his way, and I returned, conquered, ashamed, and bruised with my fall, that was very dangerous: but for all that, I had still a desire to finde him againe, and to conquer him, as now you have seene.

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And hee being so punctuall, in observing the orders of Knight Errantry, will doubtlesse keepe his promise made to mee.

This, Sir, is all I can tell you, and I beseech you conceale me from Don Quixote, that my desires may take effect; and that the man who hath otherwise a good understanding, may recover it if his madnesse leave him.

Oh, Sir, said Don Antonio, God forgive you the wrong you doe the whole world, in seeking to recover the pleasantest mad man in the world.

Perceive you not, that this recovery cannot bee so much worth, as the delight that his fopperies cause? but I imagine, Sir Bachelor, that all your Art will not make a man so irrecoverably mad, wise againe: and if it were not uncharitable, I would say, Never may he recover: for in his health wee lose not onely his owne conceits, but Sancho Pansa his Squires too, each of which would turne melancholy it selfe into mirth: for all that, I will hold my peace, I will say nothing, and see whether I ghesse right, that Signior Carrasco's paines will be to no purpose. Who answered, that as yet the businesse was brought to a good passe, and he hoped for a happy successe: and so offering Don Antonio his service hee tooke leave of him. And causing his Armor to be packed upon a great hee Mule, at the instant he got himselfe upon the Horse, with which hee entred the Lists; and the same day he went out of the Citie homeward, where by the way nothing hapned to him, worth the relating in this true Historie.

Don Antonio told the Vice-Roy all that Carrasco said; at which he received not much content, for in Don Quixotes retirement, was theirs also that ever had notice of his mad prankes.

Sixe dayes was Don Quixote in his bed, all muddy, sad

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and sorrowfull, and wayward, descanting in his thoughts upon his ill fortune to be vanquished. Sancho comforted him, and amongst other reasons, told him, Signior mine, cheere up, be lively, if you can, give Heaven thankes, that though you came with a tumbling cast to the ground, yet you have never a rib broken; and since you know that sweet meat must have sowre sawce, and that there is not alwayes good cheere, where there is a smoking Chimney, cry, A fig for the Physician, since you need not his help in this disease. Let's home to our houses, and leave looking after these Adventures thorow Countreys and places wee know not: and if you consider it well, I am heere the greatest loser, though you be in the worst pickle.

I, though when I left to be a Governour, left also my desires that way; yet left not my desire of being an Earle, which will never be effected, if you leave to be a King, by leaving the exercise of Chivalrie, and so my hopes are like to vanish into smoke.

Peace, Sancho, said Don Quixote, my retirement shall be but for a yeere, and then Ile straight to my honourable profession againe, and I shall not want a Kingdome for my selfe, and some Earledome for thee.

God grant it, said Sancho, and let sinne be deafe: for I have alwayes heard, that a good hope is better then a bad possession. In this discourse they were, when as Don Antonio entred, with shewes of great content, saying, My reward, Signior Don Quixote, for the newes I bring; for Don Gregorio and the runagate Spaniard with him, are upon the Wharfe: the Wharfe? quoth I. In the Vice-Royes house, and will be here presently.

Don Quixote was somewhat revived, and said, Truely, I was about to have said, I would it had beene otherwise, that I might have gone into Barbary, and with the strength and vigour of this Arme, not onely have given liberty to Don Gregorio, but to all the Christian captives in Barbary.

But what say I, wretch that I am? Am not I vanquished? Am not I overthrowne? Am not I hee that must not touch Armes this twelve moneths? What then do I promising?

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Why doe I praise my selfe, since it were fitter for mee to use a distaffe than a sword? No more of that, Sir, said Sancho: a man is a man, though he have but a hose on his head. To day for thee, and to morrow for me: and for these thumps and encounters there is no heed to be taken: for he that falls to day, may rise to morrow, except it be that he meane to lye a-bed; I meane, to dismay and not take heart to fresh skirmishes: and therefore raise you your selfe now, to welcome Don Gregorio: for mee thinkes, the people of the house are in an uprore, and by this hee is come: and he said true; for Don Gregorio having given the Vice-Roy account of his going and comming, desirous to see Ana Felix, he came with the run-agate to Don Antonio's house: and though Don Gregorio, when they brought him out of Argiers, were in a womans habit; yet by the way in the Boate hee changed it with a Captive, that came with him: but in whatsoever habit he had beene in, hee would have seemed a personage, worthy to be coveted, sought after, and served: for he was extraordinary comely, and about some seventeene or eighteene yeeres of age. Ricote and his Daughter went out to welcome him; the Father with teares, and the Daughter with honesty.

They did not embrace each other; for where there is love, there is never much loosenesse.

The two joynt beauties of Don Gregorio, and Ana Felix astonished all the by-standers.

Silence there spoke for the two Lovers, and their eyes were tongues, that discovered their joyfull, but honest thoughts: the run-agate told them the meanes and slight hee had used to get Don Gregorio away. Don Gregorio told his dangers and straites he was put to, amongst the women with whom hee remained, not in tedious manner, but with much brevitie; where hee shewed that his discretion was above his yeeres.

Finally, Ricote paid and royally satisfied as well the run-agate, as those that had rowed with him. The run-agate was reduc't and re-incorporated with the Church, and of a rotten member, became cleane and sound, by penance and repentance.

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Some two dayes after, the Vice-Roy treated with Don Antonio about meanes, that Ricote and his Daughter might remaine in Spaine; thinking it to be no inconvenience, that so Christianly a Father and Daughter should remaine, and to see too so well intentionated.

Don Antonio offered to negotiate it amongst other businesse, for which hee was to goe to the Court of necessitie, letting them know, that there by favour and bribes many difficult matters are ended.

There is no trust in favors or bribes, said Ricote then present; for with the Grand Don Bernardino de Velasco, Counte Salazar, to whom his Majesty hath given in charge our expulsion, neyther entreaties, promises, bribes or compassion can prevaile: for though true it be, that he mixeth his justice with mercy, yet because he sees, that the whole body of our Nation is putrid and contaminated, he useth rather Cauterizing that burnes it, then oyntment that softens it: and so with prudence, skill, diligence, and terror, he hath borne upon his strong shoulders, and brought to due execution, the waight of this great Machine; our industries, tricks, slights and frauds, not being able to blinde his watchfull eyes of Argus, which wake continually: to the end that none of ours may remaine; that like a hidden roote, may in time sprout up, and scatter venemous fruit throughout all Spaine, now clensed, and free from the feare, into which their multitude put her (a heroike resolution of the Grand Philip the third, and unheard of wisedome, to have committed it to Don Bernardino de Velasco).

Well, when I come thither said Don Antonio, I will use the best meanes I can, and let Heaven dispose what shall bee fittest. Don Gregorio shall goe with me, to comfort the affliction of his parents for his absence; Ana Felix shal stay with my wife heere, or in a Monastery: and I know the Vice-roy will bee glad to have honest Ricote stay with him, till he sees how I can negotiate.

The Vice-roy yeelded to all that was proposed: but Don Gregorio knowing what passed, said, that by no meanes he could or would leave Ana Felix: but intending to see his

friends, and to contrive how he might returne for her, at length he agreed. Ana Felix remained with Don Antonio's wife, and Ricote in the Vice-roy his house.

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The time came that Don Antonio was to depart, and Don Quixote and Sancho, which was some two dayes after, for Don Quixotes fall would not suffer him to travell sooner. When Don Gregorio parted from Ana Felix, all was teares, swouning, sighs and sobs. Ricote offred Don Gregorio a 1000 crownes: but he refused them, and borrowed onely five of Don Antonio, to pay him at the Court againe: with this they both departed, and Don Quixote and Sancho next (as hath beene said) Don Quixote dis-armed, and Sancho on foote, because Dapple was laden with the Armour.

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S they went out of Barselona, Don Quixote beheld the place where he had his fall, and said, *Hic Troia fuit*, here was my ill fortune, and not my cowardize, that bereaved mee of my former gotten glory: here Fortune used her turnes, and returnes with me: heere my exploits were darkned, and finally, my fortune fell, never to rise againe. Which Sancho hearing, said, Signior mine, 'Tis as proper to great spirits to be patient in adversitie, as jocund in prosperity, and this I take from my selfe: for if when I my selfe being a Governour was merry; now that I am a poore Squire on foot, I am not sad. For I have heard say, that she you call up and downe Fortune, is a drunken longing woman, and withall blinde, and so

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shee sees not what she doth; neither knowes whom she casts downe, or whom she raiseth up.

Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, thou art very Philosophicall: thou speak'st marvellous wisely, I know not who hath taught thee. All I can tell thee, is, that in the world there is no such thing as Fortune; neither doe things that happen in it, good or evill, fall out by chance, but by the particular providence of heaven: hence 'tis said, That every man is the Artificer of his own Fortune, which I have beene of mine, but not with the discretion that might have beene fitting, and so my rashnes hath been requited: for I might have thought that it was not possible for Rosinantes weaknesse, to have resisted the powerfull greatnesse of the Knight of the white-Moones Horse. In fine, I was hardy, I did what I could: downe I came; and though I lost my honour, yet I lost not, nor can lose my vertue, to accomplish my promise. When I was a Knight Errant, bold and valiant, with my workes and hands I ennobled my deedes: and now that I am a foot Squire, I will credit my workes, with the accomplishment of my promise: Iog on then, Sancho, and let us get home there to passe the yeere of our Probationership: in which retirednesse, we will recover new vertue, to returne to the never-forgotten exercise of Armes.

Sir, said Sancho, 'Tis no great pleasure to travell great journeys on foot: let us leave your Armour hanged up upon some tree, in stead of a hanged man: and then I may get upon Dapple, and ride as fast as you will: for to thinke that I will walke great journeys on foote, is but a folly.

Thou hast said well, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote: hang up my Armes, for a Trophy; and at the bottome, or about them we will carve in the Trees, that which in the Trophy of Roldans was written.

Let none these moove,
That his Valour will not
With Roldan proove.

All this (me thinks, said Sancho) is precious: and if it

were not that we should want Rosinante by the way, 'twere excellent good hanging him up.

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Well, neither he, nor the Armour, quoth Don Quixote, shall be hanged up, that it may not be said, So a good servant, an ungratefull Master.

You say marvellous well, quoth Sancho: for according to the opinion of wise men, the fault of the Asse must not bee layd upon the pack-saddle: and since in this last businesse you your selfe were in fault, punish your selfe, and let not your fury burst upon the hacked and bloudy Armour, or the mildnesse of Rosinante, or the tendernes of my feet, making me walke more then is fitting.

All that day and foure more they passed in these reasons and discourses: and the fift after, as they entred a towne, they saw a great many of people at an Inne dore, that by reason of the heat were there shading themselves.

When Don Quixote approched, a Husbandman cried aloud, Some of these Gentlemen, that know not the parties, shall decide the businesse of our wager. That will I (said Don Quixote) with all uprightnesse, if I may understand it. Well, good sir, said the Husbandman, this is the matter; Heere 's one dwells in this towne so fatte, that he weighes eleven *Arrobes, and hee challenged another to run with him that weighes but five: the wager was to runne one hundred paces with equall waight, and the Challenger beeing asked how they should make equall waight, said, That the other that weighed but five Arrobes, should carry sixe of Iron, and so they should both weigh equally.

*Arroba, measure of 25 pound waight.

No, no, said Sancho, before Don Quixote could answer, It concernes mee (that not long since left being a Governour and a Iudge as all the world knowes) to decide doubts, and to sentence this businesse. Answer on Gods name, friend Sancho (said Don Quixote) for I am not in the humor to play at boyes-play, since I am so troubled and tormented in minde.

With this licence, Sancho said to the Husbandmen that were gaping round about him, expecting his sentence, Brothers, the fat mans demand is unreasonable, and hath

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no appearance of equity; for if hee that is challenged may choose his weapons, the other ought not to chuse such as may make his contrary unweyldy and unable to be Victor: and therefore my opinion is, that the fat Challenger doe picke, and cleanse, and with-draw, and pollish, and nibble, and pull away sixe Arrobes of his flesh, somewhere or other from his body (as he thinkes best) and so having but five remaining, hee will be made equall with his opposite, and so they may runne upon equall termes.

I vow by me, said the Husbandman that heard Sancho's sentence, this Gentleman hath spoken blessedly, and sentenced like a Canon: but I warrant, the fat man will not lose an ounce of his flesh, much lesse sixe Arrobes.

The best is, said another, not to runne, that the leane man straine not himselfe with too much waight, nor the fat man dis-flesh himselfe, and let halfe the wager be spent in wine, and let us carry these Gentlemen to the Taverne that hath the *best, and give me the cloke when it raines.

*A good wish, as if hee would have said, Let the burden light upon him.

I thanke you Sir, said Don Quixote; but I cannot stay a jot: for my sad thoughts make mee seeme unmannerly, and travell more then ordinarily. And so spurring Rosinante, he passed forward, leaving them to admire and note, as well his strange shape as his mans discretion; for, such they judged Sancho. And another of the Husbandmen said; If the man be so wise, what think ye of the Master? I hold a wager, that if they went to study at Salamanca, they would be made Iudges of the Court in a trice, for all is foppery to your studying: study hard, and with a little favour and good lucke, when a man least thinkes of it, hee shall have a Rod of Iustice in his hand, or a Miter upon his head.

That night the Master and man passed in the open field: and the next day being upon their way, they saw a footman comming towards them with a paire of Wallets about his necke, and a Iavelin or Dart in his hand, just like a footman, who comming neere Don Quixote, mended his pace, and beginning to runne, came and tooke him by the right thigh;

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for hee could reach no higher, and said with a great deale of gladnesse; Oh my Signior Don Quixote de la Mancha, and how glad my Lord Duke will be, when he knowes you will return to his Castle! for he is there still with my Lady Duchesse.

I know you not, friend, said Don Quixote, who you are, except you tell me.

I, Signior Don Quixote, said the foot-man, am Tosilos the Dukes Lackey, that would not fight with your Worship about the marriage of Donna Rodriguez daughter.

God defend me, said Don Quixote, and is it possible? and are you he, into whom the Enchanters my enemies transformed my contrary, to defraud me of the honour of that combat?

Peace, Sir, quoth the Letter foote-post, there was no Enchantment, nor changing of my face, I was as much Tosilos the Lackey, when I went into the Lists, as when I came out: I thought to have married without fighting, because I liked the wench well; but it fell out otherwise. My Lord Duke caused me to be well banged, because I did not according as I was instructed before the battell was to begin: and the Conclusion is, the wench is turned Nun, and Donna Rodriguez is gone backe againe into Castile, and I am going now to Barselona to carry a packet of Letters to the Vice-roy which my Lord sends him: and if it please you to drinke a sup (though it be hot, yet pure) I have a little Gourd heere full of the best wine, with some slices of excellent cheese, that shall serve for a provoker and Alarum to thirst if it be asleepe.

I see the Vy, said Sancho, and set the rest of your courtesie, and therefore skinke, honest Tosilos, in spight of all the Enchanters in the Indies.

Well, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, thou art the onely Glutton in the world, and the onely Asse alive, since thou canst not bee perswaded that this foote-man is Enchanted, and this Tosilos counterfait; stay thou with him and fill thy selfe, I go on faire and softly before, and expect thee.

The Lackey laughed, and unsheathed his bottle, and

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drawing out his bread and cheese, hee and Sancho sate upon the greene grasse, and like good fellowes they cast Anchor upon all the Wallets provant so hungrily, that all being gone, they licked the very Letter-packet because it smelt of cheese.

Tosilos said to Sancho; Doubtlesse thy Master, friend Sancho, is a very mad-man. Hee owes no man nothing in that kinde, said Sancho; for if the money he were to pay, be in madnesse, he hath enough to pay all men. I see it well enough, and tell him of it, but tis to no purpose; for hee is now even past recovery, since hee hath beene vanquished by the Knight of the white Moone. Tosilos desired him to tell him what had befalne him: but Sancho answered, it was a discourtesie to let his Master stay for him, but at some other time when they met, he should know: and so rising up after he had well dusted himselfe, and shaked the crums from his beard, he caught hold of Dapple before, and crying farewell, left Tosilos, and overtook his Master that stayed for him under the shade of a tree.

HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

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Of the resolution Don Quixote had to turne Shepheard, and to leade a Country life, whilest the promise for his yeere was expired, with other accidents, truely good, and savourie.

IF Don Quixote were much troubled in minde before his fall, he was so much more after it: Hee stood shading himselfe under the tree (as you heard) and there his thoughts set upon him, as flies upon hony; some tending to the disenchantment of Dulcinea, others to the life that he meant to lead in the time of his forced retirement.

Sancho now drew neere, and extolled the liberality of Tosilos.

Is it possible, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that still thou thinkest that that was a true Lackey, and that thou hast forgotten too that Dulcinea was converted and transformed into a Country wench, and the Knight of the Looking-glasses, into the Bachelor Samson Carrasco: all these by the doings of Enchanters my enemies that persecute me? But tell me now, didst thou ask that Tosilos, what became of Altisidora? did she lament my absence, or hath she forgoten her amorous passions, that when I was present troubled her?

I never thought on't (said Sancho) neyther had I leysure to aske after such fooleries. Body of me, Sir, you are now in a humour of asking after other folkes thoughts, and amorous ones too.

Look thee, Sancho, there is a great deale of difference

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betwixt love and gratefulnesse; it may well be that a Gentleman may not be amorous: but it cannot be (speaking in all rigour) that he should be ungrateful: Altisidora in likelihood loved me very well, she gave me the three night-caps thou wotest of, she cried at my departure, cursed mee, reviled mee, and without modesty railed publikely, all signes that she adored me; for the anger of lovers often ends in maledictions. I could give her no comfort, nor no treasure, all I have being dedicated to Dulcinea, and the treasure of Knights Errant is like that of Fairies, false and apparent onely, and all I can doe, is but to remember her, and this I may doe without prejudice to Dulcinea, whom thou wrongest with thy slacknesse in whipping thy selfe, and in chastising that flesh of thine, that I wish I might see devoured by wolves, that had rather preserve it selfe for wormes, then for the remedy of that poore Lady.

Sir, said Sancho, if you will have the truth, I cannot perswade my selfe that the lashing of my posteriors can have any reference to the dis-enchanting of the Enchanted, which is as much as if you should say, If your head grieve you, anoint your knees, at least, I dare sweare, that in as many histories as you have read of Knight Errantry, you never saw whipping dis-enchant any body: but howsoever, I will take it when I am in the humour, and when time serves Ile chastise my selfe.

God grant thou dost, said Don Quixote, and heaven give thee grace to fall into the reckoning and obligation thou hast to help my Lady, who is thy Lady too, since thou art mine.

With this discourse they held on their way, till they came just to the place where the Bulls had over-runne them: and Don Quixote called it to minde, and said to Sancho; In this field we met the brave shepheardesses, and the lusty swaines, that would here have imitated and renued the Pastorall Arcadia: an invention as strange as witty; in imitation of which, if thou thinkest fit, Sancho, wee will turne Shepheards for the time that wee are to live retired: Ile buy sheepe, and all things fit for our pastorall vocation, and calling my selfe

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by the name of the Shepheard Quixotiz, and thou the Shepheard Pansino, we will walke up and downe the Hills, thorow Woods and Meadowes, singing and versifying, and drinking the liquid Christall of the fountaines, sometimes out of the cleere springs, and then out of the swift running rivers; The Oakes shall afford us plentifully of their most sweet fruit, and the bodies of hardest Corke-trees shall be our seates, the willowes shall give us shade, the roses their perfume, and the wide medowes carpets of a thousand flourished colours: the Ayre shall give us a free and pure breath: the Moone and Starres in spight of Nights darkenesse shall give us light, our songs shall afford us delight, and our wailing, mirth, Apollo, verses, and Love-conceits, with which we may be eternalized and famous, not onely in this present age, but ages to come also. By ten, quoth Sancho, this kinde of life is very sutable to my desires, and I beleeve the Bachelor Samson, and Master Nicholas the Barber will no sooner have seene it, but they will turn shepheards with us: and pray God the Vicar have not a minde to enter into the sheep-coat too, for he is a merry Lad and jolly. Thou hast said very wel, Sancho, said Don Quixote, and the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, if so be he enter the Pastorall lap (as doubtlesse he will) may call himselfe the shepheard Samsonino, or Carrascon. Mr. Nicholas may call himselfe Niculoso, as the ancient *Boscan called himselfe, Nemoroso. I know not what name wee shuld bestow upon the Vicar, except it were some derivative from his own, calling him the shepheard Curiambro. The shepheardesses on whom we must be enamoured, we may chuse their names as amongst Peares: and since my Ladies name serves as well for a shepheardesse as for a Princesse, I need not trouble my selfe to get her another better, give thou thine what name thou wilt.

*Alluding to the word *Bosque* for a Wood.

Mine, said Sancho, shall have no other name but Teresona, which will fit her fatnesse well, and it is taken from her Christian name, which is Teresa, and the rather I celebrating her in my verses, doe discover my chaste thoughts, since I seeke not in other mens houses better bread then is made of wheat: 'twere not fit that the Vicar had his shepheardesse,

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to give good example, but if the Bachelor will have any, tis in his owne free choice.

Lord blesse me, Sancho, said Don Quixote, and what a life shall we have on't? what a world of horne-pipes, and Zamora bag pipes shall we heare? what Tabouring shall we have? what jangling of bells and playing on the Rebecke? and if to these different musikes we have the Albogue too, we shall have all kinde of pastoral instruments.

What is *Albogue* (quoth Sancho)? It is, said Don Quixote, a certaine plate made like a Candlesticke, and being hollow, gives, if not a very pleasing or harmonious sound, yet it displeaseth not altogether, and agrees well with the rusticke Tabor and bag-pipe; and this word *Albogue* is Moorish, as all those in our Castilian tongue are, that begin with *Al*, to wit, *Almoasa*, *Almorzar*, *Alhombra*, *Alguazil*, *Alucena*, *Almazen*, *Alcancia* and the like, with some few more; and our language hath onely three Moorish words that end in *I*, which are *Borcegui*, *Zaguiçami*, and *Maravedi*: *Alheli* and *Alfaqui* are as well known to be Arabicke by their beginning with *Al*, as their ending in *I*.

This I have told thee by the way, the word *Albogue* having brought it into my head, and one maine helpe wee shall have for the perfection of this calling, that I, thou knowest, am somewhat Poeticall, and the Bachelor Samson Carrasco is a most exquisit one; for the Vicar I say nothing, but I lay a wager he hath his smacke, and so hath Master Nicolas too: for all these, or the most of them play upon a Guittern, and are Rimers. I will complaine of absence: thou shalt praise thy selfe for a Constant Lover, the shepheard Carrascon shall mourn for being disdain'd, and let the Vicar Curiambro do what he pleaseth, and so there is no more to be desired.

To which (said Sancho) Sir, I am so unlucky, that I feare I shal not see the day, in which I may see my selfe in that happy life: oh what neat spoones shall I make when I am shepheard! what hodge-potches and creame! what garlands and other pastorall trumperies! that though they get me not a fame of being wise, yet they shall, that I am witty. My

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little daughter Sanchica shall bring our dinner to the flocke: but soft, she is handsome, and you have shepheards more knaves then fooles, and I would not have her come for wooll, and returne shorne: and your loose desires are as incident to the fields as to Cities, and as well in shepheards Cotages, as Princes Palaces, and the cause being removed, the sin will be saved, and the heart dreames not of what the eye sees not, and better a fair paire of heels, then die at the gallows.

No more Proverbs, Sancho, (said Don Quixote) since each of these is enough to make us know thy meaning, and I have often advised thee, not to be so prodigall of thy Proverbs, but more sparing: but 'tis in vaine to bid thee; for the more thou art bid, the more thou wilt doe it. Mee thinkes, Sir, said Sancho, you are like what is said, that the Frying-pan said to the Kettle, Avant, blacke-browes; you reprehend me for speaking of Proverbs, and you thred up yours by two and two.

Look you, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, I use mine to purpose, and when I speake them, they fitte as well as a little ring to the finger: but thou bringest in thine so by head and shoulders, that thou rather draggest then guidest them: and if I forget not, I told thee heretofore, that Proverbs are briefe sentences, drawne from the experience and speculation of our Ancient Sages, and a Proverbe ill applied, is rather a foppery then a sentence: but leave we this now; and since night comes on us, let's retire a little out of the high-way, where we will passe this night, and God knowes what may befall us to morrow. So they retired, and made a short supper, much against Sancho's will, who now began to thinke of the hard life of Knight Errantry in Woods and Mountaines, especially calling to his remembrance, the Castles and houses as well of Don Diego de Miranda, and where the rich Camacho's mariage was, and likewise Don Antonio Moreno's: but he considered with himselfe, that nothing could last ever: and so he slept away the rest of that night, which his Master passed watching.

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THE night was somewhat darke, though the Moon were up, but she was obscured; for sometimes my Lady Diana goes to walke with the Antipodes, and leaves the Mountaines blacke, and the Vallies darkened. Don Quixote complide with Nature, having slept his first sleepe, he broke off his second, contrary to Sancho, for his lasted from night till morning: a signe of his good complexion, and few cares. These kept Don Quixote waking in such sort, that he awakened Sancho, and said to him;

I wonder, Sancho, at thy free condition: I imagine thou art made of Marble, or of hard Brasse, which neither mooves, or hath any feeling. I wake, when thou sleepest; I weepe, when thou singest; I am ready to faint with fasting, when thou art lazy, and unweildy with pure cramming in: 'twere the part of good servants, to have a fellow-feeling of their Masters griefes, if it were but for decency: behold this nights brightness, and the solitude we are in, which invites us to intermingle some watching with sleepe: rise by thy life, and get thee a little apart, and with a good courage and thankefull cheere, give thy selfe three or foure hundreth lashes upon account, for Dulcinea's dis-enchanting: and this I intreat of thee; for I will not now, as heretofore, come to handy-gripes with thee; for I know, thou hast shrewd Clutches: and after thou hast done, we will passe the rest of the night; I, chanting my absence, and thou thy constancy, beginning from henceforward our Pastorall exercise, which we are to keep in our Village.

Sir, said Sancho, I am of no Religious order, that I should

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rise out of the middest of my sleepe to discipline my selfe; neither doe I thinke it possible, that from the paine of my whipping, I may proceede to Musick. Pray, Sir, let mee sleepe, and doe not presse me so to this whipping; for you wil make me vow never to touch so much as a hayre of my coat, much lesse of my flesh. O hard heart! oh ungodly Squire! oh ill given bread, and favours ill placed which I bestowed, and thought to have more and more conferred upon thee: by me thou wast a Governour, and from me thou wast in good possibilitie of being an Earle, or having some æquivalent Title, and the accomplishment should not have failed, when this our yeere should end: for I *post tenebras spero lucem.* I understand not that, said Sancho, only I know that whilest I am sleeping, I neither feare nor hope, have neither paine nor pleasure: and well fare him that invented sleepe, a cloke that covers all humane thoughts; the foode that slakes hunger; the water that quencheth thirst; and the fire that warmeth cold; the cold that tempers heate; and finally a currant coine, with which all things are bought, a ballance and weight that equals the King to the Shepheard; the foole to the wiseman: onely one thing (as I have heard) sleepe hath ill, which is, that it is like death, in that betweene a man asleepe, and a dead man, there is little difference.

I have never, Sancho, said Don Quixote, heard thee speake more elegantly then now: whereby I perceive, the Proverbe thou often usest is true; You may know the man, by the conversation he keepes. Gods me, Master mine, I am not onely hee now that threeds on Proverbs: and they come freer from you (me thinkes) and betwixt yours and mine, there is this onely difference, that yours are fitly applyed, and mine unseasonably.

In this discourse they were, when they perceived a deafe noise thorow all the Valleys. Don Quixote stood up, and laid hand to his sword, and Sancho squatted under Dapple, and clapt the bundle of Armour, and his Asses Pack-saddle on each side of him, as fearefull, as his Master was outragious: still the noyse encreast, and drew neerer the two

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timorous persons (at least one) for the others valour is sufficiently knowne.

The Businesse was, that certaine fellowes drave some sixe hundreth Swine to a Fayre to sell, with whom they travelled by night; and the noise they made, with their grunting and squeaking was so great, that it deafed Don Quixotes and Sancho's eares, that never marked what it might be. It fell out, that the goodly grunting Herd were all in a troope together, and without respect to Don Quixote or Sancho's person, they trampled over them both, spoiling Sancho's Trenches, and overthrowing not onely Don Quixote, but Rosinante also: the fury of the sudden comming of these uncleane beasts, made a confusion, and laid on ground the pack-saddle, Armour, Rosinante, Sancho, and Don Quixote. Sancho rose as well as he could, and desired his Masters sword, telling him, he would kill halfe a doozen of those unmannerly Hogs, for now he knew them to be so.

Don Quixote said, Let them alone, friend, for this affront is a penalty for my fault, and a just punishment it is from Heaven, that Dogs and Wasps eate a vanquisht Knight Errant, and that Swine trample over him.

And it is a punishment of Heaven too, belike, said Sancho, that Flyes doe bite the Squires of vanquished Knights, that Lice eate them, and hunger close with them.

If we Squires were sonnes or neere Kinsmen to the Knights we serve, 'twere not much wee were partakers with them, even to the fourth generation: but what have the Pansa's to do with the Quixotes?

Well: yet let's goe fit our selves againe, and sleepe the rest of the night, and 'twill be day, and we shall have better lucke.

Sleep thou, Sancho, said Don Quixote, for thou wast borne to sleepe, and I was borne to wake: betwixt this and day-breake, I will give reines to my thoughts, and vent them out in some Madrigall, that without thy knowledge I composed this night.

Me thinkes, said Sancho, that thoughts that give way to Verses are not very troublesome: and therefore versifie you

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as much as you list, and Ile sleepe as much as I can: and so taking up as much of the ground as he would, he crowched up together, and slept liberally: Debts, nor suretiship, nor any other affliction disturbing him.

Don Quixote leaning to the body of a Beech or Cork-tree (for Cid Hamete Benengeli distinguisheth not what tree it was) to the Musick of his owne sighes, sung as followeth: 'Love, when I thinke,' etc. Each of which Verses were accompanied with many sighs, and not few teares, fit for a vanquisht Knight, and one who had his heart pierc't thorow with griefe, and tormented with the absence of his Dulcinea.

Now day came on, and Sir Sol with his beames playd in Sancho's eyes; who awoke, and lazed himselfe, shaking and stretching out his lither limbs, he beheld the havock the Swine had made in his Sumpterie, and he cursed and re-cursed the Herd.

Finally, both of them returned to their commenced journy; and toward Sun-set, they saw some ten Horse-men comming toward them, and foure or five foot-men. Don Quixote was agast at heart, and Sancho shivered, for the troope drew neerer to them, who had their Speares and Shields all in warlike array.

Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and said, If, Sancho, it were lawfull for me to exercise Armes, and that my promise had not bound my hands, I should thinke this were an Adventure of Cake-bread: but perhaps it may bee otherwise then wee thinke for.

By this the Horse-men came, and lifting up their Lances, without a word speaking, they compassed in Don Quixote before and behinde; one of the foot-men threatening him with death, and clapping his finger to his mouth, in signe hee should not cry out; and so he laid hold on Rosinante's bridle, and led him out of the way: and the rest of the foot-men catching Sancho's Dapple, all of them most silently followed after those that carried Don Quixote; who twice or thrice would have asked, whither they carried him, and what they would with him? but he no sooner began to move his

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lips, when they were ready to close them with their Lances points: and the same hapned to Sancho, when one of the foot-men pricked him with a Goad, he offering but to speake, and Dapple they punched too, as if he would have spoken: it now beganne to grow darke, so they mended their pace: the two prisoners feares encreased; especially when they might heare that sometimes they were cryed out on, On, on, ye Troclodites, peace, ye barbarous Slaves: Revenge, ye Anthropophagi: complaine not, ye Scythians; open not your eyes, ye murderous Polyphemans, ye Butcherous Lyons, and other such names as these, with which they tormented the eares of the lamentable Knight and Squire.

*Sanchos mistakes.

Sancho said within himselfe, *We Tortelites? We Barbers Slaves? we Popingeyes? we little Bitches to whom they cry, Hist, Hist: I doe not like these names, this winde winnowes no corne, all our ill comes together, like a whip to a Dogge: and I would to God this Adventure might end no worse.

Don Quixote was embesel'd: neither in all his discourse could he finde, what reprochfull names those should be, that were put upon him, whereby hee plainely perceived there was no good to be hoped for; but on the contrary much evill.

Within an houre of night they came to the Castle: which Don Quixote well perceived to be the Dukes, where but awhile before they had beene.

Now God defend (said he) as soone as hee knew the place: what have we heere? Why, in this house, all is courtesie and good usage: but for the vanquished, all goes from good to bad, and from bad, to worse.

They entred the chiefe Court of the Castle, and they saw it so dressed and ordered, that their admiration increased, and their feare re-doubled; as you shall see in the following Chapter.

HISTORIE OF DON QUIXOTE

CHAPTER LXIX

Of the newest and strangest Adventure, that in all the course of this History befell Don Quixote.

THE Horsemen all alighted, and the footmen taking Don Quixote and Sancho forcibly in their Armes, they set them in the Court, where round about were burning a hundreth Torches in their Vessels of purpose; and about the Turrets above five hundreth lights; so that in spight of darke night, they might there see day.

In the midst of the Court there was a Hearse raised some two yards from the ground, covered with a Cloth of State of blacke Velvet, and round about it there burned a hundred Virgin Waxe Candles in silver Candlestickes; on the top of it there lay a faire Damozell, that shewed to be dead, that with her beauty made death her selfe seeme faire: her head was laid upon a Pillow-beare of Cloth of gold, crowned with a Garland, woven with divers odoriferous Flowers: her hands were crossed upon her brest, and betwixt them was a bough of flourishing yellow Palme.

On one side of the Court there was a kinde of Theater set up, and two Personages in their Chaires, who with their crownes on their heads, and Scepters in their hands, seemed to be eyther reall or fained Kings: at the side of this Theater where they went up by steps, there were two other Chayres, where they that brought the prisoners, set Don Quixote and Sancho, and all this with silence and signes to them that they should bee silent too: but without that they held their peace: for the admiration of what they there saw, tyed their tongues: After this two other principall

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Personages came up, whom Don Quixote straight knew to be the Duke and Duchesse, his Oast and Oastesse, who sate downe in two rich Chaires, neere the two seeming Kings. Whom would not this admire? especially having seene that the body upon the Hearse, was the faire Altisidora? When the Duke and Duchesse mounted, Don Quixote and Sancho bowed to them, and the Dukes did the like, nodding their heads a little: and now an Officer entred athwart them, and comming to Sancho, clapt a Coat of blacke Buckram on him, all painted with flames of fire: and taking his Cap off, hee set a Miter on his head, just such a one as the Inquisition causes to be set upon Heretikes, and bade him in his eare, he should not unsowe his lips, for they would clap a gagge in his mouth, or kill him.

Sancho beheld himselfe all over, and saw himselfe burning in flames: but since they burned not indeed, he cared not a rush for them: he tooke off his Miter, and saw it painted with Divels: he put it on againe, and said within himselfe, Well yet, neither the one burnes me, nor the others carry me away.

Don Quixote beheld him also, and though feare suspended his sences, he could not but laugh at Sancho's Picture: and now from under the Herse there seemed to sound, a low and pleasing sound of Flutes; which being un-interrupted by any mans voice (for there it seemed Silence selfe kept Silence) was soft and amorous.

Straight there appeared suddenly on the Pillow of the Hearse, a Carkeise of a goodly Youth, clad like a Romane, who to the sound of a Harpe himselfe playd on, with a most sweet and cleere voice, sung these two Stanza's following.* Enough said one of the two, that seemed to be Kings: Enough, divine singer: for it were to proceede *in infinitum*, to paint unto us the misfortunes and graces of the peerelesse Altisidora, not dead, as the simple world surmiseth; but living in the tongues of Fame, and in the penance that Sancho is to passe, to returne her to the lost sight: and therefore thou, oh Radamanthus, that judgest with mee in the darksome Caves of Dis, since thou knowest all that is

*Which I likewise omit as being basely made on purpose, and so not worth the translation.

determining in the inscrutable Fates, touching the restoring of this Damozel, tell and declare it forthwith, that the happinesse we expect from her returne, may not be deferred.

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Scarce had Iudge Minos said this, when Radamanthus standing up, said, Goe too, Ministers of this house, high and low, great and small, come one after another, and seale Sancho's Chin with foure and twenty tuckes, twelve pinches, and with pins pricke his armes and buttocks sixe times, in which Altisidora's health consists.

When Sancho Pansa heard this, he broke off silence, and said, I vow, you shall as soone tucke me, or handle my face, as make me turne Moore. Body of me, what hath the handling my face to doe with this Damozels resurrection? The old Woman tasted the Spinage, etc. Dulcinea is enchanted, and I must be whipped to dis-enchant her: Altisidora dyes of some sicknesse it pleased God to send her; and her raising must bee with foure and twenty tuckes given me, and with grinding my body with pins thrusts, and pinching my armes blacke and blue: away with your tricks to some other, I am an old Dogge, and there's no histing to me.

Thou dyest, quoth Radamanthus alowd: relent, thou Tyger, humble thy selfe proud Nembroth, suffer and be silent, since no impossibilities are required of thee; and stand not upon difficulties in this businesse: thou shalt be tuckt, and see thy selfe grinded, thou shalt grone with pinching. Goe too, I say, Ministers, fulfill my command; if not, as I am honest man, you shall rue the time that ever you were borne.

Now there came thorow the Court, sixe like old Waiting-women, one after another in Procession; foure with Spectacles, and all with their right hands lifted aloft, with foure fingers breadths of their wrists discovered, to make their hands seeme larger (as the fashion is.)

No sooner had Sancho seene them, when bellowing like a Bull, he said, Well might I suffer all the world else to handle me, but that Waiting-women touch mee, I will never consent: Let um Cat-scratch my face, as my Master was

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served in this Castle: let um thrust me thorow with Bodkin-pointed Daggers: let um pull off my flesh with hote burning Pincers, and I will beare it patiently, and serve these Nobles: but that Waiting-women touch me, let the Divell take me, I will not consent.

Don Quixote then interrupted him, saying, Have patience soone, and please these Lordings, and thanke God, that hee hath given such vertue to thy person, that with the martyrdome of it thou mayst dis-enchant the Enchanted, and raise up the dead.

And now the Waiting-women drew neere Sancho; who being wonne and perswaded, settled in his Chaire, offered his face and chin to the first that came, who gave him a well-scaled tuck, and so made him a curtsie. Lesse curtsie, and lesse slabber-sauces, good Mistris Mumpsimus, quoth Sancho: for, I protest your hands smell of Vineger.

At length all the Waiting-women sealed him, and others pinched him: but that which hee could not suffer, was the Pins pricking; and therefore he rose out of his Chaire very moody, and laying hold of a lighted Torch that was neere him, he ran after the women, and his Executioners, saying, Avant, infernall Ministers, for I am not made of Brasse, not to be sensible of such extraordinary martyrdome.

By this Altisidora that was weary with lying so long upon her backe, turned on one side: which when the by-standers saw, all of them cryed out joyntly, Altisidora lives, Altisidora lives.

Radamantus commanded Sancho to lay aside his choller, since now his intent was obtained.

And as Don Quixote saw Altisidora stirre, he went to kneele downe to Sancho, saying, Sonne of my entrailes: 'Tis now high time, that thou give thy selfe some of the lashes to which thou art obliged, for the dis-enchanting of Dulcinea.

Now, I say, is the time, wherein thy vertue may be seasoned, and thou mayst with efficacie effect the good that is expected from thee.

To which (quoth Sancho) Heida: this is sowre upon sowre: 'twere good after these pinchings, Tucks and Pins-

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prickings, that lashes should follow; there's no more to be done, but even take a good stone, and tye it to my necke, and cast me into a Well: for which I should not grieve much; if so bee that to cure other folkes ills, I must be the Pack-horse: let mee alone, if not, I shall marre all; and now Altisidora sate up in the Herse, and the Hoboyes, accompanied with Flutes and Voyces, began to sound, and all cryed out, Live Altisidora, Altisidora live. The Dukes rose up, and with them Minos and Radamanthus, and all together with Don Quixote and Sancho went to receive Altisidora, and to helpe her out of the Herse, who faining a kinde of dismaying, bowed downe to her Lords, and to the two Kings, and looking askonce on Don Quixote, said; God pardon thee, discourteous Knight, since by thy cruelty I have remained in another world, methinkes at least these thousand yeeres, and thee I thanke, the most compassionate Squire in the world, I thanke thee for the life I possesse: and now dispose of sixe of my smockes, which I give thee to make sixe shirts; and if they be not all whole, yet they are cleane at least.

Sancho kissed her hands with his Miter off, and his knees on the ground, and the Duke commanded they should return him his cap, and in stead of his gowne with the flames, they should returne him his Gaberdine. Sancho desired the Duke that they would leave him both, which he would carry into his Country, in memory of that un-heard-of successe. The Duchesse answered, they should, and that he knew how much she was his friend. The Duke commanded all to avoid the Court, and to retire to their lodgings, and that Don Quixote and Sancho should be carried to theirs they knew of old.

THE SECOND PART OF THE

CHAPTER LXX

Of divers rare things, which serve for the better illustration and cleering of this History.

SANCHO slept that night upon a Quilt and in Don Quixote's owne chamber, which he would faine have avoyded, had it beene in his power; for he knew full well, that his Master would hardly let him sleepe all night, by reason of the many questions he would demand of him, to which he must of necessity make answer. Now was hee in no good humour to talke much; for hee felt yet the smart of his fore-passed torments, which were an hindrance to his tongue. And without doubt, he would rather have layne alone in any poore Shed, then with company in that goodly house; so true was his feare, and so certaine his doubt, as he was scarce laid in his bed, but his Master began this discourse unto him.

Sancho, what thinkest thou of this nights successe? Needes must a man confesse, that great and powerfull is the force of disdaine, since as thou thy selfe hast seene with thine owne eyes, Altisidora had surely died, and that by no other arrowes, nor by any other sword, nor other instrument of warre, no, nor by the force of poyson, but by the apprehension of the churlish rigor, and the disdaine wherewith I have ever used her.

She might (answered Sancho) have died in good time, and at her choice and pleasure, so she would have let me alone in mine owne house, since I was never the cause that shee became a Lover, nor did I ever in all my life scorne or disdaine her. But I wot not, nor can I imagine how it may be that the health or welfare of Altisidora, a Gentlewoman more fantasticall then discreet, hath any reflection (as I

have said heeretofore) upon the afflictions of Sancho Pansa. Now I plainely and distinctly perceive, that there be both Enchanters and Enchantments in the world, from whom God deliver me, since I cannot well deliver my selfe from them. And therewithall I entreat you to let mee sleepe, and except you wil have me throw my selfe out of a window, aske me no more questions.

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Sleepe, my friend Sancho (replied Don Quixote) unlesse the nipping scoffes and bitter frumps which thou hast received, will not permit thee so to doe.

There is no griefe (answered Sancho) comparable unto the affront of scoffing frumps, and so much the more sensible am I of such affronts, as that I have received them by olde women; a mischiefe take them: I beseech you once more that you will suffer me to sleepe, since that sleepe is an easing of all miseries. Be it as thou sayest, quoth Don Quixote, and God accompanie thee.

So they both fell a-sleepe, and whilest they slept, Cid Hamete, Author of this great History, would needs write and relate, why the Duke and the Duchesse had caused this monument to bee built, and invented all that you have seene above.

He writes then, that the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, having not forgotten what had hapned unto him, at what time, under the name of the Knight of the Looking-glasses, he was vanquished and overthrown by Don Quixote: and therewithall how all his designes and purposes were vanished into smoake; yet neverthelesse would he (hoping for better successe) attempt the combat againe: Therefore is it, that being informed by the Page who brought the Letter, and with it the Present unto Teresa Pansa, the wife of Sancho, from the place where Don Quixote made his residence, he recovered new Armes and a Horse.

Then caused he the white Moone to be painted in his shield: A Mulet carried all this equipage, and a Lob or Swaine led the same, and not Thomas Ceciall his ancient Esquire, for feare hee should be known of Sancho and Don Quixote.

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He so well bestirred himselfe in his journies, that at last hee came to the Dukes Castle, who taught him the way or tract that Don Quixote had taken, and how he had a great desire to be present at the Tiltings and Turnaments of Saragosa. He likewise related unto him the gullings or gudgeons that hee had given him, with the invention of Dulcinea's dis-enchantment, which should be accomplished at the charges of Sancho's buttocks. In summe, he understood from him the fob or jest that Sancho had used toward his Master, in making him beleeve that Dulcinea was Enchanted and transformed into a Country Lasse, and how the Duchesse his wife had given Sancho to understand, that himselfe was the man that deceived himselfe, for so much as Dulcinea was verily Enchanted.

The Bachelor could not containe himselfe from laughing, and therewithall to be amazed, considering the quaint subtilty, and plaine simplicity of Sancho, equall unto the extreme folly of Don Quixote. The Duke desired him, that if hee met with him, and eyther vanquished him or not, he would be pleased to come that way againe, to the end hee might advertise him of it.

The Bachelor promised him to doe it, and so tooke his leave of the Duke, to goe and see whether hee could finde Don Quixote. He found him not at Saragosa, but went further, and then befell him what you have already heard.

He came afterward to the Dukes Castle, and there made report of all, together with the conditions of the combat. Hee moreover told them, that Don Quixote came againe to accomplish, as a perfect Knight Errant, the promise which hee had made, to retire himselfe to his owne Village, and there to abide the full space of one full yeere. And that during the said time, it might peradventure be brought to passe (said the Bachelor) that he might be cured of his folly. That he never had other intention, and that for this onely cause he had thus disguised himselfe; for, it was great pitty that a Gentleman, so well skilled and versed in all things as Don Quixote was, should become a foole.

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With that he tooke leave of the Duke, and went to his Burrough, where he staid for Don Quixote, who was comming after him. Whereupon the Duke tooke occasion to put this tricke upon him; for, he tooke a wondrous pleasure of what succeeded unto Sancho and Don Quixote: and therefore hee caused all the approches and high-waies about his Castle to be layd and watched, especially where he imagin'd our Knight might come. And for the said cause, he placed divers of his servants, as well on foot as on horse-backe, to the end that if they met with him, willed hee, or nilled hee, they should bring him to the Castle.

Now it fortuned that they met with him, and forthwith they gave the Duke knowledge of it, who was already resolved what he would doe. As soone then as he knew of his comming, he caused all the torches and lights that were in the Court to be lighted, and Altisidora to bee placed upon the Tombe with all the preparation that you have seene before; and that so lively represented, as one would have found very little difference betweene the truth, and that which was counterfeit.

Cid Hamete goeth yet further; for he saith, That he assuredly beleeveth, that the mockers were as foolish as the mocked: and that there wanted not two inches of the Dukes and Duchesses utter privation of common understanding, since they tooke so much paines to mocke two fooles, whereof the one was then sound asleepe; and the other broad awake, transported with his raving and ranging thoughts.

In the meane time the day surprized them, and they desired to rise; for the sluggish feathers were never pleasing unto Don Quixote, were he conquered or conqueror.

Altisidora, who, as Don Quixote supposed, being risen from death to life, conforming her selfe to her Master and Mistresses humour, being crowned with the very same garland which she had in the tombe; attired in a loose gowne of white Taffata, all beset with flowers of gold: her haire loose, and dangling down her shoulders, leaning upon a

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staffe of fine Ebony wood; shee entred into Don Quixote's chamber, who so soone as he saw her, was so amazed and confounded at her presence, as he shrunke downe into his bed, all covered with the clothes, and hid with the sheetes and counterpoint, that hee neither spake word, nor used any manner of gesture towards her, as might witnesse that he desired to shew her any courtesie.

Altisidora sat downe in a chayre, which was neere unto Don Quixote's head, and after fetching a deepe deepe sigh, with a low, sweet, and milde voyce, she thus bespake him:

Sir Don Quixote, whensoever women of quality, or maidens of discretion trample their honor under their feet, and give their tongue free liberty and scope to exceed the bounds of conveniency or modesty, publishing the secrets lurking in their hearts, they then shall finde themselves brought to extreme misery and distresse.

Now am I one of those, pressed, vanquished, and also enamoured: All which notwithstanding I suffer patiently, and continue honest. So that having beene so too much, silence was the cause that my soule went out of my body, and I lost my life. It is now two daies since, that the consideration and remembrance of the rigor, which thou (oh more stony-minded then any marble, and inexorable Knight, so to reject my plaints) which you have used towards me, brought me to my lives end, or at least I have beene deemed and taken for dead by all those that saw me. And had it not beene, that Love, who taking pity of me, deposed my recovery among the grievous torments of this good Esquire, I should for ever have remained in the other world. Love might well depose it (replyed Sancho) in those of my Asse, and I would have beene very glad of it. But tell me, I pray you good Damozell, even as Heaven may provide you of another more kind-loving-Lover then my Master, what is it that you have seene in the other world? What is there in Hell, that he who dyeth desperate, must necessarily undergoe? I must needs (quoth Altisidora) tell you the plaine truth of all. So it is, that I was not wholly or thorowly dead, since I came not into Hell: for had I once

beene therein, there is no question, but I had never beene able to come out of it at my pleasure.

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True it is, that I came even unto the gate thereof, where I met with a doozen of Divels, who in their hosen and doublets were playing at Tennis-ball; they did weare Falling-bands set with peakes of Flemmish Bone-lace, with Cuffs unto them of the very same, so deep, as they appeared foure good inches longer then the arme, to the end their hands might seeme the greater. Their Battledors or Rackets were of fire. But that which made me wonder most, was, that they used Bookes in stead of Balls, which bookes were full-stuft with winde and stifning, a thing both wondrous and newly-strange, yet did not that so much astony me: for, as it is proper unto those, that winne at any game, to rejoyce and be glad; whereas those that lose, are ever sad and discontent: there, all grumbled, chafed, fretted, and bitterly cursed one another.

That 's no wonder (quoth Sancho) since the Divels, whether they play, or play not; whether they winne, or winne not, at that play they can never be content.

Belike it is even so (replyed Altisidora:) but there is also another thing, which likewise bred some amazement in me; that is to say, brought me into admiration. Which is, that the ball, that was but once tossed or strucken, could not serve another time, so that at every stroke, they were forced to change bookes whether they were old or new, which was a marvellous thing to behold.

Now it hapned, that they gave so violent a stroke unto a moderne booke, and very fairely bound, that it made the very guts to fly out of it, and scattered the leaves thereof up and downe.

Then said one Divell unto another, I prethee looke what that booke treateth of. It is (answered the other Divell) *The Second Part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, not composed by Cid Hamete, it's first Authour, but by an Aragonois, who braggeth to be borne at Tordesillas. Now fie upon it (quoth the other Divell) out of my sight with it, and let it be cast into the very lowest pit of Hell, so deepe as

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mine eyes may never see it againe. But why (said the other Divell) is it so bad a booke? It is so vile a booke (replide the first Divell) that had I my selfe expressely composed it, I could never have encountred worse.

In the meane time they followed on their game, tossing other bookes to and fro; but having heard the name of Don Quixote, he whom I love so passionately, I have laboured to engrave that vision in my memory.

Now without doubt then (said Don Quixote) it was a right vision: for, there is no other man of that name in the whole world but my selfe: And that History doth already goe from hand to hand thorow all parts of the Vniverse: and yet stayes in no place, for so much as every one will have a kicke at it. Now I have not been angry or vexed, when I have heard that I wander up and downe like a fantasticke body, amidst the pitchy shades of Hell, and not in the light of the earth; since I am not the man that History speaketh of. If it be true and faithfully compiled, it will live many ages; but if it be nothing worth, it will dye even at it's birth.

Altisidora would have continued her plaints, accusing Don Quixote of rigour and unkindnes; but hee said thus unto her, Madame, I have often told you, that I am very angry, that you have settled your thoughts on me; since you can draw nothing from me but bare thanks, and no remedy at all. I was onely borne for Dulcinea of Toboso, and to her onely have the Destinies (if there be any) wholly dedicated me. To thinke, that any other beauty can possesse or usurpe the place, which she possesseth in my soule, were to beleeve an impossibility. And this should suffice to disabuse you, and to make you to retire your selfe within the bounds of your honesty, since no creature is tyde unto impossibilities.

Altisidora hearing these words, made a semblance to be very angry: so that, as it were in a great anger, she thus bespake him, I sweare by the Prince of the Mumps, the soule of a Morter, and stone of a Date; more obstinate and hard-hearted, then a rude and base Pesant when one sueth

unto him, and when he addresseth his levell to the Butt or Marke: if I take you in hand, I will plucke your very eyes out of your head.

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Doe you haply suppose, Sir vanquished, and Don Knockt-downe with Bats and Cudgels, that I would have dyde for you? No, no, Sir, whatsoever you have seene this night, hath been nothing but a fiction, or thing fained. I am not a Maiden, that would suffer so much as the least-least paine at the tip of my nailes for such a Camell as you are; much lesse that I would dye for such a grosse animall.

I beleeve it well (quoth Sancho then) for all these lovers deaths are but to cause sport and laughter. Well may they say, that they dye: but that they will hasten their deaths, Iudas may beleeve it if he list.

As they were in these discourses, the Musician and Poet, who had sung the fore-going Stanza's, entred into the Chamber, and making a very low reverence unto Don Quixote, hee thus said unto him, Sir Knight, I beseech you to hold me in the number of your humblest servants. I have long since been most affectionate unto you, as wel by reason of your farre-bruted renowne, as for your high-raised feates of Armes.

Tell me (answered Don Quixote) who you are, that my courtesie may answere your merit.

The Yong man gave him to understand, that he was the Musician and the Panegiricke of the fore-passed night.

In good sooth (replide Don Quixote) you have a very good voice: Neverthelesse me seemes, that what you sung, was not greatly to the purpose: for, what have the Stanza's of Garcilasse to doe with the death of this Damozell? My faire Sir, said the Musician, you ought not to wonder at that: The best and choisest Poets of our age doe practice it: so that every man writes as best pleaseth his fantasie, and stealeth what, and from whom he lists, whether it cohere with the purpose or not. By reason whereof, all the follies, absurdities, or fopperies that they sing, indite, or write, they ascribe unto a Poeticall licence.

Don Quixote would have answered, but he was hindred

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by the Duke and Duchesse, who both entred the Chamber to see him. Amongst whom there passed so long a discourse, and pleasant a conference, in which Sancho alledged so many ready quips, witty conceits, merry Proverbs, and therewithall so many wyly shifts, and subtile knaveries, as the Duke and the Duchesse were all astonished againe; as well by reason of his simplicitie, as of his subtilty.

Don Quixote besought them to give him leave to depart the very same day; since that Knights subdued as he was, ought rather to dwell in an homely Cottage, or simple Shed, then in Kingly Palaces: which they most willingly granted him: And the Duchesse demanded of him, whether Altisidora was in his good favour, or no. Madame, (answered Don Quixote) you are to understand, that all the infirmitie of this Damozell, takes it's beginning and being from idlenesse, and that an honest occupation, and continuall exercise is the onely remedy for it. She was even now telling me, that in hel they are working Tapistry worke, and that there are made Tyrings and Net-workes.

I thinke that she is skilfull in such workes, and that's the reason she therein employes her selfe, never ceasing to handle small Spindles or Spooles: and thus the images of him she loveth will never be removed in her imagination.

What I tell you is most certaine: It is my opinion, it is my counsell.

And mine also, quoth Sancho, since I never saw any workeman, that applide or busied himselfe about such workes, that dyde for love. The Maidens, I say, occupied about such works, thinke more on the accomplishing of their taske, then on that of their Loves. I judge of it by my selfe, whilest I am digging or delving, I never thinke on my Pinkaney at all; I speake of my Teresa Pansa, whom I love better a thousand times, then my very eye-lids.

Sancho, you speake very well, said the Duchesse: and I will take such order, as my Altisidora shall henceforward occupy her selfe about such workes: for, she can worke them excellently well.

Madame (quoth Altisidora) I shall not need to use such

a remedy, since the remembrance or consideration of the cruelties and unkindnesses which this Robber and roving Thiefe hath used towards me, will be of force, without any other device or artifice, to blot and deface them out of my memory. In the meane while, with your Highnesses permission, I will be gone from hence, that so mine eyes may not behold not onely his filthy and gastly shape; but his ugly and abominable countenance.

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The words (replyde the Duke) which you utter, make me remember the old Proverbe, which teacheth us, that he who sharpely chides, is ready to pardon.

Altisidora made a shew to dry up the teares from her eyes with a Handkercher; and then making a very low curtsie unto her Master and Mistresse, she went out of the Chamber.

Alas, poore Damozel (said then Sancho) I send thee ill lucke, since thou hast already met with it, in lighting upon a soule made of a Skuttle, and a heart of Oake. Hadst thou had to doe with me, thou shouldst have found a Cock of me, that would have crowed after another fashion.

Thus their discourse brake off; Don Quixote took his clothes, dined with the Duke and Duchesse, and in the afternoone went his way.

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THE vanquished Knight Errant, Don Quixote de la Mancha went on his journey, very sad and pensive on the one side, and most glad and buck-some on the other. From his being conquered proceeded the cause of his sadnesse; and his gladnes, in considering the worth and vertue of Sancho, whereof he gave manifest evidence in the resurrection of Altisidora; although with some scruple he perswaded himselfe, that the enamored Damozell was not verily dead.

Sancho was no whit well pleased, but chafed to himselfe, because Altisidora had not kept promise with him, and given him the Shirts he expected at her hands. And therefore musing and pondering on them, he said to his Master, By my faith, Sir, I am the most unfortunate Physician, that may be found in the world. There be some Leaches, that kill a sick man whom they have under cure, and will nevertheless be well paid for their paines. Now all they doe, is but to write a short Bill of certaine medicines, which the Apothecary, and not they, doth afterward compound: Whereas I, cleane contrary, to whom the recovery and health of others doth cost many a clod of bloud, many a flirt and bob, many a bitter frump, and many a lash with whips and rods, reape not so much as one poore farthing.

But certainely I promise you, if any diseased or sicke body fall into my hands againe, before I cure um, I 'le be very well greazed for my paines. For, the Abbot liveth singing, and I can not thinke, that the heavens have endowed me with the

vertue and knowledge I have, to the end I should communicate and impart the same unto others for nothing.

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My good friend Sancho (answered Don Quixote) thou art in the right, and Altisidora hath done very ill, that she hath not given thee the shirts, which she promised thee, although that vertue and proprietie which thou hast, have beene given thee gratis, and that in learning and studying it, thou hast not beene at a penny charge: neverthelesse, the troubles and vexations, which thou hast received, and endured in thine owne person, are farre more, then all the studies that thou couldest have undergone or employed about it. As for mee, I can tell thee, that if thou wouldest have had the full pay for the whip-lashes, that thou shouldest give thy selfe for dis-enchanting of Dulcinea, thou hadst already fully received it. Yet know I not whether the wages or hire, will answere the cure, or recoverie, and I would not have it be an hindrance to the remedy. Me seemes notwithstanding, that one shall lose nothing in the tryall.

Consider, Sancho, what thou wilt have, and forthwith whip thy selfe, and with thine own hands pay thy selfe downeright, since thou hast money of mine in thy keeping.

Sancho presently opened his eyes and eares a foote wide at these kinde offers, and tooke a resolution with a cheerefull heart to whip and lash himselfe: and therefore said unto his Master, Now is the time, my Noble Sir, that I will wholly dispose my selfe to give you satisfaction, since I shall reape some benefit by it. The love of my children and my wife, induceth me to have no regard at all unto the harme or ill, that may thereby come unto me.

Tell me then, what will you give me for every stripe or lash? If I were bound to pay thee (replyed Don Quixote) equivalent to the greatnesse and qualitie of the remedy, the treasure of Venice, and the rich Mynes of Peru, would not suffice to recompence thee. Looke well thy selfe, what thou hast of mine, and value every lash as thou wilt. The whip-lashes (quoth Sancho) are in number three thousand, three hundred and odde: I have already given my selfe five, the other remaine behinde. Let the five serve to deduct the

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odde number remaining, and let all be reduced to three thousand and three hundred. My meaning is, to have for every lash a piece of three blanks, (and lesse I will not have, should all the world command me the contrary) so that they will amount to 3300 pieces of three blankes. The three thousand, make a thousand and five hundred halfe Ryalls, and they make seven hundred and fifty whole Ryalls; and the three hundred make one hundred and fifty halfe Ryalls, which amount unto the summe of three score and fifteen Ryalls, which, added unto the seven hundred and fifty, the whole sum amounteth unto eight hundred and five and twenty Ryalls.

I will reckon this summe, and deduct it from that I have of yours in my keeping, and by this meanes shall enter into my house both rich and well satisfied, albeit well whipt and scourged: for, Trouts are not caught with nothing, and I say no more.

Oh thrice-happy Sancho! oh amiable Sancho (said Don Quixote) how am I and Dulcinea bound to serve thee, so long as the Heavens shall be pleased to give us life? If she recover her first being, and if it be impossible to continue still in that state, her misfortune shall proove most fortunate, and my defeat or conquest, a most glorious and happy triumph. Then look, Sancho, when thou wilt begin this discipline, and I will give thee one hundred Ryalls over and above, that so I may binde thee to begin betimes. When (replied Sancho)? Even this very night. Be you but pleased, that this night we meet in the open fields, and you shall see me open, gash, and slay my selfe.

To be short, the night came, which Don Quixote had with all manner of impatience long looked for: to whom it seemed that the wheeles of Apollo's Chariot had beene broken, and that the day grew longer then it was wont, even as it happeneth unto Lovers, who thinke that they shall never come to obtaine the accomplishment of their desires. At last they entred a grove of delightsome trees, which was somewhat remote, and out of the high way. After they had taken off the Saddle and Pack-saddle of Rosinante and

Dapple, they sate downe upon the green grasse, and supped with such victuals as Sancho had in his Wallets.

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This good Squire having made of Dapples halter or headstall, a good big whip or scourge, he went about twenty paces from his Master, and thrust himselfe among bushes and hedges.

Don Quixote seeing him march thus all naked, and with so good a courage, began thus to discourse unto him, Take heed, good friend, that thou hack not thy selfe in pieces, and that the stripes and lashes stay the one anothers leasure; thou must not make such haste in thy Careere, that thy winde or breath faile in thy course. My meaning is, that thou must not lash thy selfe so hard and fast, that thy life faint, before thou come to thy desired number: But to the end that thou lose not thy selfe for want of a paire of writing-tables, more or lesse, I will stand aloofe off, and upon these my prayer-beades will number the lashes that thou shalt give thy selfe. Now the heavens favour thee, as thy good meaning well deserveth.

A good Pay-master (answered Sancho) will never grudge to give wages; I thinke to curry or so be-labour my selfe, that without endangering my life, my lashes shall bee sensible unto me, and therein must the substance of this miracle consist. And immediately Sancho stripped himselfe bare from the girdle upward, and taking the whip in his hand, began to ribbe-baste and lash himselfe roundly; and Don Quixote to number the strokes. When Sancho had given himselfe seven or eight stripes, hee thought he had killed himselfe; so that pawsing awhile, hee said to his Master, that he was very much deceived, and would therfore appeale, forsomuch as every whip-lash did in lieu of a piece of three Blanks, deserve halfe a Ryall.

Make an end, my friend Sancho, (quoth Don Quixote) and be not dismaid; for I will redouble thy pay.

Now by my life then (quoth Sancho) blowes shall showre upon me as thicke as haile: but the Mountibanke and cheating companion, in stead of lashing his shoulders, he whipped the trees, and so sighingly groaned at every stroake, that

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you would have thought his soule had flowne out of his body.

Don Quixote, who was now full of compassion, fearing hee would kill himselfe, and that, through the folly of Sancho, his desires should not be accomplished, began thus to say unto him, Friend, I conjure thee, let this businesse end heere: This remedy seemes to mee very hard and sharpe. It shall not be amisse that we give time unto Time; for, Rome was never built in one day. If I have told right, thou hast already given thy selfe more then a thousand lashes: it now suffiseth, let mee use a homely phrase, that the Asse endure his charge, but not the sur-charge.

No, no, my good Sir, answered Sancho, it shall never be said of me, Money well paid, and the Armes broken. I pray you goe but a little aside, and permit me to give my selfe one thousand stripes more, and then we shall quickly make an end; yea, and we shall have more left behinde. Since thou art so well disposed, replyde Don Quixote, I will then withdraw my selfe, may the heavens assist and recompence thee.

Sancho returned to his taske, with such an earnest passion, that the barke of many a tree fell off, so great was the rigour and fury wherewith he scourged himselfe. Now in giving such an exceeding and outragious lash upon a hedge, hee cryde out alowd, Heere is the place where Samson shall dye, with all those that are with him.

Don Quixote ran presently at the sound of that wofull voice, and at the noise of that horrible whip-stroke. Then laying fast hold on the Halter, which served Sancho in lieu of an Oxe-pizell, he said to him, Friend Sancho, let Fortune never permit, that thou, to give me contentment, hazzard the losse of thy life, which must serve for the entertainment of thy Wife and Children. I will containe my selfe within the bounds of the next hope, and will stay untill thou have recovered new strength, to the end this businesse may be ended, to the satisfaction of all parties.

My good Sir (quoth Sancho) since you will needs have it so, in good time be it. In the meane while, I beseech you,

Sir, cast your Cloke upon my shoulders. I am all in a sweat, and I would be loth to take cold. Our new disciplinants runne the like danger.

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Don Quixote did so, and leaving himselfe in his doublet, he covered Sancho, who fell asleepe, and slept untill the Sunne awakened him. They kept on their way so long, that at last they arrived to a place three Leagues off, and at last staid at an Inne.

Don Quixote knew it to be an Inne, and not a Castle round environed with ditches or trenches, fortified with Towers, with Port-cullisses, and strong draw-bridges: for, since his last defeature, he discerned and distinguished of all things that presented themselves unto him with better judgement, as we shall presently declare.

Hee was lodged in a low chamber, to which certaine olde-worne curtaines of painted Serge served in lieu of Tapistry hangings, as commonly they use in Country Villages. In one of the pieces might be seene painted by a bungling and unskilfull hand, the rape of Helen, at what time her fond-hardy ghest stole her from Menelaus. In another was the history of Dido and Æneas; Shee on an high Turret, with a sheet making signe unto her fugitive ghest, who on the Sea, carried in a Ship, was running away from her.

Don Quixote observed in these two Stories, that Helen seemed not to be discontented with her rape; for so much as shee leered and smiled under-hand; whereas beauteous Dido seemed to trickle downe teares from her eyes as big as Walnuts. Don Quixote in beholding this painted worke, said; These two Ladies were exceedingly unfortunate, that they were not borne in this age, and I most of all thrice-unhappy, that I was not borne in theirs; In faith I would so have spoken to these Lordly gallants, as Troy should not have beene burned, nor Carthage destroyed, since that onely by putting Paris to death, I should have beene the occasion that so many mischiefes would never have hapned.

I hold a wager (quoth Sancho) that ere long there shall

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be never a Tipling-house, Taverne, Inne, Hostery, or Barbers shop, but in them all we shall see the History of our famous acts painted: nevertheles I would wish with all my hart, that they might bee drawne by a more cunning and skilfull hand, then by that which hath pourtraid these figures.

Thou hast reason, Sancho (answered Don Quixote:) for, this Painter is like unto Orbanegia, who dwelled at Vbeda, who when he was demanded what hee was painting, made this answere, That which shall come forth to light: And if perchance hee drew a Cocke, hee would write above it, This is a Cocke, lest any man should thinke it to be a Foxe. Now me thinkes, Sancho, that such ought to be the Painter or the Writer (for all is one same thing) who hath set forth the History of this new Don Quixote, because he hath painted or written that which may come forth to the open light. He hath imitated a certaine Poet named Mauleon, who the last yeere was at the Court, who suddenly would make answer to whatsoever was demanded him. And as one asked him one day, what these words *Deum de Deo* signified, he answered in Spanish, *De donde diere.* But omitting all this, tell me Sancho, Hast thou a mind to give thy selfe another touch this night, and wilt thou have it to be under the roofe of a house, or else in the open ayre?

Now I assure you (quoth Sancho) for the stripes and lashes that I intend to give my selfe, I love them as well in the house as in the open fields: yet with this Proviso, that I would have it to be amongst trees; for me thinks, that they keepe me good company, and doe exceedingly help me to indure and undergoe my travell and paines.

Friend Sancho (said Don Quixote) that shall not be: rather reserve them, that you may exercise them when we shall be arrived at our Village, whither at the furthest we shall reach the next day after to morrow; and in the mean time thou shalt have recovered new strength.

Sancho answered, that he might doe what best pleased him; but notwithstanding he desired to dispatch this businesse in hot bloud, and whilest the Mill was going; for,

dangers consist often in lingring and expectation, and that with prayers unto God, a man must strike with his mallet; that one, Take it, is more worth then two, Thou shalt have it: and better is one sparrow in the hand, then a vulture flying in the ayre.

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Now for Gods sake, Sancho (replied Don Quixote) let us not alledge so many Proverbs; me thinkes thou art still returning unto *Sicut erat*. I prethee speake plainely, cleerly, and goe not so about the bush with such embroyling speeches, as I have often told thee: and thou shalt see, that one loafe of bread will yeeld thee more then an hundred.

I am so unlucky (quoth Sancho) that I cannot discourse without Proverbs, nor can I alleage a Proverbe, that seemes not to be a reason unto mee: Neverthelesse, if I can, I will correct my selfe, and with that they gave over their enterparlie at that time.

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DON QUIXOTE and Sancho looking for night, stayed in that Inne: the one to end in the open fields, the taske of his discipline; and the other to see the successe of it, whence depended the end of his desires. During which time, a Gentleman on horsebacke, followed by three or foure servants, came to the gate of the Inne, to whom one of his attendants said thus; My Lord Don Alvaro Tarfe, you may heere rest your selfe, and passe the great heat of the day. This Inne seemeth to be very cleanly and coole.

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Which speech Don Quixote hearing, he said unto Sancho, Thou oughtest to know, that when I turned over the booke of the second part of my history, me thought that in reading of the same, I met with this name of Don Alvaro Tarfe.

That may very well be, said Sancho: but first let us see him alight from his horse, and then we will speake unto him.

The Knight alighted, and the Hostesse appointed him a low chamber, neere unto that of Don Quixote, and which was furnished with like figures of painted Serge. The new-come Knight did forth-with put off his heavy cloathes, and now going out of the Inne-porch, which was somewhat spacious and fresh, under which Don Quixote was walking, he demanded of him, Whither goe you, my good Sir Gentleman? I am going (answered Don Quixote) unto a certaine Village not farre off, where I was borne. And you, my Lord, whither goe you? I travell (said the Knight) towards Granada, which is my native Country. Sir, you were borne (replied Don Quixote) in a very good Country; In the mean time, I pray you in courtesie, tel me your name; for it stands me very much upon to know it, yea more then can well be imagined. I am called Don Alvaro Tarfe (answered the Knight.) Then are you undoubtedly (quoth Don Quixote) that Alvaro Tarfe, whose name is imprinted in *The Second Part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha* which a moderne Author hath lately set forth. I am the very same man of whom you speake (said the Knight) and that Don Quixote who is the principal subject of such an History, was my very great friend.

It was even I that drew him first out of his village, or at least that perswaded him to be at the Iusts and Tiltings which were then kept at Saragosa, and whither I was going: and in good truth I did him a great favour; for I was the cause that the hangman did not well claw and bum-baste his backe, having rightly deserved such a punishment, because he had beene over-rash and foole-hardy.

But tel me, I beseech you then (quoth Don Quixote) my

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Lord Don Alvaro, do I in any thing resemble the said Don Quixote of whom you speake? Nothing at all, answered the other. And did that Don Quixote (replied our Knight) conduct with him a Squire named Sancho Pansa? Yes verily, (quoth Don Alvaro) And the report went, that this Squire was very blithe, pleasant, and gamesome; but yet I never heard him speak any thing with a good garbe or grace, nor any one word that might cause laughter.

I beleeve it well, said Sancho then; for, it suits not with all the world to be pleasant and jesting: and the very same Sancho of whom you speake (my Lord the Gentleman) must be some notorious rogue, some greedy-gut, and notable theefe. It is I that am the right Sancho Pansa, that can tell many fine tales; yea more then there are drops of water when it raineth. If so you please, my Lord, you may make experience of it, and follow me at least one yeere, and you shall then see, that at every step I shall speake so many unpleasant things, that very often without knowing what I utter, I make all them to laugh that listen unto me. In good sooth, Don Quixote de la Mancha, the farre renowned, the valiant, the discreet, the amorous; he who is the redresser of wrongs, the revenger of outrages, the tutor of infants, the Gardian of Orphanes, the Rampire or fortresse of Widdowes, the Defender of Damozels and Maidens: he who hath for his onely Mistresse, the matchlesse Dulcinea del Toboso, is the very same Lord whom you see heere present, and who is my good Master. All other Don Quixotes, and all other Sancho Pansa's are but dreames, fopperies, and fables.

Now by my holydom I beleeve as much (answered Don Alvaro;) for, in those few words by you even now uttered, you have showed more grace then ever did the other Sancho Pansa, in al the long and tattling discourses that I have heard come from him. He savoured more of the Gourmand, then of a well-spoken man; more of a Coxe-combe, then of a pleasant. Without doubt I believe, that the Enchanters, which persecute the good Don Quixote, have also gone about to persecute me, in making me to know the other Don Quixote, who is of no worth or merit at all. Neverthelesse,

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I wot not well what to say of it, since I durst sweare, that I left him at Toledo in the Nuncio his house, to the end he might be cured and healed, and behold heere another Don Quixote, but farre different from mine.

As for me (quoth Don Quixote) I know not whether I be good or no, but well I wot I am not the bad. And for a manifest triall of my saying, my Lord Don Alvaro Tarfe, if you please, you shall understand, that in all my life-time I was never at Saragosa. And having of late understood, that the imaginary Don Quixote had beene present at the Turnaments and Tiltings in that City, I would by no meanes come or goe into it, that in view of all the world I might manifest his false tale: Which was the reason that I went strait unto Barselona, the treasury or store-house of all courtesie, the retreat and refuge of all strangers, the relieving harborough of the poore and needy, the native home of valorous men, where such as bee wronged or offended, are avenged; and where true friendships are reciprocall, and in summe, a City that hath no peere, be it eyther for beauty, or for the faire situation of it.

And albeit what hath befalne me bring me no great contentment, I doe notwithstanding somewhat allay the griefe with the pleasure, which by the sight thereof I have received and felt.

To conclude, my Lord Don Alvaro Tarfe, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the very same man of whom Fame speaketh, and not he, that unhappy wretch, who to honour himselfe with my designes, hath gone about to usurpe my name.

In the meane while I humbly beseech you, by the profession which you make to be a Noble Knight, that before the ordinary Iudge of this place, you will be pleased to make me a declaration and certificate, how, so long as you have lived, even untill this present howre, you never saw me, and that I am not the said Don Quixote imprinted in this second part, and likewise that this Sancho Pansa my Squire is not hee whom you heeretofore have knowne.

I shall doe it with all my heart, (quoth the Knight Don Alvaro) although I be very much amazed to see two Don

Quixotes, and behold two Sancho's at one very instant, so conformable in name, and so different in actions. But I tell you againe and againe, and I assuredly beleeve that I have not viewed what I have seene, and that what hath hapned unto me concerning this subject, hath not befalne at all.

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Without doubt, my Lord, then said Sancho, it is very likely that you are enchanted, even as my Lady Dulcinea of Toboso is: would to God that your dis-enchanting might be brought to passe with giving other three thousand and odde whip-lashes, as I doe for her; I would most willingly give them unto my selfe, without any interest at all.

I know not what you meane (quoth Don Alvaro) by these whip-lashes. To whom Sancho said, that it would be too long a discourse to relate; but yet hee would make him acquainted with the whole story, if peradventure they should both travell one same way.

By this time the houre of dinner was at hand, and they fed and ate together. At the very same time the Iudge of the place came into the Inne, attended on by a Clerke or Notary, whom Don Quixote required that he would take a certificat or declaration, which this Knight Don Alvaro Tarfe would declare unto him: forsomuch as it did highly concerne his honor and reputation.

Now the Tenor of this Declaration was, that the said Gentleman did in no sort know Don Quixote, who was there present, and that hee was not the man, whose name they had lately imprinted in an History, entituled, *The Second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, composed by Abellaneda, borne at Tordesillas.

To conclude, the Iudge engrossed all according to the forme of Law. The Declaration was made in forme and manner as all Notaries are accustomed to be, in such and the like cases. By which meanes Don Quixote and Sancho rested very glad, and well apaid, as if such a declaration had beene of very great moment and consequence unto them, and as if their actions and speeches had not apparently shewed the difference and ods that was betweene the two Don Quixotes and the two Sancho's.

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Divers complements, and many offices and offers of courtesie did mutually enterpasse betweene Don Alvaro, and Don Quixote, wherein our heroyke Knight de la Mancha, declared so much wisedome, and such discretion, that he resolved Don Alvaro of the doubt wherein he was: For, he perswaded himselfe that he was enchanted, since with his owne hands hee felt and touched two Don Quixotes so different and contrary one to another.

Mid-day being past, and the heat allayed, they departed from that place all together. They had not gone above halfe a league, but they met with two severall paths, the one led to Don Quixotes Village, and the other to the place whither Don Alvaro was going.

During which little space, Don Quixote related at large unto him, the disaster of his over-throw, the enchantment, and the remedy of Dulcinea. All which things bred and caused a new admiration in the minde of Don Alvaro, who kept on his way, and Don Quixote his.

Our Knight passed that night among the trees, to the end he might give Sancho meanes and leysure to fulfill his penance, which he accomplished even as hee had done the fore-passed night, more at the charges of the hedges, shrubs, and trees there growing, then of his backe and shoulders. For hee kept them so safe and well, that the lashes which he gave himselfe, would not have caused a flye to stirre, had shee taken up her stand there.

Don Quixote thus abused, lost not one stroke with misreckoning, and found that those of the fore-going night, joyned unto these, were just the summe of three thousand, nine and twenty.

It seemed the Sunne rose that morning earlier then his wont, to behold this sacrifice, and they perceiving that it was bright day, went on their journey, discoursing of the error wherein Don Alvaro was, and how they had done very well in taking a declaration before the Iudge, and that so authentically.

They wandred all that day, and the night succeeding, without encountring any thing worthy the relation, unlesse

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it be, that the very same night Sancho finished his whipping taske, to the great contentment of Don Quixote, who greedily longed for peepe of day, to see if in their travels they might meete with his sweet Mistresse Dulcinea, who was now disenchanted.

Thus wandring, they met no woman, but they would approach and close with her, to take perfect view of her, and to discerne whether it were Dulcinea of Toboso, confidently assuring themselves, as of an infallible truth, that the promises of the prophet Merlin could not possibly prove false.

Whilest they were musing on these things, and their longings encreasing, they unawares ascended a little hillocke, whence they discovered their Village. Which Sancho had no sooner perceived, but hee prostrated himselfe on his knees, and uttered these words;

Oh my deare-dearely-beloved, and long desired native countrey, open thine eyes, and behold how thy sonne Sancho returnes at last to thee againe: who if he be not very rich, yet is he at least very well whipt and lashed. Open thine armes likewise, and friendly receive thy sonne Don Quixote. And if he returneth to thee vanquished by the force of a strange arme, he yet at least returneth conqueror of himselfe. And as himselfe hath often told me, it is the greatest victory, that any man can desire, or wish for. I have good store of money: for, if they gave me sound whip-lashes, I found much good in being a worthy Knight.

Let us leave these fooleries, said Don Quixote, and forthwith wend unto our Village, where we will give free passage unto our imaginations and prescribe unto our selves the forme and method, that we are to keepe and observe in the rurall or pastorall life, which we intend to put in practise. Thus reasoning together, they faire and gently descended the hillock, and approched to their Village.

THE SECOND PART OF THE

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Of the presages and fore-boadings, which hapned to Don Quixote, at the entrance into his Village; with other Adventures, which serve for grace and ornament unto this famous History, and which give credit unto it.

CID HAMETE reporteth, that as they were come neere unto the entrance into their Village, Don Quixote perceived how in the Commons thereof there were two yong Lads, who in great anger contested and disputed together. The one said to the other, Pierrot, thou must not chafe nor bee angry at it: For, as long as thou livest, thou shalt never set thine eyes upon her. Which Don Quixote hearing, he began this speech unto Sancho; Friend, (said he) doest not thou understand what yonder yong Lad saith? So long as thou livest thou shalt never set eyes upon her.

And what imports (quoth Sancho) what that yong Lad hath spoken? What (replyed Don Quixote)? seest thou not, how that applying the words unto mine intention; his meaning is, that I shall never see my Dulcinea? Sancho was about to answere him, but he was hindred by an Hare, which chased, crossed their way. She was eagerly pursued by divers Gray-hounds and Hunts-men, so that fearfully amazed she squatted down betweene the feete of Dapple.

Sancho boldly tooke her up, and presented the same unto Don Quixote, who cryed out alowd, *Malum signum, malum signum*: A Hare runnes away, Gray-hounds pursue her, and

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Dulcinea appeares not. You are a strange man (then quoth Sancho), let us imagine that this Hare is Dulcinea, and the Gray-hounds which pursue her, the wicked Enchanters, that have transformed her into a Country-Lasse. She runnes away, I take her up, and deliver her into your owne hands: you hold her in your armes, you hugge and make much of her. What ill-boading may this be, and what misfortune can be implide upon this?

In the meane while, the two yong Boyes came neere unto them to see the Hare: and Sancho demanded of one of them the cause or ground of their brabbling controversie? Then he, who had uttered the words, So long as thou livest, thou shalt never set eyes upon her, related unto Sancho, how that he had taken from the other Boy a little Cage full of Crickets, and that he never purposed to let him have it againe. Then Sancho pul'd out of his pocket a piece of sixe Blankes, and gave it to the other Boy for his Cage, which he put into Don Quixotes hands, saying thus unto him, Behold, good Sir, all these fond Sooth-sayings and ill presages are dasht and overthrowne, and have now nothing to doe with our Adventures, (according to my understanding, although I be but a silly gull) no more then with the last yeeres snow. And if my memory faile mee not, I thinke I have heard the Curate of our Village say, that it fits not good Christians and wise folkes to stand upon such foolish fopperies.

It is not long since you told me so for your selfe, and gave me to understand, that all such Christians, as plodded and amused themselves upon Augures or Divinations, were very fooles. And therefore let us no longer trouble our selves with them, but let us goe on, and enter into our Village. There whilest the hunters came in, they demanded to have their Hare, and Don Quixote delivered the same unto them.

Then he and Sancho kept on their way; and at the entrance into the Village, in a little meddow, they met with the Curate, and the Bachelor Carrasco, who with their Beads in their hands were saying their prayers.

It is to be understood, that Sancho Pansa had placed upon

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Dapple, and upon the fardell of their weapons the Iacket or Gaberdine of Boccasin all painted over with fierie flames, which was upon him in the Dukes Castle, the night that Altisidora rose againe from death to life: which jubb or jacket served them in stead of a Carpet or Sumpter-cloth.

They had likewise placed upon the Asses head the Myter, whereof we have spoken before. It was the newest kinde of transformation, and the fittest decking or array, that ever Asse did put upon his head.

The Curate and the Bachelor knew them incontinently, and with wide-open armes ranne towards them.

Don Quixote alighted presently and very kindly embraced them. But the little children, who are as sharpe-sighted as any Linx, having eyed the Asses Myter, flocked suddenly about them to see the same, saying the one to the other, Come, come, and runne all you Camarados, and you shall see Sancho Pansa's Asse more brave and gallant then Mingo: and Don Quixote's Palfry leaner, fainter, and more flaggy then it was the first day.

Finally, being environed with a many yong children, and attended on by the Curat and Bachelor, they entred the Village, and went directly unto Don Quixote's house. At the dore wherof they met with his Maid-servant, and with his Neece, who had already heard the newes of their comming.

Teresa Pansa, the wife of Sancho, had likewise been advertised thereof. She ranne all disheveled and halfe naked to see her Husband, leading her Daughter Sanchica by the hand. But when she saw, that he was not so richly attired as she imagined, and in that equipage a Governour should be, she thus began to discourse with him, My Husband, after what fashion doest thou come home? Mee thinkes thou commest on foot, and with toylesome travelling all tyred and faint-hearted: Thou rather bearest the countenance of a miserable wretch, then of a Governour.

Hold thy peace Teresa (quoth Sancho:) for, oftentimes, when there be Bootes, there be no Spurres. Let us goe unto our house, and there thou shalt heare wonders. So it

is, that I have money, which is of more consequence, and I have gotten it by mine owne industry, without doing wrong to any body.

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Why then you have money, my good Husband (replyed Teresa)? That's very well. It is no matter how you came by it, be it by hooke or crooke. For, after what manner soever you have laid hands on it, you bring no new custom into the world. Sanchica embraced her Father, and asked him whether he had brought her any thing; and that she had as earnestly looked for him, as men doe for dew in the moneth of May.

Thus his Wife holding him by the one hand, and his Daughter by the one side of his girdle, and with the other hand leading Dapple, they entred into their Cottage, leaving Don Quixote in his owne house in the power of his Neece and Maid-servant, and in the company of the Curat, and the Bachelor.

Don Quixote, without longer delay, at that very instant drew the Bachelor and the Curate aside, and in few words related his being defeated unto them, and the Vow, which he had been forced to make, not to goe out of his Village during the space of one whole yeere: how his purpose was fully to keep the same, without transgressing it one jot or atome: since that by the rules of Knight Errantry, and as he was a true Knight Errant, he was strictly obliged to performe it. Which was the reason that he had resolved, during the time of that yeere, to become a Shepheard, and entertaine himselfe among the Desarts and solitarie places of that Countrey, where he might freely vent out and give scope unto his amorous passions, by exercising himself in commendable and vertuous pastorall exercises: And now besought them, if they had no greater affaires in hand, and were not imployed in matters of more importance, they would both be pleased to become his companions, and fellow-Shepheards. For, he would buy store of sheepe, and get so sufficient a flock together, as they might well take upon them the name of shepheards.

And in the meane time, he gave them to understand, that

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the chiefest point of this businesse was already effected: for, he had already appointed them so proper and convenient names, as if they had been cast in a mould.

The Curat would needs know these names. Don Quixote told him, that himselfe would be called, the Shepheard Quixotis: the Bachelor, the Shepheard Carrascon; and the Curat, the Shepheard Curambro; and as for Sancho Pansa, hee should be stiled Pansino.

They were all astonished at Don Quixotes new folly: Neverthelesse, that he might not another time goe out of his Village, and returne to his Knight-hoods, and Cavalliers tricks: and therewithall supposing, that in the space of this yeere he might be cured and recovered: they allowed of his designe and new invention, and in that rurall exercise offered to become his companions.

We shall leade a pleasant life, said Samson Carrasco, since, as all the world knoweth, I am an excellent Poet, and shall every hand-while be composing of Pastorall Ditties and Eglogues, or els some Verses of the Court, as best shall agree to our purpose. Thus shall we entertaine our selves by the wayes we shall passe and goe.

But good Sirs, the thing that is most necessary, is, that every one make choise of the name of the Shepheardesse, whom he intendeth to celebrate in his Verses: and that there be no Tree, how hard and knurry soever, but therein we shall write, carve, and engrave her name, even as amorous Shepheards are accustomed to doe.

In good sooth, that will doe passing well (quoth Don Quixote) albeit I neede not goe farre to finde out the name of an imaginary Shepheardesse; since I have the never-matched or paralelled Dulcinea of Toboso, the glory of all these shores; the ornament of these meddowes; the grace and comelinesse of beauty; the creame and prime of all gracefulnesse: and (to be short) the subject, on which the extremitie of all commendations may rightly be conferred, how hyperbolicall soever it be.

It is most true, said the Curate. But for us, we must seek out some barren Shepheardesses, and at least, if they

bee not fit and proper for us, yet one way or other they may stead us, if not in the maine, yet in the by. Although we have none (quoth Samson Carrasco) yet will we give them those very names as we see in print, and wherewith the world is full. For we will call them Phillis, Amarillis, Diana, Florinda, Galathea, and Belisarda. Since they are publikely to be sold in the open market-place, we may very well buy them, and lawfully appropriate them unto our selves.

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If my Mistresse, or, to say better, my Shepheardesse have to name Anna, I will celebrate her under the stile of Anarda; if she be called Francis, I will call her Francina; and if she hight Lucie, her name shall be Lucinda: for, all such names square and encounter. As for Sancho Pansa, if he will be one of our fraternitie, he may celebrate his wife Teresa Pansa under the name of Teresaina.

Don Quixote burst out a laughing at the application of these names, whilst the Curat did infinitely commend and extoll his honourable resolution, and againe offered to keepe him company all the time he could spare, having acquitted himselfe of the charge unto which he was bound.

With that they tooke leave of him, perswading, and entreating him to have a care of his health, and indevour to be merry.

So it hapned, that his Neece and his Maid-servant heard all the speeches, which they three had together: And when the Bachelor and the Curat were gone from him, they both came neere unto Don Quixote, and thus his Neece bespake him:

What meanes this (my Lord, mine Vncle)? Now when we imagined, that you would have continued in your owne house, and there live a quiet, a reposed and honourable life, you goe about to cast your selfe headlong into new Labyrinths and troubles, with becomming a Swaine or Shepheard? Verily the corne is already over-hard to make Oaten-pipes of it.

But how (quoth the Maid-servant) can you indure and undergoe in the open fields the scorching heate of Summer,

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Of the presages and fore-boadings, which hapned to Don Quixote, at the entrance into his Village, etc.

and the cold and frost of winter nights, and heare the howlings of Wolves, without quaking for very feare? No truely, for so much as that belongs onely to such as are of a robust and Surly complexion, of a hard and rugged skinne, and that from their Cradles are bred and enured to such a trade and occupation. If the worst come to the worst, it were better to bee still a Knight Errant, then a Shepheard.

I beseech you, good my Lord, follow my counsell, which I give you, not as being full of wine and bread, but rather fasting, and as one, that have fifty yeeres upon my head. Abide still in your house, thinke on your domestike affaires, confesse your selfe often, serve God, doe good unto the poore, and if any harme come to you of it, let mee take it upon my soule.

Good Wenches hold your peace (replyed Don Quixote:) for I know what I have to doe. In the meane while, let me be had to bed. Mee thinkes I am not very well: yet assure your selves, that whether I be an Errant Knight, or a Shepheard, I will carefully provide for all that you may stand in need of, and you shall see the effects of it.

The Neece and the Maidservant, who without doubt were two merry good Wenches, layd him in his bed, and attended, and lookt so well unto him, as they could not possibly have done better.

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AS all humane things being transitorie, and not eternal, are ever declining from their beginnings, untill they come unto their last end and period; but more especially the lives of men. And as that of Don Quixote had no priviledge from Heaven to continue in one estate, and keepe it's course, his end surprised him, at what time he least thought of it. I wot not whether it proceeded of the melancholy, which the sad remembrance of his being vanquished caused in him; or whether the disposition of the heavens had so decreed: so it is, that a burning Fever seyzed upon him, which forced him to keepe his bed sixe dayes.

During which time, the Curate, the Bachelor, and the Barber, who were all his good friends, did very often visit him: and Sancho Pansa his good Squire never went from his bedside.

They supposing, that the vexation and fretting, which he felt for having bin conquered; as also because he saw not the accomplishment of his desires, touching the dis-enchantment of Dulcinea, caused this sicknes in him, endevoured by all possible meanes to make him merry.

The Bachelor desired him to be of good courage, and to rise, that they might begin their Pastorall Exercise, and how he had already composed an Eglogue, which was nothing behinde those that Sanazaro had compiled: That for the same purpose he had bought two goodly and faire dogges, and of great renowne, for to keepe their flocke, whereof the one was called Barcino, and the other Butron; and how a Shepheard of Quintanar had sold them to him.

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But for all this Don Quixote quitted not his sorrow, nor left off his sadnesse.

His friends called for a Phisician, who was nothing well pleased with his pulse which he felt. And therefore hee told him, that whatsoever might happen, he should not doe amisse to begin to thinke on the salvation of his soule; for, the health of his body was in very great danger.

Don Quixote, without being any whit amazed, did very quietly listen unto this discourse, which neyther his Niece, his maid, nor his Squire did: for, they were so deepely plunged in teares and weeping, as, had they seene gastly death in the face, they could have done no more.

The Physician told them plainely, that onely melancholy, and his troublesome cares were the cause of his death.

Don Quixote entreated the company to leave him alone, because he had a great desire to sleepe a while. They did so, and he had a sound nap (as they say) of sixe houres, so that the maid and his Neece thought hee would never have waked againe. Well, hee waked at last, and with a loud and audible voyce, he uttered these words; The Almighty God be for ever blessed, that hath done so much good for mee. To be short, his mercies have no bounds, they are neyther shortned nor hindred by the sinnes of man.

The Neece listned with heedy attention unto her Vncles words, and perceiving that they were better couched, and wiser disposed then those he was accustomed to pronounce in al his sicknesses, she proposed this question unto him: My Lord and Vncle, what is that you say? Is there any new matter befalne? what mercies doe you speake off? or what sinnes of men? My good Neece, (replied Don Quixote) the mercies I talke of, are those which God of his goodnes hath at this instant conferred upon me wretched sinner, and my sinnes have beene no stop or let unto them. I possesse now a free and cleere judgement, and nothing overshadowed with the mysty clouds of ignorance, which the continuall reading and plodding on bookes of Chivalry had over-cast mee withall.

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I acknowledge all these extravagancies, and confesse them to be but coozening tricks; and am aggreeved that this disabuse hath hapned so late unto me, as it affords me no leysure to make amends for my oversight, by reading of other good bookes, and which might serve and tend to the enlightning of my soule. My deare Neece, I feele my selfe neere unto death, but I would not have it to be such, as the surname of foole should rest upon mee; for, although I have beene foolish in my life, I desire not to confirme the truth of it in my death. And therefore my deare friend, goe and cause the Curate, the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the Barber to come immediately unto me. I desire to confesse my selfe, and to make my last Will and Testament. His Neece was eased of this labour, by the comming of them all three, who even then entred the Chamber. Don Quixote no sooner saw them, but said thus unto them:

My good Sirs, give me some new yeeres gift, I am no more Don Quixote de la Mancha, but rather Alonso Quixano, unto whom my honest life and civill conversation hath heretofore appropriated the surname of Good. I am now a professed enemy to Amadis de Gaule, and of all the infinit rabble of his race. Now are all the prophane Histories of Errant Chivalry hatefull unto me; I now acknowledge my folly, and perceive the danger whereinto the reading of them hath brought me. But now, by the meere mercy of my God, become wise, at my owne proper cost and charges, I utterly abhorre them. When these three friends heard him speake so, they believed undoubtedly, that he was possessed with some new kind of foolishnesse. My Lord Don Quixote (said Samson unto him) now that the newes are come unto us, that the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso is dis-enchanted, doe you speake in this manner? And now that we are so neere hand to become shepheards, that so we may in singing mirth and jollity lead a kinde of Princely life, doe you intend to become a Hermite?

Hold your peace, I pray you (replied Don Quixote) recollect your wits together, and let us leave all these discourses:

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That, which hath hitherto served mee to my hurt and detriment, my death, by the assistance of heaven, shall turne to my good, and redound to my profit. Good sirs, I perceive and feele death to follow mee at my heeles. Let us leave off, and quit all merriments and jesting, and let mee have a Confessor to shrift mee, and a Notary to draw my last Will and Testament. In the extremity whereunto I now finde and feele my selfe, a man must not make a jest of his soule: and therefore whilest Master Curate is taking of my Confession, let mee have a Scrivener fetcht.

They stood all gazing one upon another, wondring at Don Quixote's sound reasons, although they made some doubt to believe them. One of the signes which induced them to conjecture, that he was neere unto Deaths dore, was, that with such facility hee was from a starke foole become a wise man. For, to the words already alleadged, he added many more so significant, so Christian-like, and so well couched, that without doubt they confidently beleeved that Don Quixote was become a right wise man. The Curate made all those who were in the Chamber to avoid, and being left alone with him, tooke his Confession. The Bachelor Carrasco went to finde out a Notary, who not long after came with him, and with Sancho Pansa. This good Squire having understood from the mouth of the Bachelor, that his Master was in a very bad estate, and finding his Maid-servant and his Neece weeping very bitterly, began like a mad-man with his owne fists to thump and beate himselfe, and to shead brackish teares.

The Confession being ended, the Curate came forth, and was heard to utter these words, Verily, verily, he is at his last gaspe, and verily the good Alonso Quixano is become wise, and it is high time for him to make his last Will and Testament.

These heavy newes opened the sluces of the teares-full and swolne-blubbering eyes of the maid, of the Neeces, and of his good Squire Sancho Pansa; so that they showred forth whole fountains of teares, and fetched from the very bottom of their aggrieved hearts, a thousand groaning sighes. For,

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in effect (as we have already declared elsewhere) whilst Don Quixote was simply the good Alonso Quixano, and likewise when he was Don Quixote de la Mancha, he was ever of a milde and affable disposition, and of a kinde and pleasing conversation: and therefore was he not onely beloved of all his houshold, but also of all those that knew him.

In the meane space the Notary came, who after hee had written the beginning of his Will; and that Don Quixote had disposed of his soule, with all the circumstances required and necessarie in a true Christian: and that hee was come unto the Legacies, he caused this to be written. Item, concerning a certaine summe of money, which Sancho Pansa, whom I made my Squire, whilest my folly possessed me, hath yet in his custody. For so much as betweene him and me, there remaine certaine odde reckonings and accounts to bee made up, of what he hath received, and laid out, my will and pleasure is, that he be not tyde to yeeld any account at all, nor bee in any bond for it: Nay rather, if any overplus remaine in his hands, having first fully paid and satisfied him of what I owe and am endebted to him (which is no great matter,) my purpose is, that it be absolutely his owne, and much good may it do him.

And as being then a foole, I was the cause that hee had the Government of an Iland given him, I would to God (now I am wise and in my perfect sences) it were in my power to give him a Kingdome: For, the sinceritie of his minde and the fidelitie of his comportments doe well deserve it. Then addressing himselfe unto Sancho, he made this speech unto him, My deare friend, pardon mee, that I have given thee occasion to seeme a foole as I was, in making thee to fall into the same errour wherein I was falne, that in the world there have beene, and still are Errant Knights.

Alas and welladay, my good Sir, answered Sancho throbbing and weeping, yeeld not unto death I pray you, but rather follow my counsell; which is, that you endevour to live many faire yeeres. The greatest folly that any man

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can commit in this world, is to give himselfe over unto death without apparant cause, except he be wilfully slaine, or that no other hand bring him to his end, but that of melancholy.

Once more I beseech you, suffer not remissenesse or faint-heartednes to overcome you. Rather rise out of your bed, and let us go into the fields attired like Shepheards, as we were once resolved to doe. It may come to passe, that we behinde some bush or shrub shall finde the Lady Madame Dulcinea dis-enchanted, so that we shall have no more businesse. If the vexation or irkesomenesse you feele to have been vanquished, attempt to bring you unto death, let me undertake the blame, who will stoutly maintaine in all places, and before all men, that you were overthrowne and quelled, because I had not well gyrt your Palfrey Rosinante.

And you have seene and read in your Bookes of Chivalry, that it is an ordinarie thing for one Knight to thrust another out of his saddle; and that he who is to day conquered, is to morrow a conquerour.

It is most true (quoth Samson) and Sancho Pansa relates the very truth of such accidents.

My Sirs, (replyed Don Quixote) I pray you goe not on so fast, since that in the nests of the last yeere, there are no birds of this yeere. Whilome I was a foole, but now I am wise: Sometimes I was Don Quixote de la Mancha, but am now (as I have already told you) the good Alonso Quixano. Let my unfained repentance, and the truth of what I say, obtaine this favour at your courteous hands, that you will have the same estimation of me now, which you have had heretofore. And so let Master Notary proceed.

Item, I make and institute my Neece Antoinette Quixana, (who is heere present) generall heyre of all my goods whatsoever, having first deducted out of them all, that shall be necessary for the full accomplishment of the Legacies which I have bequeathed: And the first thing I would have discharged, I purpose, shall bee the wages which I owe unto my Maid-servant; and that, over and besides, she have

twenty ducats delivered unto her, to buy her some good clothes withall.

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Item, I appoint and institute Master Curate, and Master Samson Carrasco the Bachelor heere present, to be the over-seers and Executors of this my last Will and Testament.

Item, my will and pleasure is, that if Antoinette Quixana my Neece chance to marry, that it be to a man of whom diligent enquiry shall first be made, that he is utterly ignorant of bookes of Chivalrie, and that he never heard speech of them. And if it should happen, that hee have read them, and that notwithstanding my Neece will, or take him to her Husband, that she utterly lose, and never have any thing that I have bequeathed her as an inheritance, all which, my Executors and Assignes may, at their pleasure as shall seeme good unto them, imploy and distribute in pious uses.

Item, I intreat the said Executors and Over-seers of my Will, that if by good fortune, they come to the knowledge of the Author, who is said to have composed an History, which goes from hand to hand, under the Title of *The Second Part of the heroike feates of Armes of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, they shall in my behalfe most affectionately desire him to pardon me; for that I have unawares given them occasion to write so infinite a number of great extravagancies and idle impertinencies: for so much as I depart out of this life with this scruple upon my conscience, to have given him subject and cause to publish them to the world.

He had no sooner ended his discourse, and signed and sealed his Will and Testament, but a swouning and faintnesse surprising him, he stretched himselfe the full length of his bed. All the company were much distracted and mooved thereat, and ranne presently to help him: And during the space of three dayes, that he lived after he had made his will, he did swoune and fall into trances almost every houre.

All the house was in a confusion and uprore: All which notwithstanding the Neece ceased not to feede very devoutly;

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the Maid-servant to drinke profoundly, and Sancho to live merrily. For, when a man is in hope to inherit any thing, that hope doth deface, or at least moderate in the minde of the inheritor the remembrance or feeling of the sorrow and griefe, which of reason he should have a feeling of the Testators death.

To conclude, the last day of Don Quixote came, after he had received all the Sacraments; and had by many and godly reasons made demonstration to abhorre all the Bookes of Errant Chivalry.

The Notary was present at his death, and reporteth, how he had never read or found in any book of Chivalrie, that any Errant Knight died in his bed, so mildly, so quietly, and so Christianly as did Don Quixote.

Amidst the wailefull plaints, and blubbering teares of the by-standers, he yeelded up the ghost, that is to say, hee died, which the Curate perceiving, he desired the Notary to make him an attestation or certificate, how Alonso Quixano, surnamed the good, and who was commonly called Don Quixote de la Mancha, he was deceased out of this life unto another, and dyed of a naturall death. Which testificate he desired, to remove all occasions from some Authors, except Cid Hamete Benengeli falsely to raise him from death againe, and write endless histories of his famous acts.

This was the end of the ingenious Gentleman de la Mancha, of whose birth-place Cid Hamete hath not beene pleased to declare manifestly the situation unto us, to the end that all Villages, Townes, Boroughs and Hamlets of la Mancha should contest, quarrell, and dispute among themselves the honor to have produced him, as did the seven Cities of Greece for the love of Homer: wee have not beene willing to make mention and relate in this place, the dolefull plaints of Sancho; nor those of the Neece and Maid-servant of Don Quixote, nor likewise the sundry new and quaint Epitaphs which were graven over his tombe; Content your selfe with this which the Bachelor Samson Carrasco placed there.

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Here lyes the Gentle Knight, and stout,
That to that height of valour got,
As if you marke his deeds throughout,
Death on his life triumphed not
With bringing of his death about.

The world as nothing hee did prize,
For as a Scar-crow in mens eyes,
He liv'd, and was their Bug-beare too;
And had the luck with much adoe,
To live a foole, and yet die wise.

In the meane while, the wise and prudent Cid Hamete Benengeli addrest this speech unto his writing pen: Heere it is (oh my slender quill, whether thou be ill or well cut) that thou shalt abide hanged upon those racks whereon they hang spits and broaches, being there-unto fastned with this copper wire: There shalt thou live many ages, except some rash, fond-hardy and lewd Historian take thee downe to profane thee. Neverthelesse, before they lay hands upon thee, thou maist, as it were by way of advertisment, and as well as thou canst, boldly tell them, Away, packe hence, stand a farre off, you wicked botchers, and ungracious Souters, and touch me not, since to me onely it belongs to cause to be imprinted *Cum bono Privilegio Regia Majestatis*. Don Quixote was born for me alone, and I had my birth onely for him. If he hath been able to produce the effects, I have had the glory to know how to write and compile them well. To be short, He and I are but one selfe-same thing, maugre and in despite of the fabulous Scribler de Tordesillas, who hath rashly and malapertly dared with an Estridge course and bungling pen, to write the prowesse and high Feates of Armes of my valorous Knight.

This fardle is too-too heavy for his weake shoulders, and his dull wit over-cold and frozen for such an enterprise. And if peradventure thou know him, thou shalt also advise him to suffer the weary and already rotten bones of Don Quixote to rest in his Sepulcher: For, it would be too great a cruelty, if contrary to all Orders and Decrees of